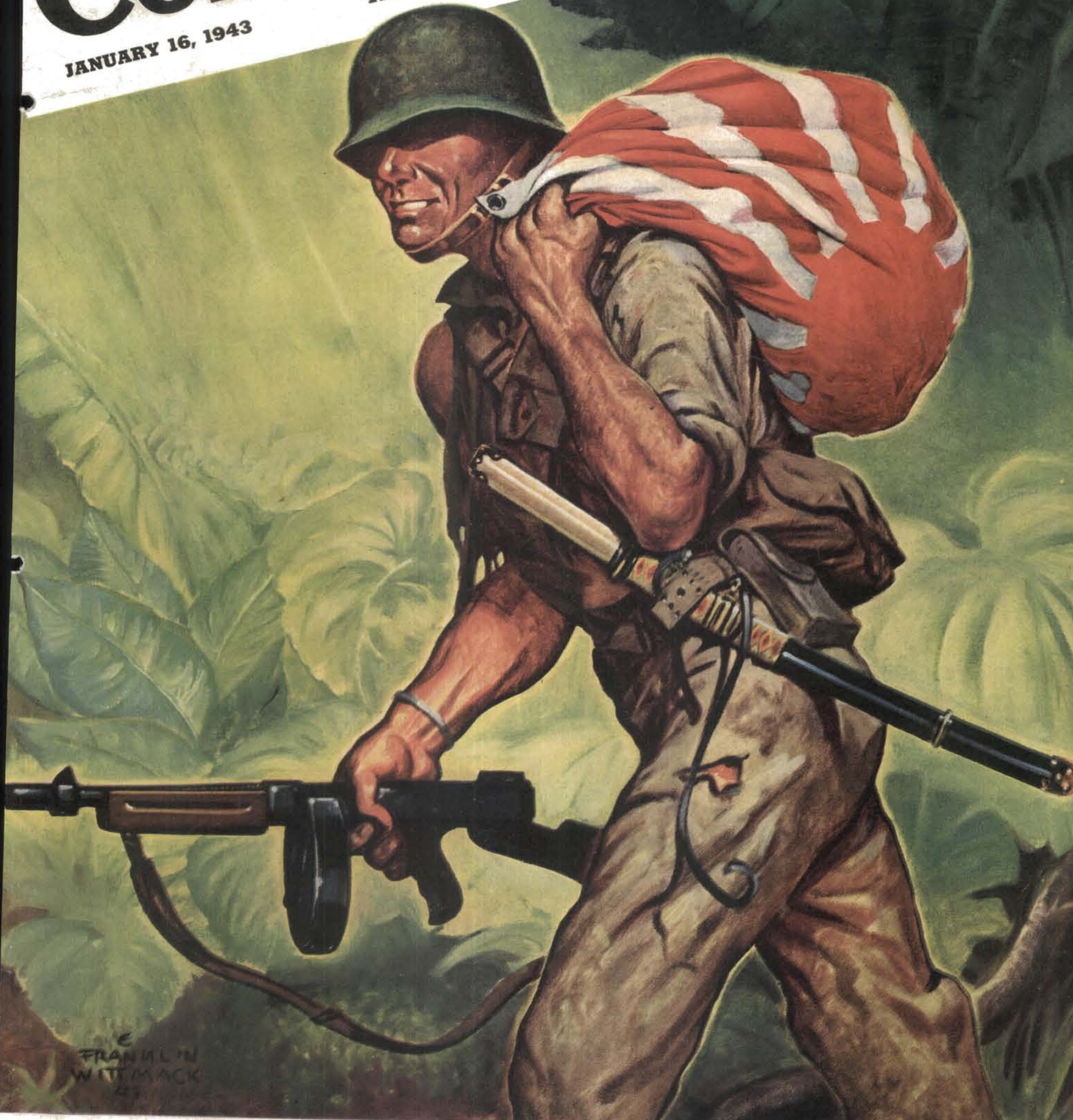
Collier's

TEN CENTS

JANUARY 16, 1943


E. FRANKLIN WITTMACK 42

A SHORT STORY BY BEN HECHT

MIRACLE OF THE FIFTEEN M

Jan. 16 '43

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPA

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

I have made many whiskies in my lifetime but only one have I

signed

And a token of the high standards I strove to have written into law, is the U.S. bottled in bond stamp with which it is

sealed

I urge you to sample it, for here is a noble bourbon which the most critical palate will hail as mellow

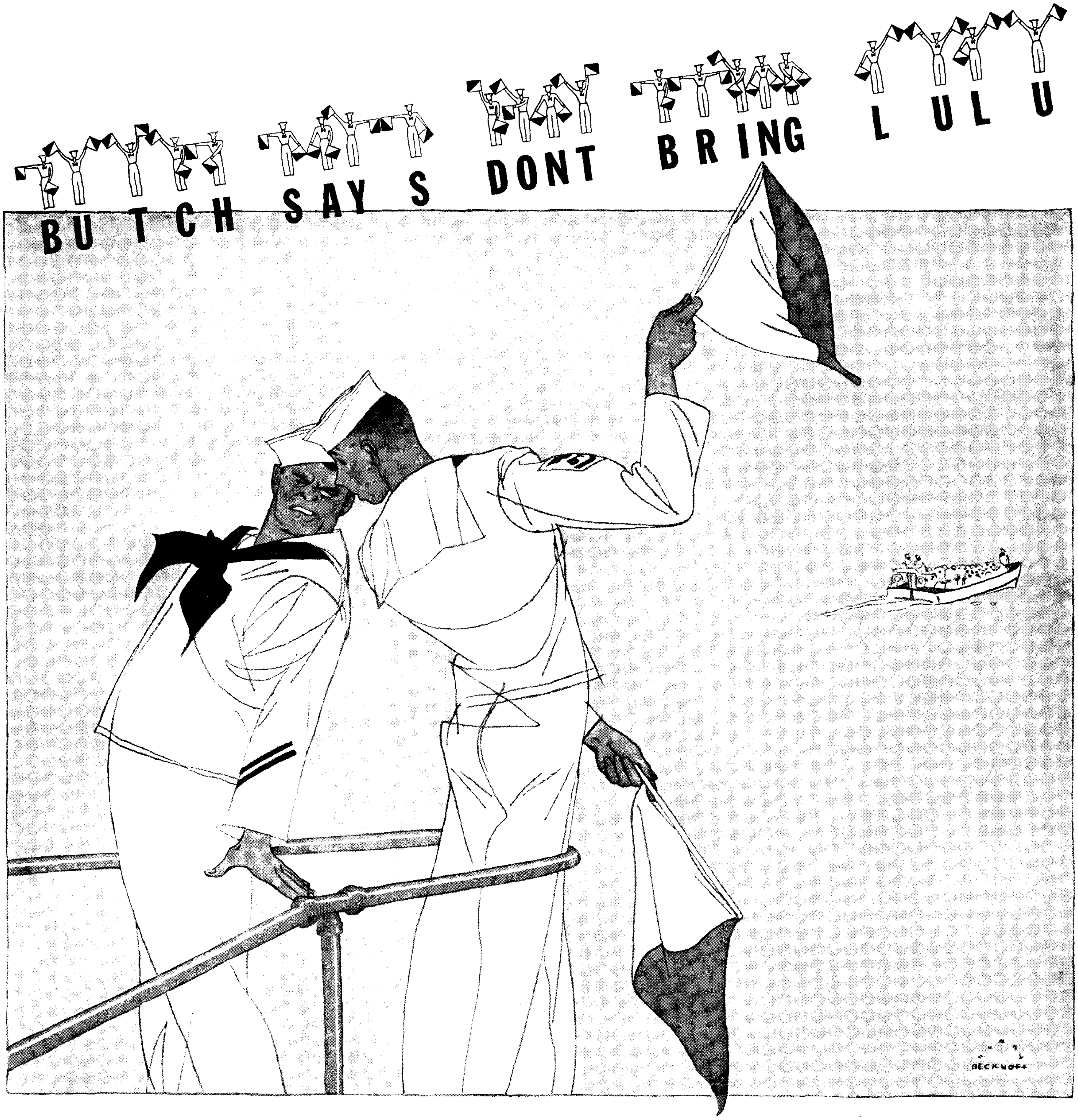
and delicious

E. H. Taylor Jr.

A LETTER ABOUT OLD TAYLOR, AS ITS ORIGINATOR MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN IT

Copyright 1943, National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

BUTCH SAYS DONT BRING LULU



IT'S the little things that disturb courageous men. Butch came through a couple of bombings and never batted an eye. But when it came to a second date with Lulu "he wanted out."

It was "Sailor, Beware!"

Sure, Lulu was a good-looker. Good gams, and plenty of "oomph". But when shore leave is short, a man doesn't want to spend it with a girl with halitosis (bad breath).

If men and women would only realize how offensive bad breath can be, they wouldn't risk offending this way. There's no doubt of it, off-color breath is two strikes against you from the start.

Why take a chance when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful and quick precaution? Simply rinse your mouth with it before any date. Note how Listerine Antiseptic freshens and invigorates your mouth. And how much sweeter and more agreeable your breath becomes.

How it Acts

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth, then overcomes the odors it causes. Fermentation, you know, is held by some authorities to be the major source of off-color breath, although some cases may be of systemic origin.

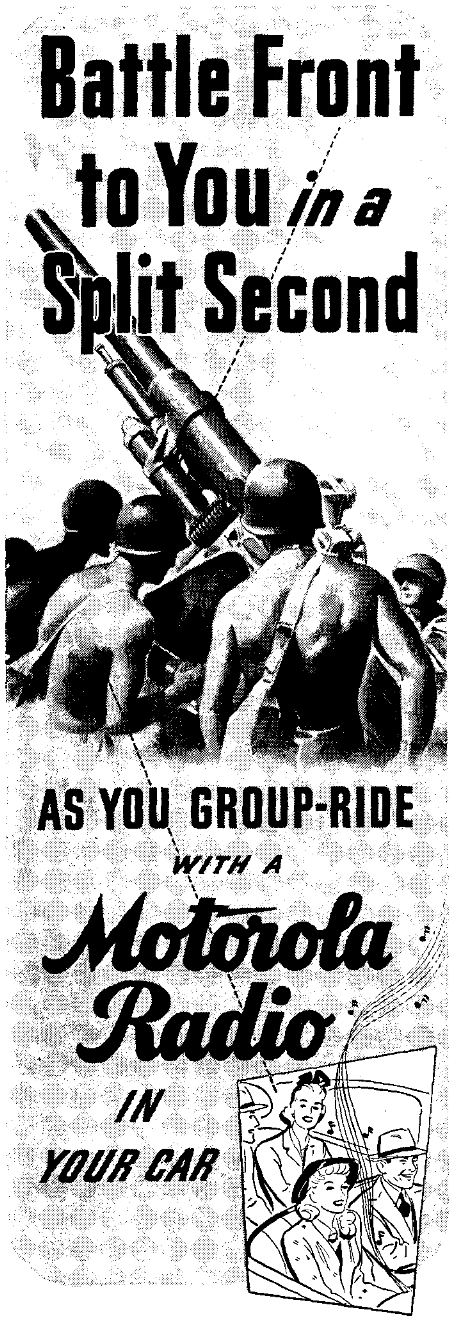
Before Every Date

Don't take your breath for granted. Put your best foot forward so that others will like you. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. It's part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for oral hygiene

ATTENTION PLEASE! *There's another member of the Listerine family that you ought to try. It is Listerine* ***Tooth Paste.*** *From the standpoint of gentle and thorough cleansing it yields to none, and the big 40¢ tube lasts many as long as 90 days.*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AS YOU GROUP-RIDE WITH A
Motorola Radio
IN YOUR CAR

War is America's Number One Job, and Americans work faster, better, when they know what they're working *for!* Every day, driving to and from their work, millions of our production fighters get their news *'ahead of the news'* on their Motorola Radio. There is radio fun and music, too, that helps lighten and brighten the day for everyone in the car.

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Collier'

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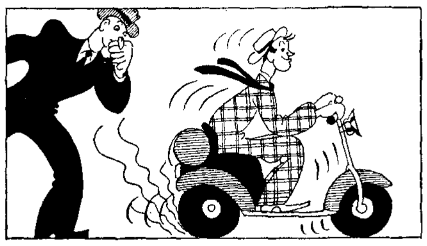
ANY WEEK

WE HAVE a letter from a gentleman who says that, as far as he knows, he has received all the questionnaires the government has compiled thus far. He isn't quite sure how many he has received but he thinks a hundred and twenty-seven. "Maybe some arrived while I was having my nervous breakdown," he writes from Atlanta, Georgia. "I collapsed on page eight of C-2X-2678A—re 42Y from the Department of Agriculture." However, since having his nervous breakdown he has taken his government questionnaires calmly, even philosophically, realizing that that's cheaper than nervous breakdowns. But last week he almost had a serious relapse. He got a questionnaire from the Rent Control Division, Office of Price Administration, and he was doing splendidly until he reached this question: "What is the name of the tenant occupying your house at 90 South Street and what is his address?"

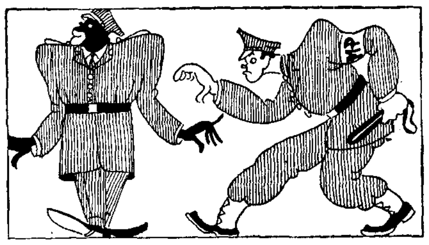


AND from Sante Fe, New Mexico, arrives word that the rear tire of Mr. Brian Boru Dunne's scooter blew out with a populace-terrorizing roar last week. Mr. Dunne, who has been riding up and down New Mexico on his scooter for almost a year, found that the tire could not be vulcanized. Ration board refused to give him a new one. Somewhat desperate, Mr. Dunne consulted his dentist. Between them, they made up a mash of sawdust, flour, cement and warm water. They forced the mash into the tire with a plumber's pump. Mr. Dunne is again happily flashing over the roads of New Mexico. The dentist figured it out that the filling will last as long as Mr. Dunne remains under one hundred and forty pounds. "Therefore," says Mr. Dunne, "I am no longer picking up hitchhikers or riding my two war-industry neighbors to work in the morning. Also, my new tire filling has a queer odor when I speed up to fifteen miles an hour. And so I'm mixing my next batch with rose water."

INSPIRED by the Army Quartermaster, who is shipping even ham and eggs to our overseas forces in briquetlike cakes, several enterprising chemists are making beer, whisky, gin and wine in tablet form. This thriller comes from Mr. Broadus Conatchey of Chicago, Illinois. He says that bootleggers are already peddling the concentrations and that a wild party can be thrown with a cardboard box eight by ten by four inches. Furthermore, the stuff can be sent through the mails, and customers seldom if ever see their bootlegger. "I hear that they're working on cocktail tablets, too," writes Mr. Conatchey. "You drop four Martini tablets into the shaker, add crushed ice and water, and shake. After you drink it, you shake some more."

MR. FRANK KAVANAUGH of Kansas City, Kansas, contends that women working in war-industry plants are not only as good as men in their jobs but have lent an air of hitherto impossible refinement to work which has always been regarded as wholly male. "The women do everything the men ever did and do it neater," says Mr. Kavanaugh. "Only the other day, a girl who works in one of our big munitions plants—in the foundry—was riding in a Parallel Street car, chewing her tobacco like a lady and minding her own business. Unlike a man, she spat out the window."

WHILE all this was going on, we were in Washington. As a result of that experience, we have nothing to report except that we saw an Army sergeant walking down Pennsylvania Avenue accompanied by not one but three very pretty girls. We might have ignored them entirely had they not been followed at six or eight paces by two corporals chanting, "Hoarder, hoarder, hoarder!"



WE'D have left Washington sooner if, in our efforts to find our way around the Army's new Pentagon Building, we hadn't been caught in the excitement. One of the young ladies in the visitor-dispatcher office told us that there hadn't been anything like it since Mr. Bob Hope, the comedian, dropped in unexpectedly. Anyway, one of the women employees gave birth to a baby right in the middle of a brand-new directive. We tried to get the details but failed. Too much excitement. And anyway, we were looking for a Military

(Continued on page 26)

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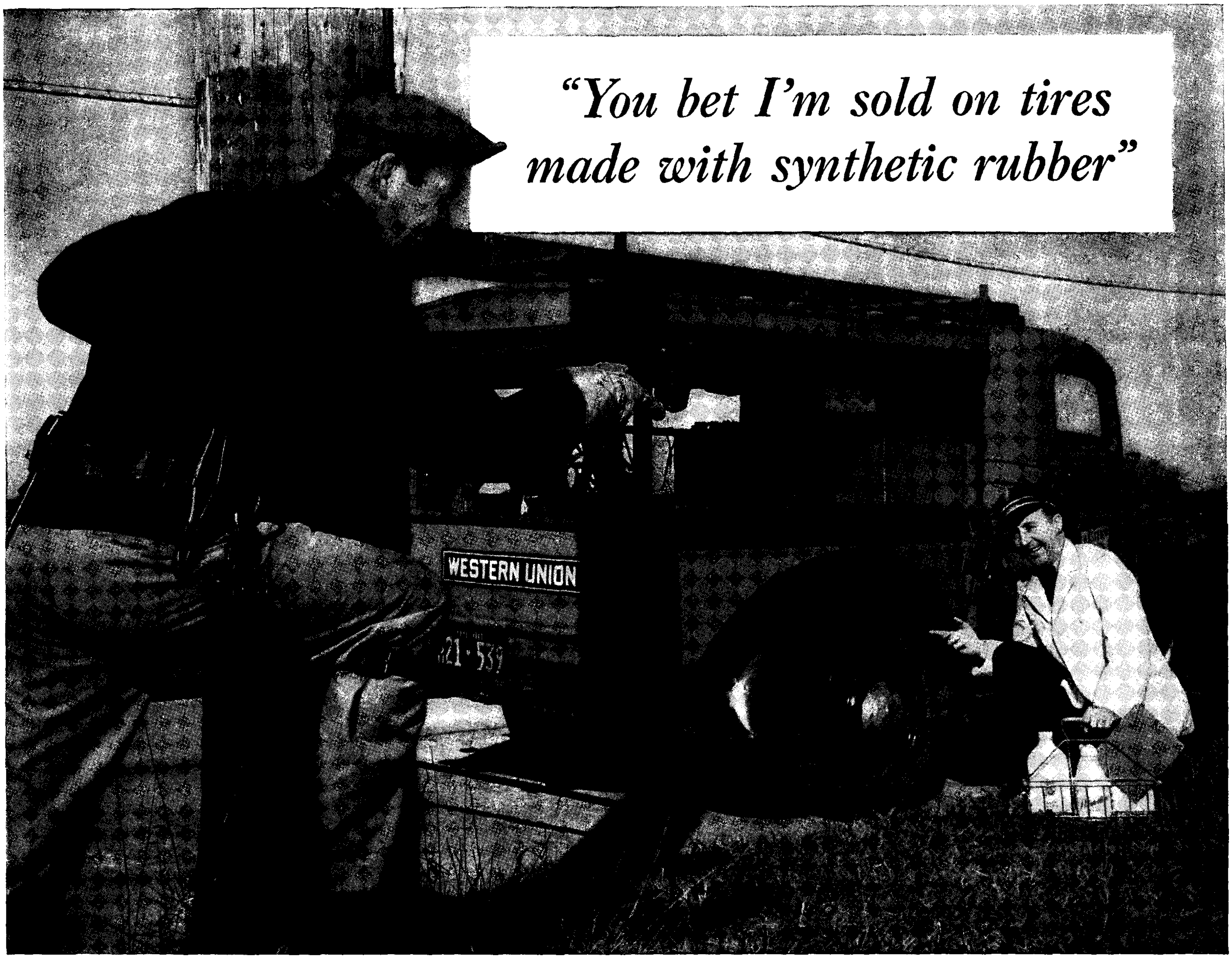

"You bet I'm sold on tires made with synthetic rubber"

These tires started 2 years ago . . . have already covered 23,451 miles . . . but read the whole story here . . .

MUCH of the late news about synthetic rubber cannot be told. But enough can be told to assure anyone who wonders how good it is. Our files are filled with case histories of tires made with more than 50% Ameripol . . . the B. F. Goodrich synthetic.

This is one such case history. A whole year before Pearl Harbor, the Western Union Telegraph Company put two Ameripol tires on a maintenance truck. This truck didn't pick out the smooth highways. It went where linemen have to go—over all roads in all kinds of weather.

What happened? Nothing—that's the interesting thing about these Ameripol tires. You wouldn't notice much that's unusual about them. You'd probably think they were natural rubber if you were not told otherwise.

These Ameripol Silvertowns were in excellent condition at 23,451 miles. Says the section lineman who drove them, "We should receive 30,000 miles from them."

And the chances are he will—because many of these tires have bettered 30,000 miles. One of the reasons that Ameripol is good is that our scientists were working on it when Calvin Coolidge was President and no one thought of war.

Each year has brought improvement. And the result—in the summer of 1940—was the first tires with synthetic rubber ever sold to American motorists.

You might be riding on Ameripol tires today were it not that our total production of this wonderful synthetic is needed in our war effort. But you'll have to wait now, for that and a lot of other things we'd all like. Meanwhile, we've still got to do our best to save the rubber we have. For America has no rubber to waste—and no use for a rubber-waster!

BEFORE PEARL HARBOR, ONLY B. F. GOODRICH OFFERED FOR SALE TO AMERICAN CAR OWNERS PASSENGER TIRES MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER

Here are a few of the many American Companies that bought them:

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AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.
AMERICAN CAN CO.
BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD
THE BORDEN CO.
J. I. CASE CO.
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GULF OIL CORPORATION
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
INGERSOLL-RAND CO.
KELLOGG COMPANY
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.
PET MILK SALES CORP.
PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO.
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.
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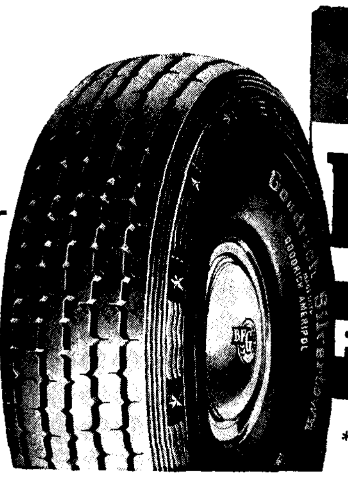
SWIFT & COMPANY
THE TEXAS CO.
U. S. GYPSUM CO.
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.



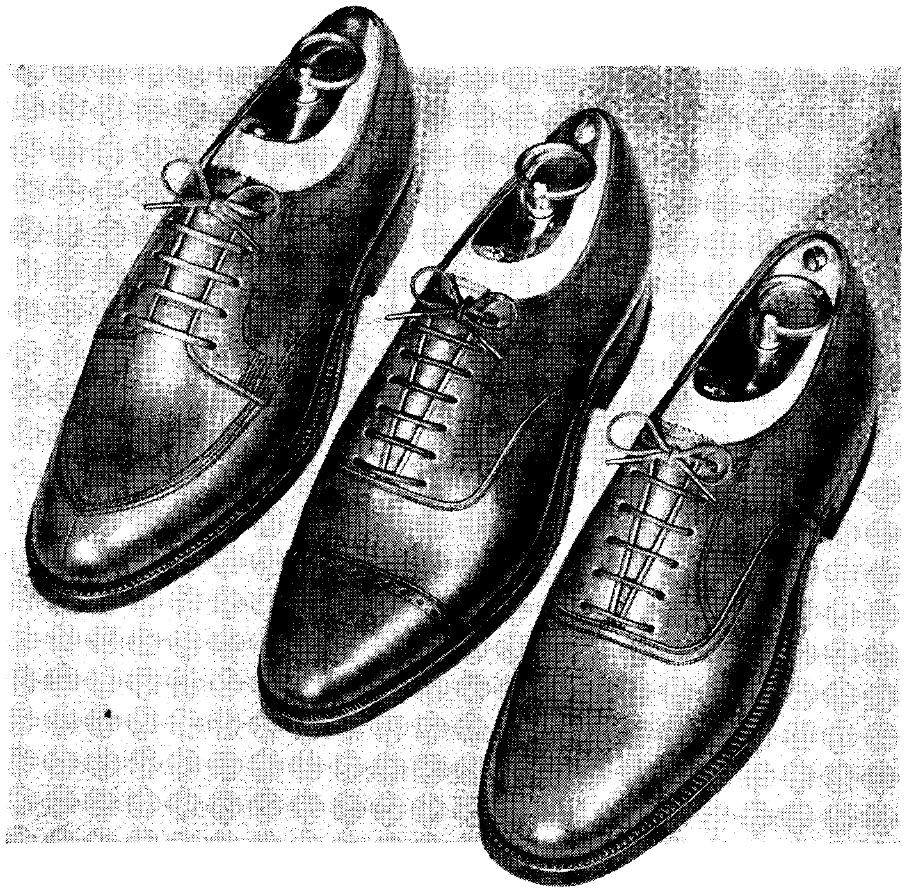
In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST* IN RUBBER

**And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber*

AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE



Every *extra* month and every *added* mile you get out of your shoes mean more leather for our fighting men. Buy good shoes in the first place, and conserve them; buy Florsheims now!

Illustrated: The EXMORE—S-1079 · The WESTFIELD—S-1028
The MILBURN—S-750

Most Styles $10⁵⁰ and $11

Florsheim Shoes

The Florsheim Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Any manufacturer or dressmaker who makes a woman's dress that copies too closely the uniforms of the WAACS, the WAVES, the WAFS or any other government organization violates a federal law and is subject, upon conviction, to a fine of $300, or imprisonment for six months, or both.

The greatest swindle in history was perpetrated by Germany in her payments of reparations after the first World War. Among the numerous absurd items chalked up as "payments" to the Allies to compensate in part for her devastations were the cost of the German warships which were scuttled by their own crews in Scapa Flow after being turned over to the British, and the interest on the $7,500,000,000 lent to her by the Allies after the war to enable her to get back on her feet.

Between 1937 and 1941, a representative of the mysterious Black Dragon Society of Japan, working out of the Japanese Consulate in Los Angeles, secured a total of 12,000 members for his two California organizations, the Japanese Military Servicemen's League and the Imperial Comradeship League, both of which maintained schools of espionage and sabotage.

Not long ago, a study made among 272 men and women teachers and 200 inmates of a prison to determine their group opinions of the relative seriousness of various crimes revealed that the prisoners were the better judges. They gave greater importance than the teachers to arson, burglary and kidnaping, while the teachers gave greater importance than the prisoners to drunkenness, driving while drunk, and resisting an officer.

When civilians are examined for military service in Japan, they never suffer loss of "face" through disqualifying defects. Those who fail in their physical examination are classed as "fit," while those who pass are classed as "absolutely fit." *—By J. M. Keavey, Flushing, New York.*

In war production plants operating twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, the pay, hours and night work of four shifts of workers are equally divided over a four-week cycle. A popular schedule is the one in which a worker gets a day off after seven days on the day shift, two days off after seven days on the afternoon shift and four days off, over a week end, after seven days on the night shift.

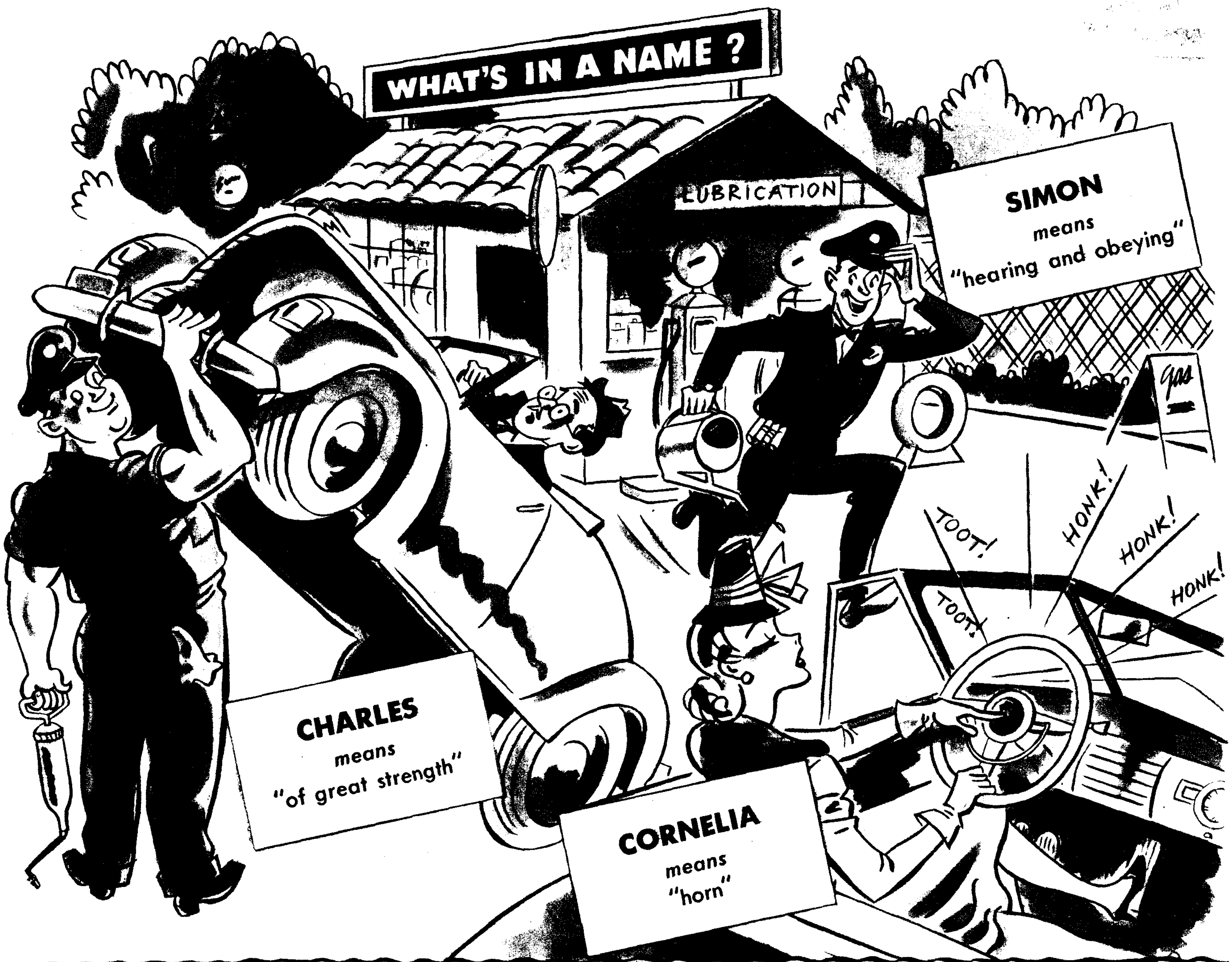
The cost of transporting the freight that can be carried by a Liberty ship on a round trip from California to Australia is 250 times greater by air than it is by water.

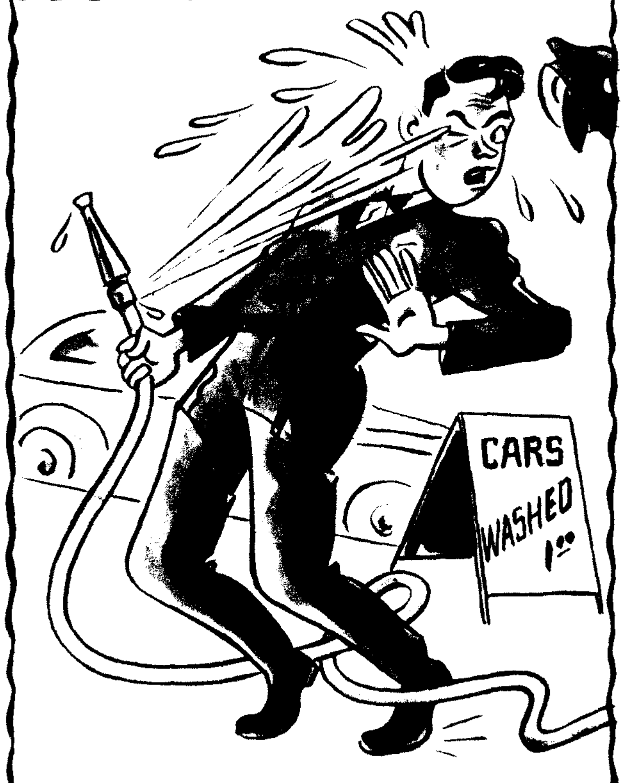
The only animal whose grave has ever been designated on the map of its country is Buzoe, a pet cow that died of old age in the Gibson Desert of Australia in 1876 while she was with a party mapping the territory. "Buzoe's Grave" was indicated on the original chart and, consequently, the place was included on many maps of Australia published in the past sixty years.

Clouds sometimes remain stationary for such long periods that they are given individual names. One example is a large, low formation that appears over the Rock of Gibraltar and does not move for as long as twelve days. Because it is created by moist winds from the eastern Mediterranean, it is known as "The Levant."

A standard method for mixing and serving a mint julep has never been universally accepted. Bases include rye, bourbon, rum and brandy; fruits range from cherries and pineapples to none at all; containers run from large glasses to small silver cups; and serving temperatures vary as much as fifty degrees. There are even several schools of thought on how to bruise the mint.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

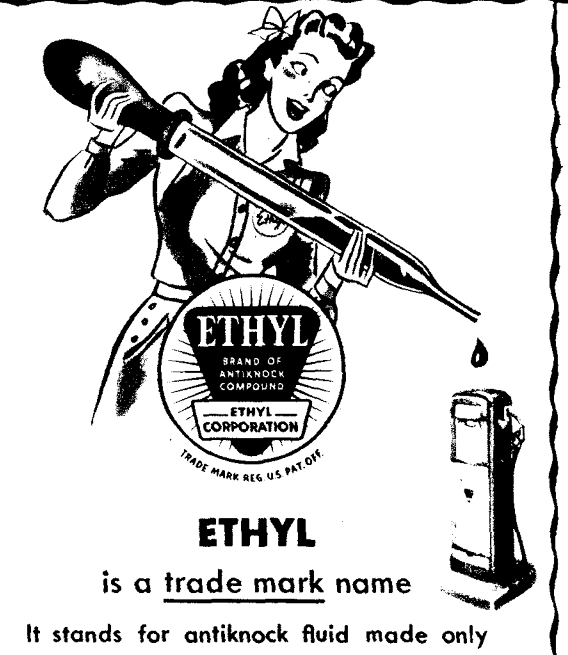

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?
LUBRICATION
SIMON
means
"hearing and obeying"
Gas
TOOT!
TOOT!
HONK!
HONK!
HONK!
CHARLES
means
"of great strength"
CORNELIA
means
"horn"


CARS
WASHED
1.00

MURRAY

means

"great water"

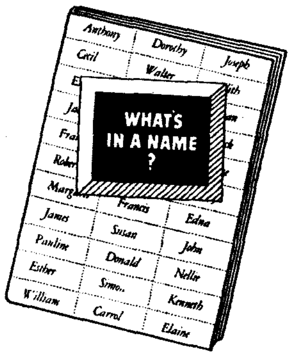

ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. US PAT. OFF.

ETHYL

is a trade mark name

It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."


WHAT'S IN A NAME ?
Anthony
Dorothy
Joseph
Cecil
Walter
James
Francis
Edna
Susan
John
Pauline
Donald
Nellie
Esther
Simon
Kenneth
William
Carrol
Elaine

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THOMAS

Servicemen sit quietly for hours hoping to get seats for trips for which they will have time only if they can travel by plane

WING TALK

RUNNING a civilian airport or airline is never what you'd call a jolly job. Its chief attraction is that you meet so many kinds of people. But now it's even more harrowing, what with priorities, lack of labor, fewer planes and other war-born problems.

A full colonel—a reserve officer appointed to his exalted rank from civilian life—recently let out a bellow that raised whitecaps on the muddy old Potomac, when he was tossed off a plane to make room for a shavetail Air Transport Command pilot. The lieutenant had a priority and an assignment to ferry an Army plane somewhere important. The colonel was going to New York to celebrate a furlough from his desk job in the Southwest.

The colonel huffed and puffed, but he couldn't blow the shavetail's priority away, nor could he properly terrify airline officials. He was the last man on the plane, hence the first one off. The fact that he got the bounce before dawn on a cold winter morning may have contributed to his ill humor.

THE priority business has constant heartbreaks. Recently a young Navy officer, back from the Solomons, was hurrying home on a ten-day leave before getting aboard a new ship and heading back into the Pacific. His reservation was canceled to make way for a publicity man attached to a defense industry, theoretically traveling on business important enough to warrant a priority. The Navy boy took the train—and as a result had exactly twelve hours with his family. There wasn't a man attached to the airline who, if he could have thought of an excuse, wouldn't cheerfully have given the press agent the merry heave-ho.

PERHAPS the most embarrassing incident an airline and airport have faced recently came in the West, where a new field was just opened. One of the first planes to come down brought Mrs. Roosevelt.

An early-morning fall frost covered everything, and the plane made quite a picture as it taxied up to the flying line. Attendants snapped about vigorously, making sure this great event would come off with appropriate flourish. They wheeled the unloading ramp into place with the zip of a top sergeant saluting, and stood about with smart alertness.

Other plane passengers stood aside to let Mrs. Roosevelt leave first. As she stepped out of the ship, her foot hit an eighth of an inch of frost, and she slid down the ramp with considerable emphasis. It caused quite a furor. The only person not in the least bothered, as a matter of fact, was Mrs. Roosevelt.

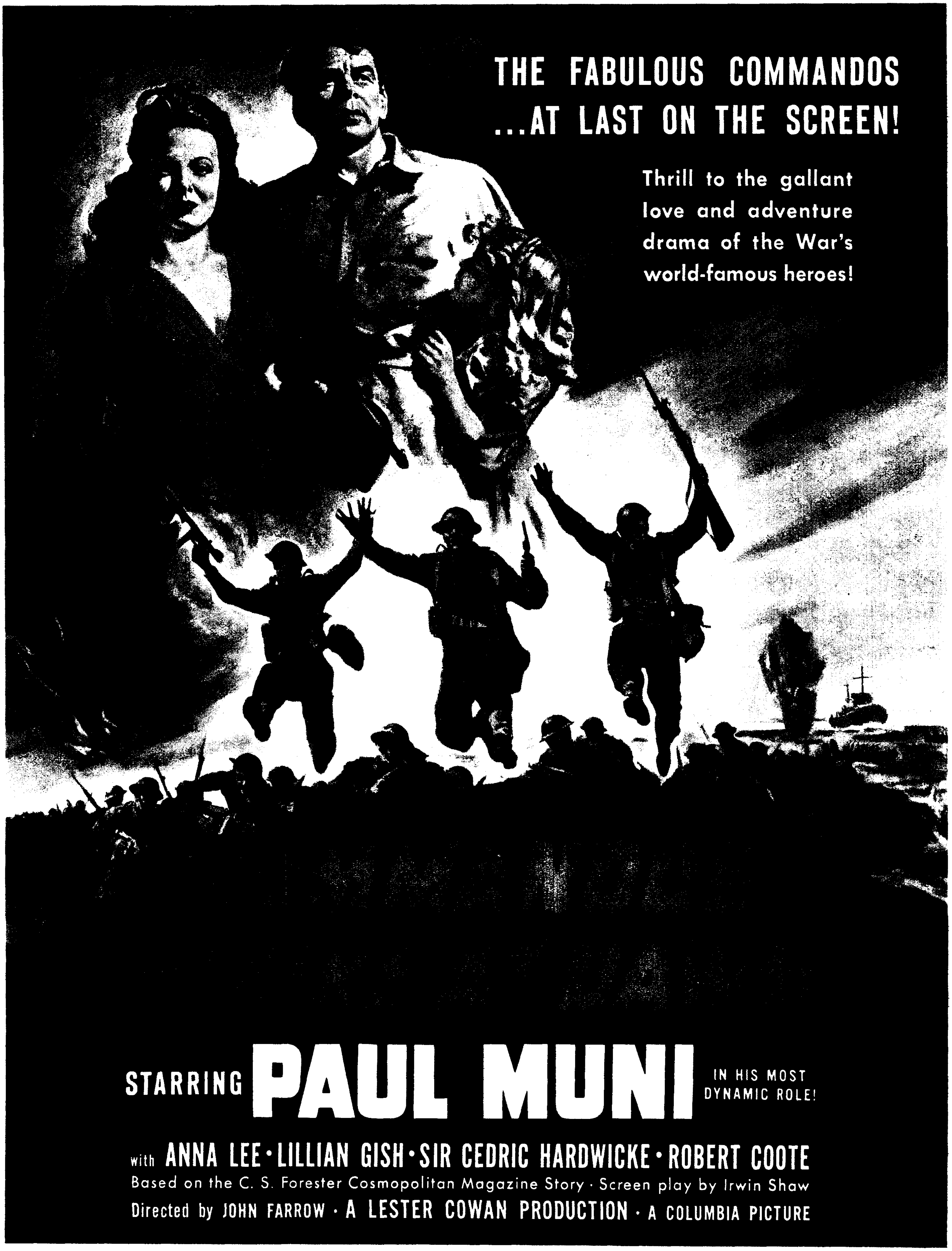
MRS. ROOSEVELT'S charm has been the delight of many a flier. On her trip back from London in November, her plane hit unusually cold weather. The plane's purser rummaged around and came up with a couple of spare blankets, which he tucked around the First Lady, and he did a dozen other little things to make her comfortable.

When the ship reached Washington, the President was waiting on the field in his car. Mrs. Roosevelt got out quickly and sat in the big White House auto, talking with the President and watching the planes. Other passengers left, the crew got out, and finally the purser.

Mrs. Roosevelt waved him over. "I wanted you to meet my husband," she said, and then to the President: "This is the man I told you was so nice to me on the way over." The President's hand stretched out of the car, and the purser not only shook it, but talked for several minutes with the owner. It was probably much more exciting than merely flying back and forth from here to London.

PROBABLY the most pathetic people around airports these days are the servicemen who sit quietly for hours, hoping to get seats for trips they will have time for, only if they can fly. Usually these waiters, whether civilian or military, are quite well behaved, but occasionally one becomes such a nuisance that he wouldn't be allowed on a plane if he waited two weeks. One recently staged a Commando raid on the public address system of a Middle Western airport and broadcast his woes to the whole terminal.

. . . R. McC.


THE FABULOUS COMMANDOS
...AT LAST ON THE SCREEN!
Thrill to the gallant love and adventure drama of the War's world-famous heroes!

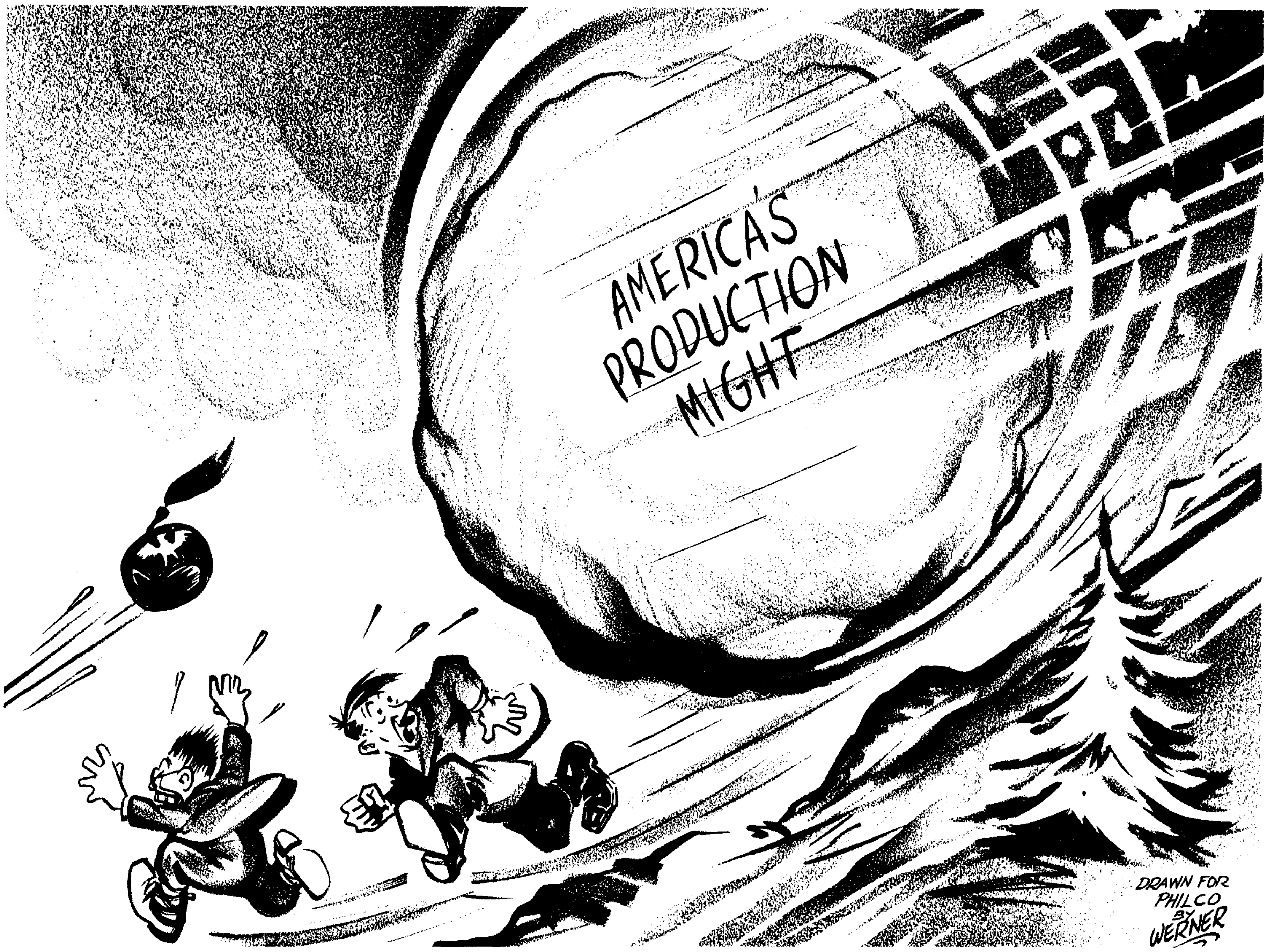
STARRING **PAUL MUNI** IN HIS MOST DYNAMIC ROLE!

with **ANNA LEE · LILLIAN GISH · SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE · ROBERT COOTE**

Based on the C. S. Forester Cosmopolitan Magazine Story · Screen play by Irwin Shaw

Directed by JOHN FARROW · A LESTER COWAN PRODUCTION · A COLUMBIA PICTURE

The Longer It Rolls, the Bigger It Gets!



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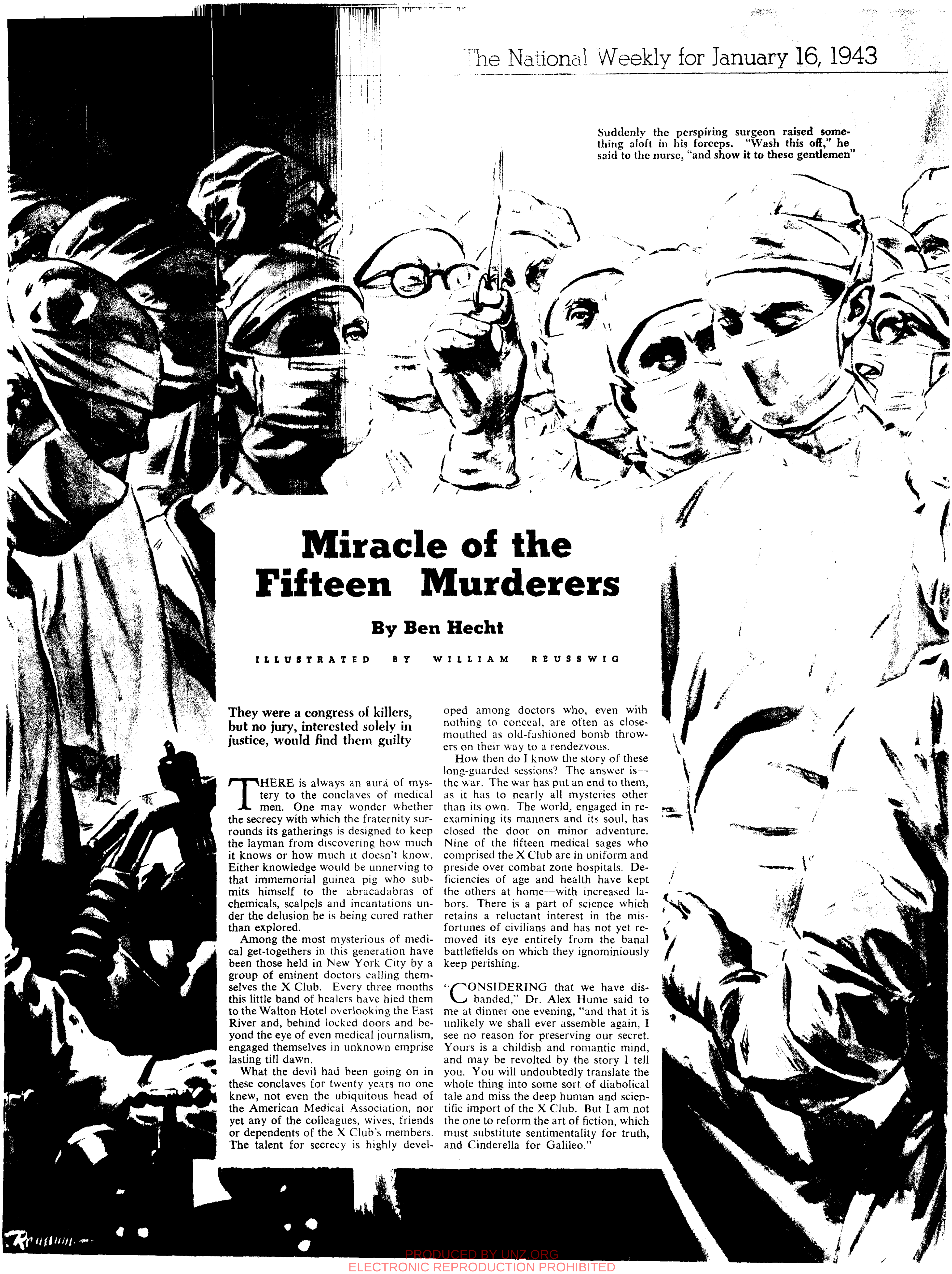


Suddenly the perspiring surgeon raised something aloft in his forceps. "Wash this off," he said to the nurse, "and show it to these gentlemen"

Miracle of the Fifteen Murderers

By Ben Hecht

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

They were a congress of killers, but no jury, interested solely in justice, would find them guilty

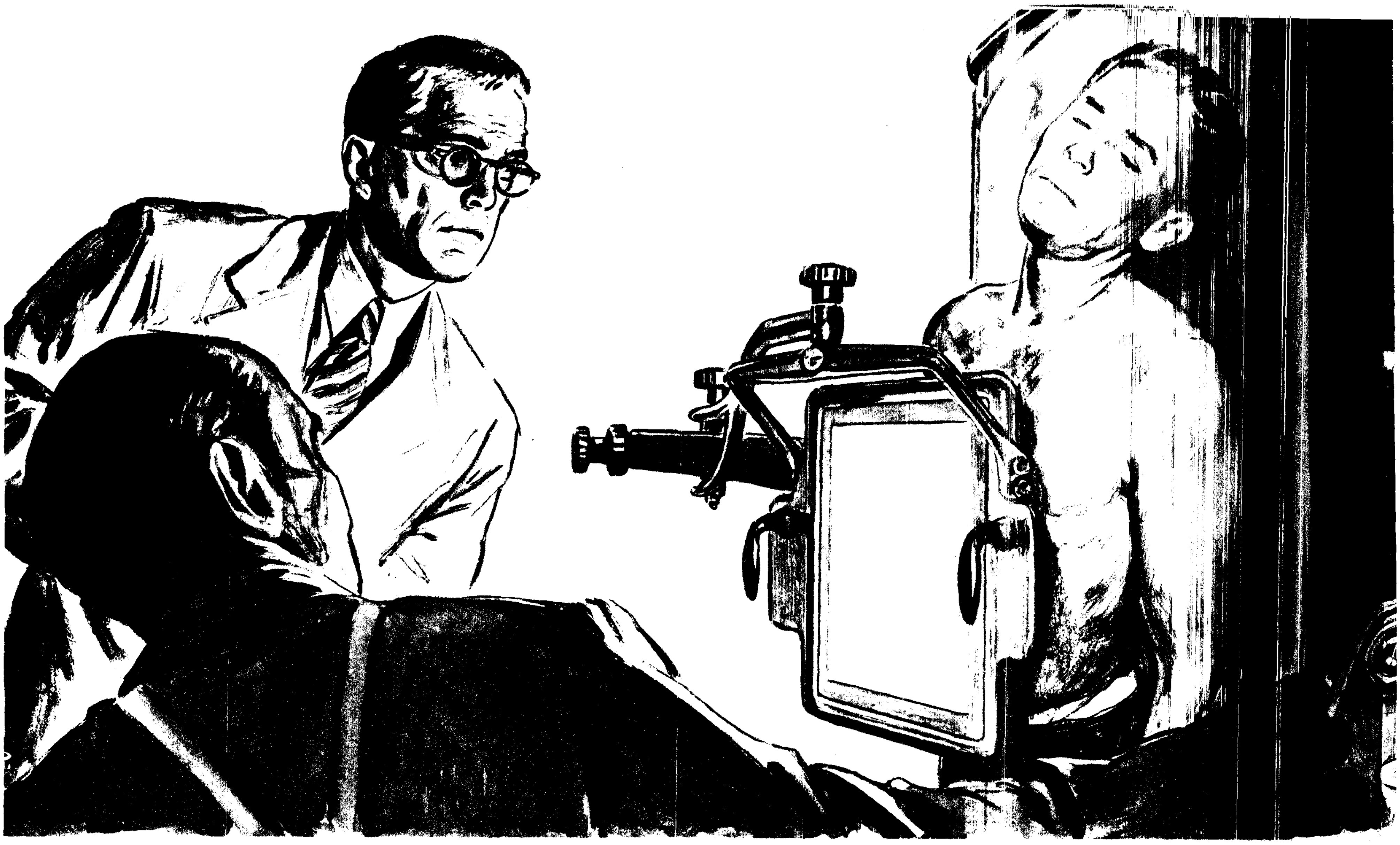
THERE is always an aura of mystery to the conclaves of medical men. One may wonder whether the secrecy with which the fraternity surrounds its gatherings is designed to keep the layman from discovering how much it knows or how much it doesn't know. Either knowledge would be unnerving to that immemorial guinea pig who submits himself to the abracadabras of chemicals, scalpels and incantations under the delusion he is being cured rather than explored.

Among the most mysterious of medical get-togethers in this generation have been those held in New York City by a group of eminent doctors calling themselves the X Club. Every three months this little band of healers have hied them to the Walton Hotel overlooking the East River and, behind locked doors and beyond the eye of even medical journalism, engaged themselves in unknown emprise lasting till dawn.

What the devil had been going on in these conclaves for twenty years no one knew, not even the ubiquitous head of the American Medical Association, nor yet any of the colleagues, wives, friends or dependents of the X Club's members. The talent for secrecy is highly developed among doctors who, even with nothing to conceal, are often as close-mouthed as old-fashioned bomb throwers on their way to a rendezvous.

How then do I know the story of these long-guarded sessions? The answer is—the war. The war has put an end to them, as it has to nearly all mysteries other than its own. The world, engaged in reexamining its manners and its soul, has closed the door on minor adventure. Nine of the fifteen medical sages who comprised the X Club are in uniform and preside over combat zone hospitals. Deficiencies of age and health have kept the others at home—with increased labors. There is a part of science which retains a reluctant interest in the misfortunes of civilians and has not yet removed its eye entirely from the banal battlefields on which they ignominiously keep perishing.

"CONSIDERING that we have disbanded," Dr. Alex Hume said to me at dinner one evening, "and that it is unlikely we shall ever assemble again, I see no reason for preserving our secret. Yours is a childish and romantic mind, and may be revolted by the story I tell you. You will undoubtedly translate the whole thing into some sort of diabolical tale and miss the deep human and scientific import of the X Club. But I am not the one to reform the art of fiction, which must substitute sentimentality for truth, and Cinderella for Galileo."



The most disturbing factor was that we both knew there was nothing to be done. Dr. Kroch showed signs of hysteria

And so on. I will skip the rest of my friend's all-knowing prelude. You may have read Dr. Hume's various books, dealing with the horseplay of the subconscious. If you have, you know this bald-headed mastermind well enough. If not, take my word for it he is a genius. There is nobody I know more adept at prancing around in the solar plexus swamps out of which most of the world's incompetence and confusion appear to rise. He has, too, if there is any doubt about his great talent, the sneer and chuckle which are the war whoop of the superpsychologist. His face is round and his mouth is pursed in a chronic grimace of disbelief and contradiction. You can't help such an expression once you have discovered what a scurvy and detestable morass is the soul of man. Like most subterranean workers, my friend is almost as blind as a bat behind his heavy glasses. And like many leading psychiatrists, he favors the short and balloonlike physique of Napoleon.

The last dramatic meeting of the X Club was held on a rainy March night. Despite the hostile weather, all fifteen of its members attended, for there was an added lure to this gathering. A new member was to be inducted into the society.

Dr. Hume was assigned to prepare the neophyte for his debut. And it was in the wake of the round-faced soul fixer that Dr. Samuel Warner entered the sanctum of the X Club.

Dr. Warner was unusually young for a medical genius—that is, a recognized one. And he had never received a fuller recognition of his wizardry with saw, ax and punch hole than his election as a member of the X Club. For the fourteen older men who had invited him to be one of them were leaders in their various fields. They were the medical peerage. This does not mean necessarily that any layman had ever heard of them. Eminence in the medical profession is as showy at best as a sprig of edelweiss on a mountaintop. The war, which offers its magic billboards for the vanities of small souls and transmutes the hunger for publicity into sacrificial and patriotic ardors, has not yet disturbed the anonymity of the great medicos. They have moved their bushels to the front lines and are busy under them, spreading their learning among the wounded.

The new member was a tense and good-looking man with the fever of hard work glowing in his steady dark eyes. His wide mouth smiled quickly and abstractedly, as is often the case with surgeons who train their reactions not to interfere with their concentration.

HAVING exchanged greetings with the eminent club members, who included half of his living medical heroes, Dr. Warner seated himself in a corner and quietly refused a highball, a cocktail, and a slug of brandy. His face remained tense, his athletic body straight in its chair as if it were poised for a sprint rather than a meeting.

At nine o'clock Dr. William Tick ordered an end to all the guzzling and declared the fifty-third meeting of the X Club in session. The venerable diagnostician placed himself behind a table at the end of the ornate hotel room and glared at the group ranged in front of him.

Dr. Tick had divided his seventy-five years equally between practicing the art of medicine and doing his best to stamp it out—such, at least, was the impression of the thousands of students who had been submitted to his irascible guidance. As Professor of Internal Medicine at a great Eastern medical school, Dr. Tick had favored the Education by Insult theory of pedagogy. There were eminent doctors who still winced when they recalled some of old bilious-eyed, arthritic, stooped Tick's appraisals of their budding talents, and who still shuddered at the memory of his medical philosophy.

"Medicine," Dr. Tick had confided to flock after flock of students, "is a noble dream and at the same time the most ancient expression of error and idiocy known to man. Solving the mysteries of heaven has not given birth to as many abortive findings as has the quest into the mysteries of the human body. When you think of yourselves as scientists, I want you always to remember everything you learn from me will probably be regarded tomorrow as the naïve confusions of a pack of medical aborigines. Despite all our toil and progress, the art of medicine still falls somewhere between trout casting and spook writing."

"There are two handicaps to the practice of medicine," Tick had repeated tenaciously through forty years of teaching. "The first is the eternal charlatanism of the patient who is full of fake diseases and phantom agonies. The second is the basic incompetence of the human mind, medical or otherwise, to observe without prejudice, acquire information without becoming too smug to use it intelligently, and most of all, to apply its wisdom without vanity."

From behind his table old Tick's eyes glared at the present group of "incompetents" until a full classroom silence had arrived, and then turned to the tense, good-looking face of Dr. Warner.

"We have a new medical genius with us tonight," he began, "one I well remember in his prewizard days. A hyperthyroid with kidney disfunction indicated. But not without a trace of talent. For your benefit, Sam, I will state the meaning and purpose of our organization."

"I have already done that," said Dr. Hume, "rather thoroughly."

"Dr. Hume's explanations to you," Tick continued coldly, "if they are of a kind with his printed works, have most certainly left you dazed if not dazzled."

"I understood him quite well," Warner said.

"Nonsense," old Tick said. "You always had a soft spot for psychiatry and I always warned you against it. Psychiatry is a plot against medicine. And who knows but it may some day overthrow us? In the meantime it behooves us not to consort too freely with the enemy."

You may be sure that Dr. Hume smiled archly at this.

"You will allow me," Tick went on, "to clarify whatever the learned Hume has been trying to tell you."

"Well, if you want to waste time." The new member smiled nervously and mopped his neck with a handkerchief.

DR. FRANK ROSSON, the portly and distinguished gynecologist, chuckled. "Tick's going good tonight," he whispered to Hume.

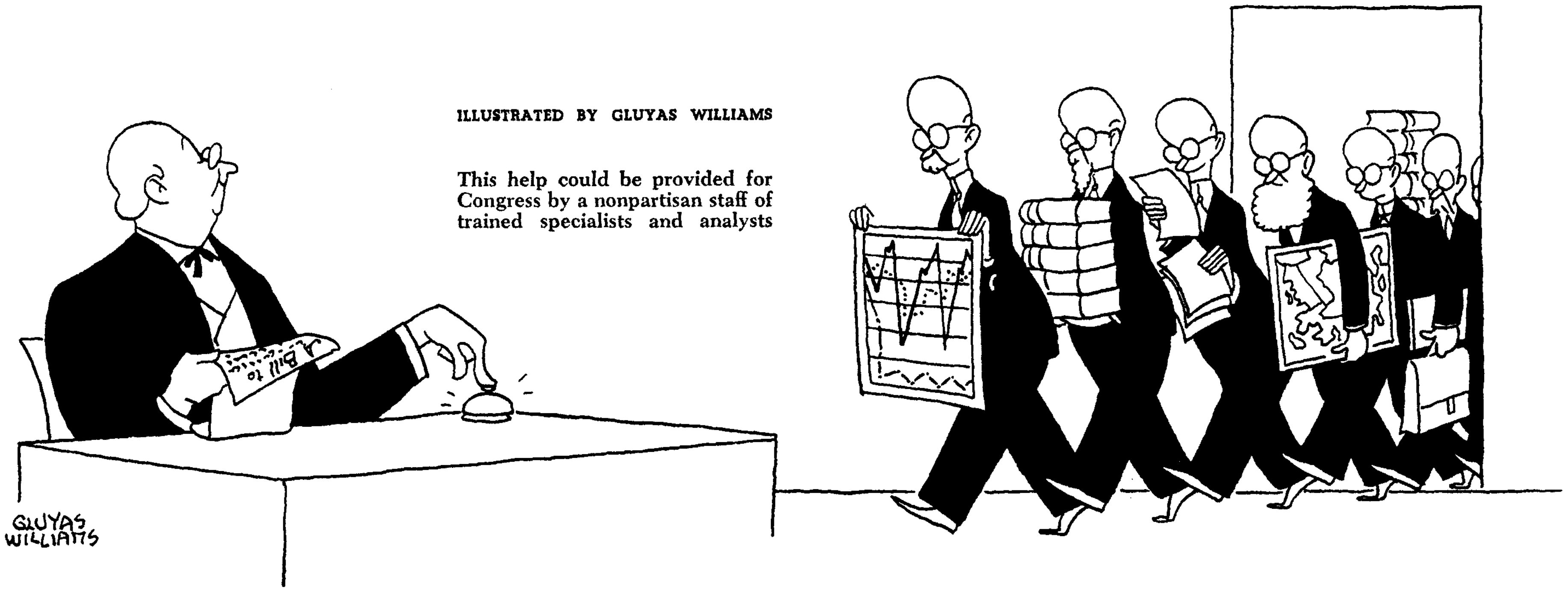
"Senility inflamed by sadism," said Hume.

"Dr. Warner," the pedagogue continued, "the members of the X Club have a single and interesting purpose in their meeting. They come together every three months to confess to some murder any of them may have committed since our last assembly. I am referring, of course, to medical murder. Although it would be a relief to hear any one of us confess to a murder performed out of passion rather than stupidity. Indeed, Dr. Warner, if you have killed a wife or polished off an uncle recently, and would care to unbosom yourself, we will listen respectfully. It is understood that nothing you say will be brought to the attention of the police or the A. M. A."

Old Tick's eyes paused to study the

(Continued on page 22)

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS



This help could be provided for Congress by a nonpartisan staff of trained specialists and analysts

CONGRESS CAN SAVE ITSELF

BY ALBERT GORE

REPRESENTATIVE 4th DIST., TENNESSEE

Bumbling along under 50-year-old methods, Congress is losing its independence to the streamlined executive and judicial branches and forfeiting public esteem, says Mr. Gore, but it can regain both, and he tells you how

WHAT Congress needs is to have its valves ground and the carbon cleaned out. The old motor has lost its zing. Congress, in other words, should reorganize itself. Its fundamental design is good but it should step up its efficiency. It must reach a swift, sure pace to keep up with current events and to keep its place in our three-cornered system of government.

I hope I'm not being presumptuous in making such a dogmatic statement. I'm not precisely a Congressional veteran, but that may only give me greater objectivity in approaching the problem of what's wrong with our legislative branch. I am, after all, in my fifth year of service and I have studied the situation as extensively as I could because I've been disturbed by Congress' loss of prestige. Our democracy would be a farce without a strong, dignified and lively Congress.

Congress has reorganized, or allowed to be reorganized, both other branches of the government. In the fury of fighting over the so-called Supreme Court packing bill, many of us overlooked the fact that court procedures actually were revised rather extensively by the legislation, although the proposal to increase the number of justices was defeated. And twice the President has been given considerable authority to remold the executive end of our government. Only Congress has been untouched and is still plodding along with the methods and ceremonies of fifty years ago.

Asking Congress to modernize itself is like expecting a dentist to pull his own tooth, but I believe it could be done with little pain, compared to the advantages to be gained from it.

Congress should, it seems to me, take three definite steps: First, it should hire itself a staff of specialists in each of the major areas of public welfare. These experts would not represent the biased views of bureaus or private groups, but just what Congress represents—the public. Second, it should reorganize its committees to end the confusion and complexities which now tie us down. Third, it should give more power and responsibility to its leaders, the Speaker of the House and the President Pro Tem of the Senate, bestowing upon them authority to speak for Congress in formation of national policy and to preserve the integrity of Congress.

In behalf of Congress, it should be said that much of the criticism and contempt has not been leveled at Congress alone, but vaguely at something called Washington, of which Congress is only a part. The institution is blamed in the abstract for the confusion and contradiction emanating from the capital. In short, Congress takes the rap for many things of which it is innocent.

For instance, a person who had become confused by conflicting statements on the draft asked me, "Why doesn't Congress clear up this confusion?" Another person wrote me ridiculing Congress for being so slow in passing a pending bill, but later, when he became dissatisfied with the administration of the law, he cussed Congress for ever passing such an "infernal law."

Nevertheless, there are basic reasons why Congress has steadily declined in public popularity and power, and the need for an overhaul job is clear. The fact is that Congress has failed to keep step with national development. Appropriations for the federal government leaped from a little more than one billion dollars in 1916 to over thirteen billion dollars in 1940. Yet Congress has remained the simple, parliamentary body that was conceived by the Founding Fathers. So Congress has become wholly unable to function on an equal footing with the ever-swollen executive branch of the government. Circumstances have been too much for Congress.

Even the initiation of legislation—certainly a basic function of any legislature—is now mostly in the hands of executive bureaus and agencies. Rarely does Congress pass an important law that does not originate in some executive agency. Today, executive officials not only draft legislative proposals and submit them to Congress, but they use the facilities and overwhelming strength of the executive branch to push and persuade the people and Congress to their points of view.

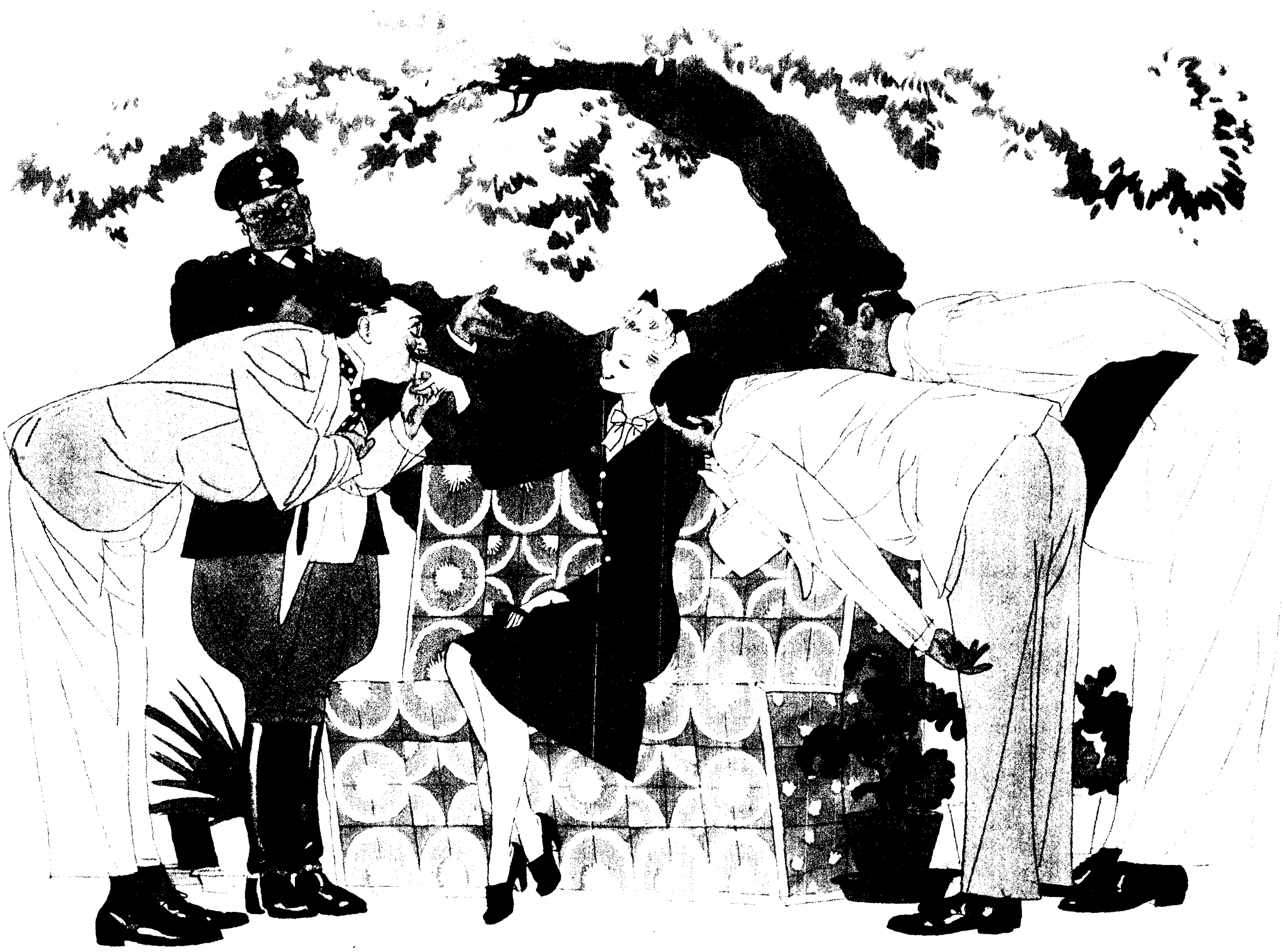
According to Doctor Floyd M. Riddick, "In the first session of the 75th Congress—a typical session—no less than 271 drafts of proposed bills were fed into the Congressional hopper," after having been sent to "The Hill" by the heads of departments, bureaus and commissions. Many of them became law as they came to us.

This is a far cry from the attitude of the Senate in 1908, when a terrible row was created because a Cabinet officer had sent to the Senate the draft of a proposed bill. The Senate indignantly ordered the bill sent back and adopted a rule ordering all gratuitous executive communications returned unless transmitted through the President.

Perhaps the most ironical reflection to be found in the Congressional Record was uttered by Representative Monroney last year while speaking in support of a bill I had offered as a substitute for the Administration-sponsored price control bill. He said, "There is criticism attached to this substitute bill, a blight that I *(Continued on page 32)*

A crackpot idea or speech makes headlines and Congress must take a blast of ridicule

Asking Congress to modernize itself is like expecting a dentist to pull his own tooth; it could be done with little pain compared to the advantages to be gained



The three solid-looking citizens were reluctantly introduced by the general. They bowed, enchanted with such beauty

WHEN THE MUSIC STOPPED

BY LEONORA KAGHAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

How Miss Martha Goode of New York inflamed the male vote at Huitzapil. It took a visiting fireman (name of Donovan) to extinguish the blaze

HER eyes were a modest shade of blue, her fair hair shone inconspicuously, and six little freckles powdered the bridge of her unassuming nose. She might have been a kindergarten teacher; about twenty-eight; naïvely excited over her first trip to a foreign and romantic land—all of which she was. Even her name fitted into the homespun picture: Martha E. Goode. The E was for Ellen.

This was the girl who, after a week of "sight-seeing" Mexico, suddenly wandered off the tourist-beaten track; and choosing a train here and a bus there at random, found herself at last in Huitzapil. The little town dreaming in the semitropical sun struck her at once as rather like heaven: such peace, such beauty could hardly exist on earth. Not in the sound and fury of the twentieth century; not in 1941. There was only one slight flaw: the charming people of Huitzapil showed a tendency to stare; from the moment she had set foot in the place all eyes had been upon her. But well, she was a stranger, an *Americana*. In a day or two they would get used to her . . .

"Señor," she had murmured after her first night on the rack that was snowily disguised as a bed, "if it is possible to do something about the mattress—"

"Señorita!" Plump, dark, with large and melting eyes, the *patron* of Huitzapil's only hotel had gazed at her, stricken. "You have not rested well, you have suffered. A thousand, ten thousand pardons! But do not fear; it will not happen again. Everything will be arranged. At once! I give my sacred word." Heaven indeed. For though experience had already taught her that "at once" was the rarest of all phenomena in the sunny land of *mañana*, that very night she had slept on a fine new mattress!

Slept deliciously—and, in the small hours, wakened deliciously to music. Guitars and voices yearned and pleaded, exulted, despaired in a serenade fit for a goddess. Spellbound, Martha had admired from her heart the lovely custom of saying it with music in the night, and wondered to whom it was being said, and had a vision of the señor *patron's* young sister whose room opened on the other side of the patio. Sloe-eyed and lissome, flowered to a demure and subtly wise sixteen . . . Ah, Concepción, are you listening? Is your cheek like a rose on your pillow? Do you know who it is that has gathered these voices to weave into the drifting night this record of your youth and your beauty?

Her own heart had pattered and ached a little with gentle envy of beauty and youth; for a moment or two it had ached a lot . . .

Concepción was nowhere to be seen the next morning, so after an excellent breakfast (barring the coffee) under the hovering supervision of the *patron*, Martha went out into the sunshine alone. Across the way was the main plaza, the prettiest of plazas. Tall trees spread wide their branches so that the sun might sprinkle only filtered gold on the lush grass, on the terra-cotta benches inlaid with blue tile, on the flower-bordered paths that wound to meet at the bandstand in the heart of the square.

Martha sat down on one of the benches. It was market day, and Indians from villages in the neighboring hills were drifting into town with their wares. Barefoot, the men in white cotton dungarees, the women with the bright-hued *rebozos* of the region draped about them, they balanced laden baskets on their heads with effortless grace. It was a living frieze, brilliant with color, flowing with grave and rhythmic movement. Martha, dazzled, watched it all—and Huitzapil watched Martha.

Nobody passed without looking, and nobody looked whose gaze didn't linger—on the only fair-haired, blue-eyed

(Continued on page 48)

PAL OF THE PUPPETS

By Frank J. Taylor

Nine thousand little wooden men move in fantastic syncopation through one of George Pal's color puppetoons. "With puppets," he says, "anything can happen"

IN TULIPS SHALL GROW, just as the little Dutch boy finds the little Dutch girl, his accordion gets tangled in the windmill, making lively dance music to which the pair clog dance in wooden shoes until the Screwball Army sweeps over the horizon, devastating the lovely tulip beds and the windmill, and driving Janette from Jan, who prays for rain in the ruins of the church. And just in time, too, for the raindrops begin to fall, rusting the Screwball soldiers so that they fall apart, as do their tanks and planes—whereupon boy finds girl, and the tulips spring into blossom again, as the windmill turns anew.

All this happens in less than eight minutes. This little George Pal puppetoon gives you the throbs of a full-length moving picture. Nobody says anything about Adolf Hitler or the Nazis, but in those eight minutes, your heartstrings run the gamut of the years from the placid, busy, spick-and-span Netherlands through the Nazi devastation to the resurrection of Holland after the goose-steppers are gone.

George Pal is a soft-spoken, blue-eyed little guy, once a Hungarian, but now an American, who packs a terrific wallop with his puppetoons, which he calls "color cartoons in three dimensions." Instead of drawings, he uses characters carved of wood. It takes about nine thousand of them to act the syncopated sequences of a Pal puppetoon. The action is accomplished by placing the puppets, one after another, on miniature papier-mâché scenery and photographing the scenes at a rate of one a minute. It is slow, tedious business.

In contrast to the Disney studio, which employs hundreds of artists to ink and color sequences, the Pal puppetoonery is an old garage, converted into a Santa Claus workshop. In it a dozen skilled woodworkers with lathes and carving tools turn by the hundreds the wooden figures which another dozen artists paint in gay colors, and a handful of intensely absorbed photographers slowly and tediously shoot in technicolor. When they have shot about 30,000 pictures, the sequences are set to music and speech, and run off in the projection room across the street.

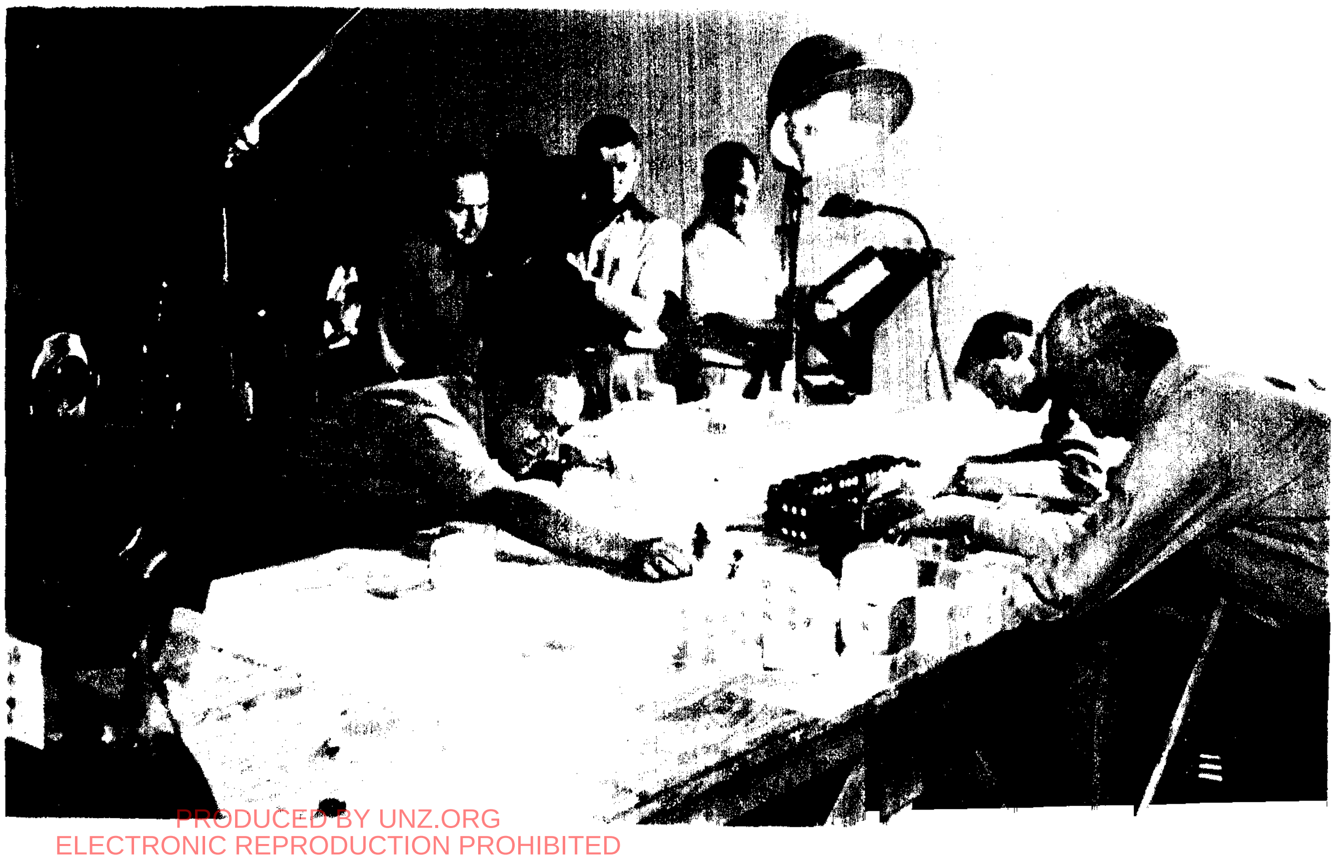
Syncopated Rhythm in Wood

Suddenly, by some magic, the little wooden figures come to life, almost as real as flesh and blood. They do things that human actors never do, such as Johann Strauss taking a walk in the woods, hearing a bird and scribbling the notes on his cuffs; listening to squirrels and jotting more musical notes on his dickey; then finally, pulling a violin from his coat pocket, placing the notes on a stump, and syncopating them into Tales From the Vienna Woods, while the rabbits, the skunks, the squirrels and the birds catch the spirit and join in.

Then there is the puppetoon about Jasper, the little colored boy who just can't stay out of the watermelon patch. Jasper goes with the old scarecrow to a watermelon world where the mountains are big, rosy slices of melon, the trees are watermelons on trunks, and the rivers are all watermelon juice. Little Jasper has some bad moments when all the watermelons give him the bum's rush as Watermelon's Enemy Number One, but he finally makes it back to his mammy with the aid of some lively boogie-woogie music.

In spite of all the work involved, George Pal and his staff in Hollywood have been turning out puppetoons at the rate of one a month for the past year. They have been booked as tidbits of fantasy in some six thousand theaters in this country, and more in Great Britain, Russia and Latin America. Already, smiling little George Pal, his wife Szoka, his sons, George, Jr., and Peter, are Hollywood rages—with this one reservation—Mr. Pal is too shy and too busy dreaming up new musicals to play the Hollywood game. All he wants to do is *(Continued on page 61)*

One step ahead of the Nazis, George Pal fled the Netherlands for Hollywood, where he now ridicules Hitler's hordes. In Pal's latest puppetoon, a fiddling Johann Strauss plays the Pied Piper and leads Nazi soldiers to destruction, to the stirring strains of The Blue Danube



George Pal calls his puppetoons "color cartoons in three dimensions." Here he places two characters in their miniature setting, prior to shooting one of the thirty thousand pictures which make up a puppetoon. The sequences are later set to music and speech

THE HUNTERS

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

IN AFRICA, Michael Garrick learns that the girl he had idolized, and still idolizes, in England—Claire Alloway, who had promised to become his wife—has jilted him to marry a much older man: the wealthy John Winston. Desperately hurt, wretchedly unhappy, he turns to drink, for forgetfulness. Then, a few years later, he marries and settles down on a coffee plantation.

Disgusted by her husband's frequent sprees, Michael's wife—"Tommy"—sees much of, and falls in love with, a young neighbor: Robert ("Bob") McNare. Later Bob goes to England, to take over a baronetcy he has inherited.

Months pass. Bob—now Sir Robert McNare—returns. And Tommy soon learns, to her dismay, that he is madly infatuated with a beautiful blond widow who has come out on the same boat with him: *Mrs. John Winston!*

The meeting between Mrs. Winston and Michael is a strange one. Introduced, realizing that neither Tommy nor Bob knows about their past relations, they act as though they had never before seen each other. Michael, despite what Claire had done to him, still adores her. And Claire? Michael wonders. . . .

At Bob's suggestion, the four—Claire, Tommy, Michael and Bob—go to the Congo for a long lion hunt. Claire and Michael are often alone; and Michael soon makes a discovery that shocks him terribly: the charming Mrs. Winston is willing to flirt with him, do anything—*except marry him!* The charming Mrs. Winston, he realizes, wants a title. . . .

Tommy, Claire and Bob are charged by a lion. Claire and Bob, together, kill the brute. By this time, Bob—noting that Claire and Michael are far more intimate than they should be—is suspicious, jealous. He warns Michael not to poach on his preserves. Michael retaliates by telling him, bluntly, that Mrs. Winston is—well, she is not all that Sir Robert McNare's wife should be.

A few hours later, as the four prepare to go out to try to bag another lion, Michael pretends that he is ill and cannot go. Claire, too, says that *she* cannot go—she has a headache (Michael's idea). So the question is: Shall Bob and Tommy (who still loves him) go alone? Listening to Bob, as they talk it over, Tommy thinks, "He doesn't want to go, he doesn't want to go!"

VII

BOB'S eyes blazed back with wrath and with contempt and yet there was uneasiness beneath those less complicated feelings. Then Mrs. Winston caught at his attention with a soft-voiced, "You don't think I'm too unsporting not to see it through? I'd rather carry on than have your poor opinion."

"You couldn't have that."

Bob said that sharply, as if affirming something. He said, "It wouldn't do at all with a headache," and gave her a clear, direct look, and then shot a quick, hard glance at Michael, and swung about to Tommy, and the waiting porters, being very brisk and businesslike, trying to shake off the sense of having been, somehow, maneuvered, having been rushed. "Let's go," he said again.

Michael walked out about the table. "Good luck, Tommy. Shoot straight."

"I'll try. Turn in early."

Mrs. Winston rose and followed them out. "Good luck, Mrs. Garrick."

"Goodby. I hope your head won't be too bad."

"Goodby, Sir Robert. A lion for you, too."

"Thanks. Well—cheerio."

"Cheerio."

"Quaheri."

"Quaheri."

Tommy waved back to them, as she hurried off. For a little time, she thought, for the last time that she would probably have, she could pretend that he was all hers again.

CLAIRE'S eyes watched the figures that grew smaller and smaller on the plain. She said thoughtfully, "I don't think that went any too well. He looked—peculiar."

Michael chuckled. They were at table again, and Michael had ordered a cheese savory and fresh coffee. "Moth being parted from the flame," he said lightly.

"I wonder. . . . It was pretty pat, you know—your fever, my headache, the chance of rain tomorrow night."

"All unassailable."

"Your wife was keen to go. You know, Michael, I rather fancy your little wife is somewhat gone on him."

"They're old pals. You get amazingly pally in these parts."

They were very merry over the savory. Michael felt a curious lightness and recklessness of spirit. The sun set swiftly; one moment it was a red ball on the rim of the world and the next moment it was gone and the air took on the soft, shadowless clarity of the African twilight that is so fleet and fugitive. A brightness lingered on the high face of the cliff, and then it vanished and darkness took over.

The porters built up their fires, red gleams in the dark; the indistinguishable babble of their incessant talk and the thin shrilling of the insects became interwoven, like a tapestry of sound, against which other sounds sprang out, the beat of a small tom-tom, a little tune on an *mbichi*, the cries of the baboons in the high trees by the river.

Claire was stretched out in a steamer chair and Michael had a small camp chair beside her.

"You're supposed to be in bed," she reminded him. "With aspirin. Or whatever you take for fever."

They laughed. A lion grunted along the river. Then they heard one out on the plains. Claire said suddenly, "If they get one early, won't they come back?"

"At night? It isn't done."

"Why not? They've got guns."

"No good against a spring from the back . . . besides, it would look dashed silly, tearing back. And there's always the next lion. They'll be keen, once they're there. . . . They won't quit the boma before sunrise."

"You sound very sure."

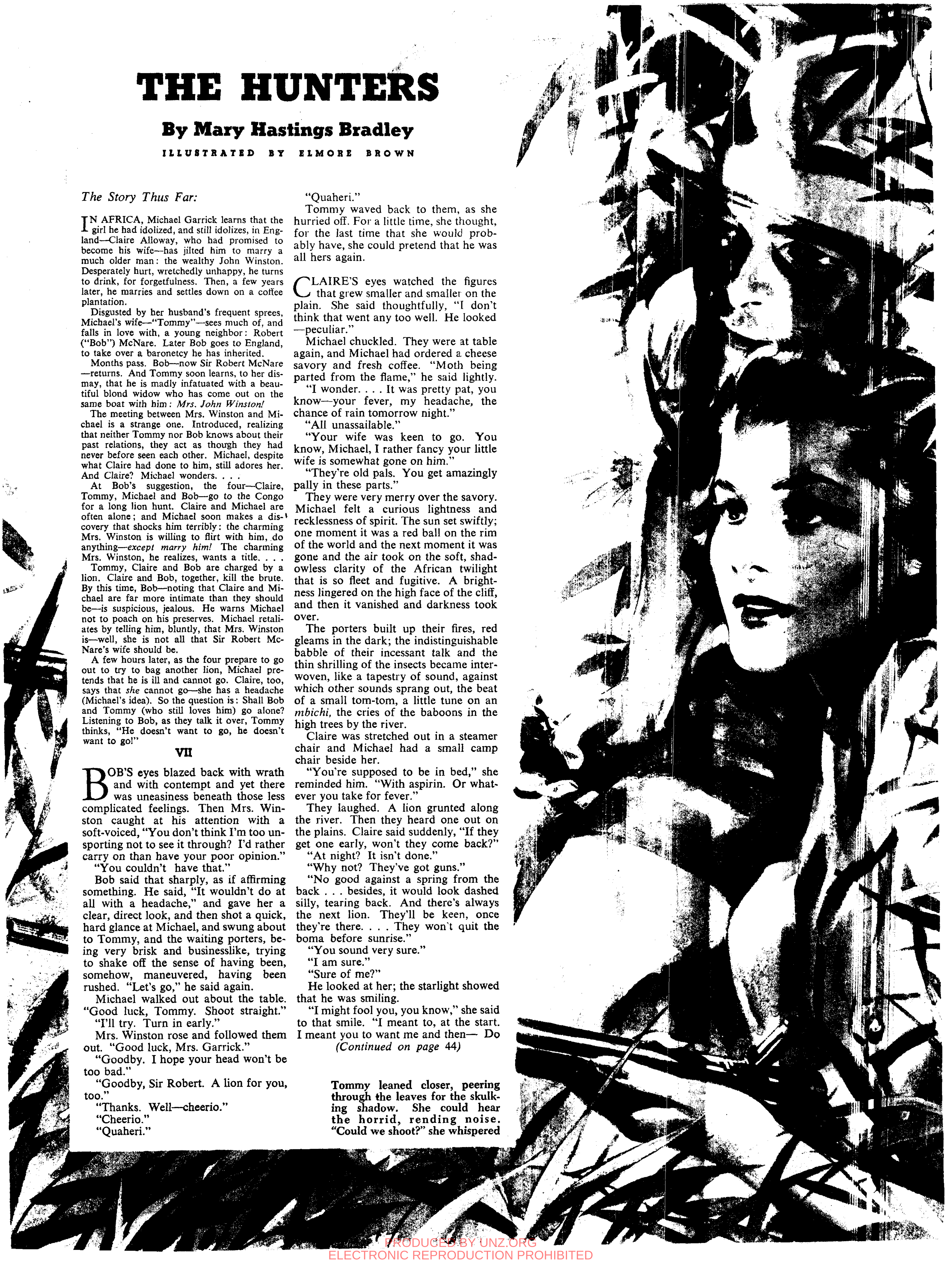
"I am sure."

"Sure of me?"

He looked at her; the starlight showed that he was smiling.

"I might fool you, you know," she said to that smile. "I meant to, at the start. I meant you to want me and then— Do

(Continued on page 44)



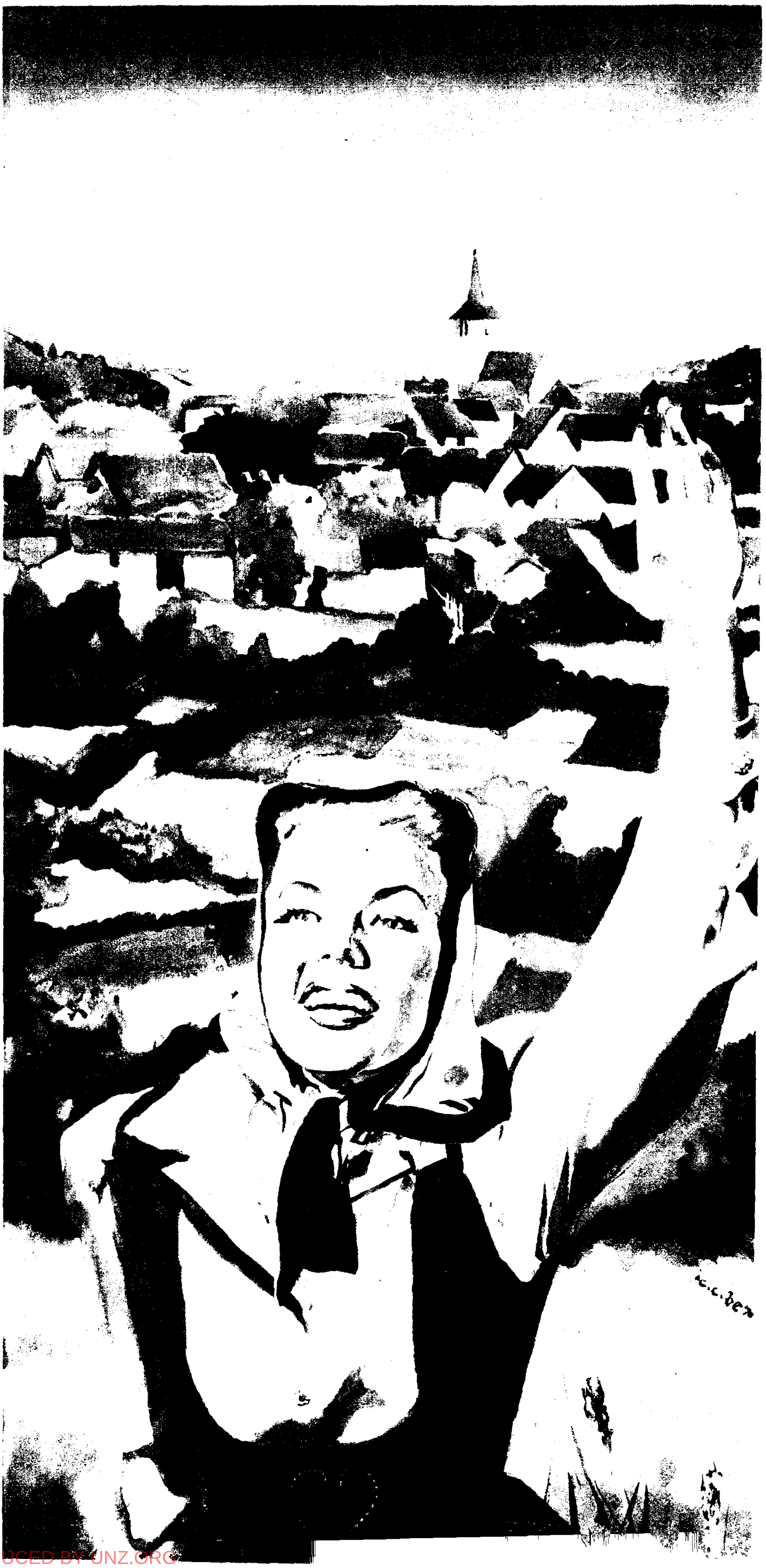
Tommy leaned closer, peering through the leaves for the skulking shadow. She could hear the horrid, rending noise. "Could we shoot?" she whispered

AIR INTELLIGENCE

BY JACK LEONARD

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



The little dark dot came closer . . . he saw Claire spring up and smile

"THEY'RE due back soon," said the English colonel.

"Yes, soon," agreed Captain Perrault. He looked at the sleeve of his Fighting French uniform. It gave him strength.

"Pretty rough," said the colonel, "bombing your own country."

"Unavoidable," said Captain Perrault.

"Quite." The Englishman glanced at a map. "I hope they got the right place. Funny about those villages."

"Yes, very funny."

Captain Perrault pressed his hands on the desk to keep them from trembling. That morning at 3 A. M. he'd been called to Air Intelligence. The colonel seemed excited, for once.

"Captain," he cried, "do you know who Karl Schupp is?"

Captain Perrault nodded. "The cruelest German in France."

"Well, we know where he's sleeping tonight. It came from the Underground. He's there for some sort of meeting. Too secret for Paris."

"And we shall bomb him, no?"

"We'll bomb that village off the map."

The captain shuddered. He was doing his duty to help the English bomb France, but he always shuddered a little.

"It is worth the cost," he said. "Karl Schupp is important, and to prove that we know his movements is more important still."

"Take a look at these," said the colonel. "Your part of France, I think."

On the desk were two air photographs. Each showed a village of eighteen houses arranged in two short lines. A narrow road ran straight through each. Around them were featureless fields—no railroads, no streams, no forests. Captain Perrault flinched and a chill ran through him. One village was Lichères. He knew it well. The other was Gondreville—his own little town where Claire, his wife, was living.

"They're only two miles apart," said the colonel with annoyance, "and as like as two peas. We're attacking at dawn, when there's usually plenty of mist. The pilots are apt to confuse them."

Captain Perrault was silent. He didn't trust his voice.

"We could plaster them both," said the colonel, "and make sure of getting Schupp. But—" He put his hand on the Frenchman's shoulder. "But, my friend, we don't *enjoy* hurting your people."

"I know those villages," said Captain Perrault at last. "They are almost exactly alike. They were destroyed by the Germans in 1917. The government rebuilt them, and the contractor saved money by using the same set of plans."

"So that's the reason." The colonel gave him the pictures. "See if you can remember some distinguishing feature which doesn't show up in the photos. Something the pilots can spot at dawn."

"In which village are you interested?" The captain's voice was level, but the question was almost a prayer. The answer came: "*Karl Schupp is sleeping at Gondreville.*"

The captain held himself tightly controlled. He went to his desk, but he already knew the solution. The villages looked alike to the camera, but the roofs of Lichères were dark gray slate while the roofs of Gondreville were red. He put the pictures side by side. *Gondreville! Lichères!* He held their fate in his hands. But really he had no choice. Karl Schupp was sleeping at Gondreville.

He fought for delay by pretending to study the photographs. They were clear as crystal. He could see each cabbage and vine. He could see his own small house—the fancy brick path, the rustic stone bench, the vegetable garden. He reached for his magnifier.

In the garden a woman knelt. It was Claire! He knew it was Claire! She was hardly more than a vague dark dot, but somehow a graceful dot, an adorable dot. Tears came to his eyes. Claire! His wife! His darling! She had dimples when she smiled, and a tiny heart-shaped birthmark under her chin.

He looked down at Claire as if from a bombing plane, and a furtive, sneak-footed thought crept into his mind. *Perhaps it was Lichères which had red slate roofs.* Such things were hard to remember. Yes, he'd tell the colonel so. The bombs would fall on Lichères, and he would see Claire again.

But still he looked at the photograph. The little dark dot came closer, as if he were floating down. He saw Claire spring to her feet and smile. Her arms went around his neck.

"Why so sad, my husband?" She tweaked the lobe of his ear. "We are both good soldiers of France. We'll meet again later on. Let the bombs rain down on Gondreville. The Germans are sleeping here."

The vision suddenly vanished. As if in a trance Captain Perrault got up and went to the colonel's desk. "Tell the pilots to look for red roofs," he said in a hollow voice. "The roofs of Gondreville are red. The roofs of Lichères are gray. Bomb the red roofs only, not the gray."

"That's just what we need," said the colonel with satisfaction.

CAPTAIN PERRAULT went back to his desk where he waited in agonized silence. The hours crept by. He bent his head.

"Claire, darling," he begged, "forgive me—"

Then he felt her soft arms around his neck.

"Do not be sad, my husband. You are doing your duty." Her voice was tender as if to a little child. "You have sent many bombers to France. They have killed many people. Tonight it is you and I."

The minutes and hours dragged by. The colonel answered the telephone. "They're landing, Captain," he said. "You'd better go talk to the pilots."

Captain Perrault dragged himself out of his chair. Many times he had questioned these English boys. Could he face them today? They had just killed Claire.

He squared his shoulders and started across the room. His telephone rang. He picked it up.

"We have news from the Underground," said a voice in French. "About Gondreville."

An icy pang stabbed the captain's heart. He waited speechless.

"The Germans are using the village," the voice continued. "Some congress of swine. They've moved the people out to keep it secret."

"Moved the people? Quick tell me! All the people?"

"All the people. They took them in trucks to Lichères."

The captain dropped the telephone. It rolled to the floor.

"Lichères," he murmured. "The roofs of Lichères are gray."

King OF THE NAVY

BY ROBERT McCORMICK

PORTRAIT BY BOB LEAVITT

With both his private and official life trimmed for action, the Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet runs his part of the war without fuss or feathers

THE important thing to remember about Admiral Ernest J. King is that he has a fixation. He wants to win the war. He has stripped his life of every frill that might distract him and he has grooved his mind into the single comforting channel of trying to end the mess as quickly as possible. He doesn't want to build himself up to be a glamor boy, a public hero, a dictator or a president. He wants only to do a cool, calculating, businesslike job as Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations.

When he tells a newspaperman that he will be delighted to give a birthday interview "when the war is won," when he informs an influential club that he cannot address it on Thursday, "because I'm too busy with the war," when he declines an invitation to an official Washington party on the grounds, "I won't have time," he means precisely what he says. Nothing is implied, nothing is withheld.

As a result of King's single-mindedness, he has been presented to the public as a combination bogeyman, mystery man and miracle man. But he is quite a normal person. He is still called "The Thin Man" by those who serve under him, he is still an artist in profanity on the few occasions he uses it, he still prefers a ship to a house. He is simply trimmed for action, in both official and private life.

The manner in which he runs the Navy has never been understood by the layman because the admiral's conscience has never allowed him to take time out to explain. He judges his subordinates by the results they obtain and he expects to be judged the same way. He hasn't time to alibi or explain as he goes along. He simply feels—as do most military men—that a war is a technical job which the public pays him to do, and that he should let nothing interfere with his attempt to do the business as he's been trained to do it.

As the admiral talks, you realize that there is nothing complicated or devious about his policy. It has two main points: Complete decentralization and the theory of "calculated risk." Both have brought torrents of criticism upon him, which doesn't perturb the admiral.

The extent to which he parcels out responsibility for details is apparent when you enter his rather plain office. On his desk, he has a few of today's dispatches from the front, marked "Secret" in terrifying big red letters. He doesn't read all that are received—"Just those few which very trustworthy aides think I should see. They know what should be given me. I couldn't read them all and have time for anything else."

There is no clatter of telephones or windy conferences with subordinates—two characteristics of most Washington offices. Much is going on, but most of it is in the admiral's head. He is not frantically busy in a physical sense. A memorandum will come to his desk representing months of labor and research by his subordinates, and King will either approve it by inscribing a chaste "K" in the corner, or reject it with a terse (and frequently acid) comment in the margin. His only concern with the detailed work involved in the memo is the fact that it was done.

Not a Watcher of Details

He never interferes with this work while it's going on, never attempts to supervise closely anything but the final result.

"I give my men the tools, the assignment and the authority," he explains. "The rest is up to them. I will tell a commander to patrol a certain area but I'll never tell him how. He should know how. If he doesn't we must get a man who does."

King has split his chores into two groups. He runs active naval operations, with the chief of staff directly under him. Everything else—the management of shore establishments, construction, repair, development and such—he has turned over to Vice-Admiral Frederick J. Horne, his Vice-Chief of Naval Operations. Horne consults King only on policy. Otherwise, he is lord high boss of his field.

The admiral's subordinates can be wrong—once. Twice is too often. Such an attitude is not considered hard-boiled by the admiral, but only sensible. Mistakes interfere with the quickest possible victory. It cannot be a pleasant business for King to relieve of his command an officer whom he has known most of his life; but if he thinks it must be done for the sake of the war, it comes off with dispatch and firmness—as a few breathless officers now sitting on the side lines can testify.

By making individual officers take full responsibility, King is left free to decide major policy, which is what he is supposed to do. He is in every sense boss of the Navy, but he is uncluttered and unconfused by trivia. He rarely even makes the inspection trips so beloved by most officials. He will sometimes stop over to go through a naval establishment, if it's not out of the way. But he has an inspector general to do the inspecting, directly responsible to King himself.

"So why should I have to do it?" he asks.

He objects violently to issuing an order to obey an order. If a rule is

U. S. and British Army, Navy and Air chiefs in conference. Americans (at right of table): Vice-Admiral Horne (foreground), Admiral King, Admiral Leahy, Brig. Gen. J. R. Deane, Gen. George C. Marshall, Lieut. Gen. J. T. McNarney and Lieut. Col. T. W. Hammond, Jr. At the left, the British: foreground, Comm. R. D. Coleridge, Rear Admiral W. R. Patterson, Field Marshal Sir John Dill, Brigadier Vivian Dykes, Lieut. Gen. G. N. Macready and Air Marshal D. C. S. Evill, R.A.F.

broken, he believes the offender should not be reminded to obey it in the future, but should explain why he broke it in the first place.

The admiral's reprimands are terse and clear, and despite his talent for passing responsibility to subordinates, he has a great capacity for small things if he thinks the small things are important. But he doesn't beef. He simply states his case.

When he was Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, his flagship was anchored at Newport, awaiting a visit by another admiral. Presently a seaplane landed on the water close by, and one of King's aides set out in a small boat to meet it, expecting to pick up the visiting admiral. As the boat approached the plane, the officer stood up to direct the crew in lashing life preservers around the bow to prevent staving in the plane's pontoon. The admiral was not aboard, and the boat returned with the pilot.

A few moments later, the aide was summoned to King's quarters. "Don't we have a regulation," the admiral said, "that men must not stand up in small craft?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why were you standing up?"

"I was boat officer, sir, and directing the crew in the approach."

"Yes. But why were you standing up coming back?"

That's all there was to it, but it was enough.

In return for these exacting standards, King respects the desires of his field commanders with inflexible steadiness. He clamped down completely on publicizing the exploits of our submarines because the commander of a fleet unit protested a story released about one of his subs. It was good publicity for the Navy, but King pointed out that the commander was responsible for the sub, hence should control everything pertaining to it.

The Theory Explained

King's explanation of his theory of "calculated risk" is simpler than the phrase itself. "We simply don't have enough tools to give each commander all he wants or needs in ships and planes," he says. "So we have to figure out where to send what we have with the best chance of success."

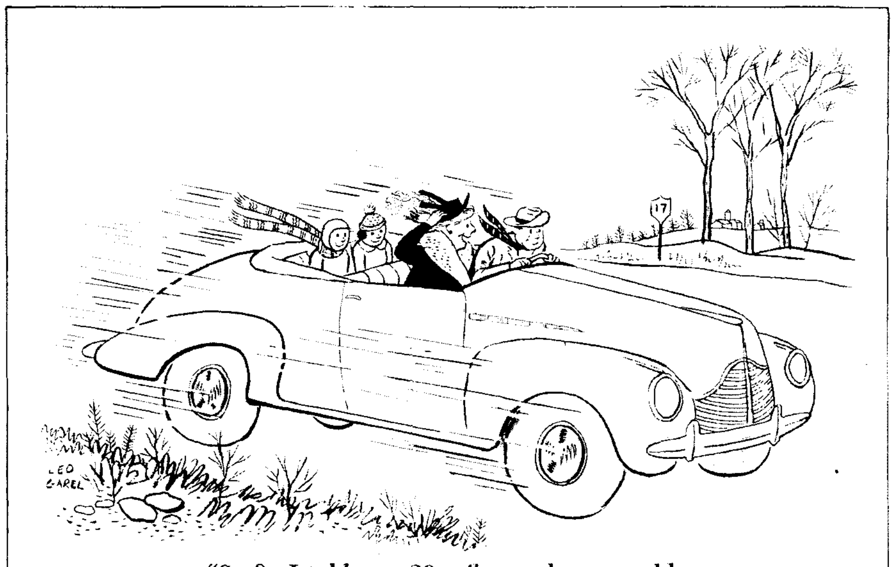
Sometimes the American people have shivered for days and weeks while the theory of calculated risk was working out—but so has the Navy. "The Japanese task force we met at Midway, for example," Admiral King explains, "might have been going to Alaska or Australia or even to this country. We could not defend adequately all the possible points of attack. On the basis of what we knew, we thought our best bet was to attempt to intercept them at Midway. We would have been in a very bad position if we had missed the enemy.

"I have always believed the Japs intended their occupation of the Aleutians to come a short time before Midway, rather than after, but their schedule went haywire. We had already decided, however, that an attack on the Aleutians would not be immediately dangerous, first, because it would be planned as a diversion tactic, and second, because the enemy would still be a thousand miles away from Kodiak, the nearest point at which he would become a really serious threat to Alaska. We let them have those two far western Aleutian islands for the time being. As a matter of fact, the invasion has been very costly to the Japs—something we hadn't really hoped for."

The results of calculating a risk are frequently heartbreaking to King's officers and men, too. Referring to one of the periodic conferences he holds with Admiral Nimitz, he said, "I had to tell Nimitz about the North African offensive—our ninth front—and what it would mean to him in the number of fleet units in his command. It wasn't fun."

Through all this major policy are woven King's ideas on giving out news of naval matters. He disagrees frankly with the civilian propaganda experts who say the question of how much aid and comfort would be given this country by the release of information is at least as important as how much aid and comfort would be given the enemy.

"So far as I am concerned," King says, "information given the public is information which will almost certainly reach the enemy. You know yourself how many holes there are through which published news can get to the enemy, either directly or by proper channels, which go through neutral countries. I have no intention of giving the enemy anything from which he can derive a shadow of aid and comfort. That's the way I am, that's the way I always have been, that's the way I always will be."



COLLIER'S "See? I told you 30 miles an hour would seem much faster without a windshield" LEO GAREL

Occasionally a roar goes up over the functioning of the Navy in a particular engagement. Demands for unified commands and personnel changes fly back and forth across the country, accompanied by frightful tales of naval stupidity and incompetence. Sometimes these tales have shreds of truth, but almost without exception, they differ on major points from the accounts of the engagement in the secret, accurate reports on King's desk. Should he believe or pretend to believe the published stories and the whispers, and thus avoid irritating political pressure? The admiral isn't fighting that kind of war. And ninety-nine times out of a hundred, he feels he cannot broadcast the information in his reports without giving the Japs the equivalent of a major victory.

Cruisers Don't Have Wings

He has been slugged at violently for not announcing sooner the loss of three American cruisers and one Australian cruiser in the Solomons in October. "Replacing those ships was not a simple matter of slapping three more into the holes they left," he states. "We had to figure out from what area they could best be spared (the calculated risk again) and we had the North African invasion coming up. We finally chose those we thought wisest to shift, but then we had to get them to Tulagi, and cruisers don't have wings. If the Japs, during that time, had been sure of just how much damage they had done, they would have closed in. That would have been disastrous. Had I been the Japs, I would have pushed the battle anyhow. I've never quite understood why they didn't. Certainly, our only chance was to keep them from having definite knowledge of how successful they'd been."

Admiral King's philosophic calmness under the constant cross fire is a miracle of self-discipline and concentration. Each morning he gets a chart showing the disposition and activity of his fleet units, but sometimes he goes for days without knowing the fate of a particular ship or the outcome of a particular engagement, some of which may conceivably push the whole war into a new direction.

"But what would be accomplished if I worried about it?" he asks in a puzzled way. "I have supplied the best men with the best equipment we have, and have given them what seems the wisest mission. That's all I can do. If a ship has been sunk, I can't bring it up. If it's going to be sunk, I can't stop it. I can use my time much better working on tomorrow's problem rather than fretting about yesterday's. Besides, if I let those things get me, I wouldn't last long."

As it is, he's lasting very well. His eyes are clear, his face firm, his waistline taut, and he thinks with the precision of a cash register. Yet he is sixty-four, the legal retirement age for Navy officers. One reason he's been able to keep an even keel is because he has separated himself from the hysterical social life of Washington. He lives on his flagship tied up at the Washington Navy Yard, the U.S.S. Dauntless, which was Mrs. Dodge's yacht Delphine, now painted battle gray and stripped for military use. Six or eight of his staff live on the ship with him.

The admiral's family stays in a monstrous old red brick house of many gables and chimneys in Observatory Circle, the grounds of the Naval Observatory, close to the embassy neighborhood out on Massachusetts Avenue. The house is owned by the federal government and is available to every chief of naval operations. King's family consists of Mrs. King, six daughters—four of whom are married to Army officers—and one son, Ernest J., Jr., who is now a third-classman at the Naval Academy. The family population at the Observatory Circle house varies, but King eats dinner two or three times a week with those who are around.

Outside of his office, he otherwise sticks close to his ship, reading histories of the Civil War, on which he is a consummate expert. When he does go forth of an evening, he insists on being back aboard by 11 P. M. He gets up at 7:30, does a few setting-up exercises, eats a small breakfast, gets into his official car and rides to within a mile of his office, from which point he walks, usually hitting his desk just as the ship's clock on the wall touches 8:20.

Until 9, he reads dispatches, then staff members come in to discuss developments and plans. At 9:30, Secretary Knox has a conference with department officials, which occupies King up to about 10:15. Then he has appointments with congressmen, diplomats, officers from the combat areas, and others who might have something worth hearing. Promptly at 12:45, he adjourns to a small private dining room near his office, where he eats soup and salad with members of his staff.

He's back at 1:30. Two afternoons a week are absorbed with meetings. Tuesday, he gathers with General George Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, Deputy Army Chief of Staff in charge of the Army Air Forces, and Admiral William Leahy, the President's personal Chief of Staff. The four together are the joint Chiefs of Staff, the All-American grand strategy board, which decides major United States war policy. The meeting lasts from two until four, five or six in the evening.

Planning World-Wide Strategy

Friday, this same group meets with representatives of the British army, navy and air force, and these combined chiefs of staff harmonize American and British military operations all over the world.

Perhaps once every couple of weeks, the admiral goes to the White House for a huddle with the President, but otherwise his afternoons are devoted to mail, appointments and—most important—thought.

King works on Saturdays as routine, and a few hours every Sunday. Wednesday afternoon he goes for a walk. His only other dissipation is an occasional—very occasional—glass of sherry during his brief appearances at parties he can't avoid. He serves nothing with even a taint of alcohol on the Dauntless, in accordance with Navy regulations for all naval vessels.

In this severe atmosphere, it's easier to understand why the admiral resents anything that distracts him from his one big project. He is concerned, for example, about the idea of Congressional committees keeping check on the day-to-day progress of the war.

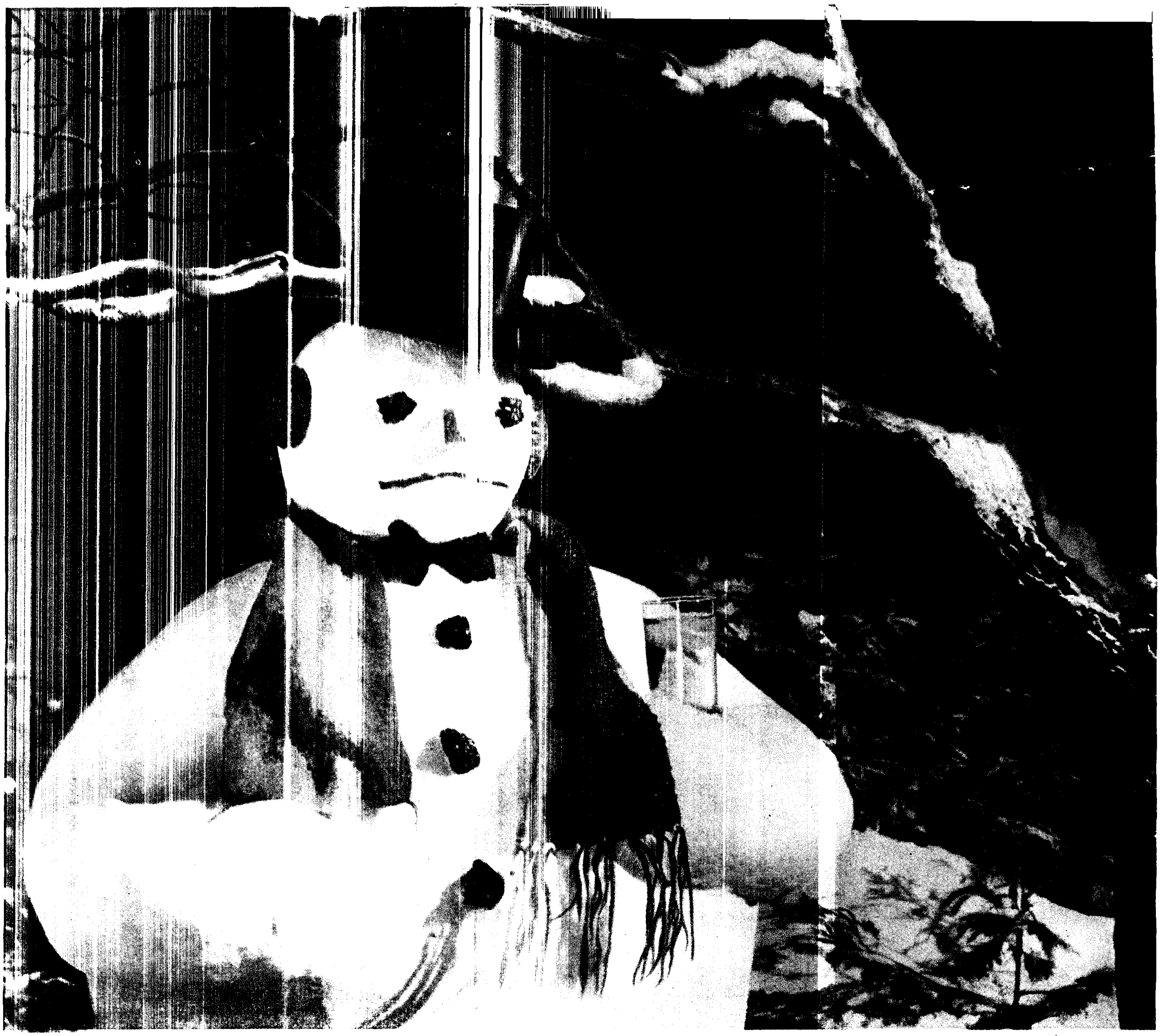
"If you want some indication of how it would probably work," he says, "remember what the Committee on the Conduct of the War did to the Union Army in the Civil War. It furnished interference—but it interfered only with the man carrying the ball."

And on the subject of unified command in the Pacific, he has this to say: "The Pacific is divided into five reasonable parts, based on the type of military operations necessary in each part. It was done on a technical basis, and it's by far the most intelligent system, from any reasonable aspect."

And once recently at a small dinner, while he was being questioned about his refusal to give out news, he was asked belligerently how many Jap ships have been sunk.

"I don't know," he replied with a grin, "the Japs don't tell us."

THE END



What a terrible fix I'm in!

I WOULDN'T FEEL so badly about it if they had put just an ordinary whiskey-and-soda in my hand.

But they gave me one of the world's most glorious drinks . . . a wonderfully smooth and flavorful Four Roses-and-soda.

Then they let me freeze, so that I can't possibly raise the Four Roses-and-soda to my lips. It's tragic, I tell you.

But you who are not snow men aren't in the fix I'm in. YOU can get a Four Roses-and-soda at your favorite bar. Or you can take home a bottle of this gloriously rich and mellow whiskey. Then YOU can pour a generous jigger of Four Roses into a glass and add ice and soda.

And, best of all, YOU can lift this magnificent drink to your fortunate lips and sip it. Lucky, lucky you!

• • •

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

FOUR
ROSES

Miracle of the Fifteen Murderers

Continued from page 12

growing tension in the new member's face.

"I am sure you have not slain any of your relatives," he sighed, "or that you will ever do so except in the line of duty.

"The learned Hume," he went on, "has undoubtedly explained these forums to you on the psychiatric basis that confession is good for the soul. This is nonsense. We are not here to ease our souls but to improve them. Our real purpose is scientific. Since we dare not admit our mistakes to the public and since we are too great and learned to be criticized by the untutored laity and since such inhuman perfection as that to which we pretend is not good for our weak and human natures, we have formed this society. It is the only medical organization in the world where the members boast only of their mistakes.

"And now," Tick beamed on the neophyte, "allow me to define what we consider a real, fine professional murder. It is the killing of a human being who has trustingly placed himself in a doctor's hands. Mind you, the death of a patient does not in itself spell murder. We are concerned only with those cases in which the doctor, by a wrong diagnosis or by demonstrably wrong medication or operative procedure, has killed off a patient who, without the aforesaid doctor's attention, would have continued to live and prosper."

"Hume explained all this to me," the new member muttered impatiently, and then raised his voice: "I appreciate that this is my first meeting and that I might learn more from my distinguished colleagues by listening than by talking. But I have something rather important to say."

"A murder?" Tick asked.

"Yes," said the new member.

THE old professor nodded. "Very good, he said. "And we shall be glad to listen to you. But we have several murderers on the docket ahead of you."

The new member was silent and remained sitting bolt upright in his chair. It was at this point that several, including Hume, noticed there was something more than stage fright in the young surgeon's tension. The certainty filled the room that Sam Warner had come to his first meeting of the X Club with something violent and mysterious boiling in him.

Dr. Philip Kurtiff, the eminent neurologist, put his hand on Warner's arm and said quietly, "There's no reason to feel bad about anything you're going to tell us We're all pretty good medical men and we've all done worse—whatever it is."

"If you please," old Tick demanded, "we will have silence. This is not a sanatorium for doctors with guilt complexes. It is a clinic for error. And we will continue to conduct it in an orderly, scientific fashion. If you want to hold Sam Warner's hand, Kurtiff, that's your privilege. But do it in silence."

He beamed suddenly at the new member.

"I confess," he went on, "that I'm as curious as anybody to hear how so great a know-it-all as our young friend Dr. Warner could have killed off one of his customers. But our curiosity will have to wait. Since five of you were absent from our last gathering I think that the confession of Dr. James Sweeney should be repeated for your benefit."

Dr. Sweeney stood up and turned his lugubrious face and shining eyes to the five absentees. Of all present, Sweeney was considered next to old Tick the ablest diagnostician in the East.

"Well," he said in his preoccupied monotone, "I told it once, but I'll tell it again. I sent a patient to my X-ray room to have a fluoroscopy done. My assistant gave him a barium meal to drink and put him under the fluoroscope. I walked in a half-hour later to observe progress and when I saw the patient under the fluoroscopic screen I observed to my assistant, Dr. Kroch, that it was amazing and that I had never seen anything like it. Kroch was too overcome to bear me out.

"What I saw was that the patient's entire stomach and lower esophagus were motionless and dilated, apparently made out of stone. And as I studied this phenomenon, I noticed it was becoming clearer and sharper. The most disturbing factor in the situation was that we both knew there was nothing to be done. Dr. Kroch, in fact, showed definite signs of hysteria. Shortly afterward the patient became moribund and fell to the floor."

"Well, I'll be damned!" several of those who had been absent cried in unison, Dr. Kurtiff adding, "What was it?"

"It was simple," said Sweeney. "The bottom of the glass out of which the patient had drunk his barium meal was caked solid. We had filled him up with plaster of Paris. I fancy the pressure caused a fatal coronary attack."

"Good Lord," the new member said. "How did it get into the glass?"

"Through some pharmaceutical error," said Sweeney mildly.

"What, if anything, was the matter with the patient before he adventured into your office?" Dr. Kurtiff inquired.

"The autopsy revealed chiefly a solidified stomach and esophagus," said Sweeney. "But I think from several indications that there may have been a little tendency to pyloric spasm, which caused the belching for which he was referred to me."

"A rather literary murder," said old Tick. "A sort of Pygmalion in reverse."

The old professor paused and fastened his red-rimmed eyes on Warner. "By the way, before we proceed," he said, "I think it is time to tell you the full name of our club. Our full name is the X Marks the Spot Club. We prefer, of course, to use the abbreviated title as being a bit more social sounding."

"Of course," said the new member, whose face now appeared to be getting redder.

"And now," announced old Tick, consulting a scribbled piece of paper, "our first case on tonight's docket will be Dr. Wendell Davis."

BUTCH **by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS**

"Shh, you clumsy ox! There's people trying to sleep upstairs!"

COLLIER'S

There was silence as the elegant stomach specialist stood up. Davis was a doctor who took his manner as seriously as his medicine. Tall, solidly built, gray-haired and beautifully barbered, his face was without expression—a large, pink mask that no patient, however ill and agonized, had ever seen disturbed.

"I WAS called late last summer to the home of a workingman," he began. "Senator Bell had given a picnic for some of his poorer constituency. As a result of this event, the three children of a steamfitter named Horowitz were brought down with food poisoning. They had overeaten at the picnic. The senator, as host, felt responsible, and I went to the Horowitz home at his earnest solicitation. I found two of the children very sick and vomiting considerably. They were nine and eleven. The mother gave me a list of the various foods all three of them had eaten. It was staggering. I gave them a good dose of castor oil.

"The third child, aged seven, was not as ill as the other two. He looked pale, had a slight fever, felt some nausea—but was not vomiting. It seemed obvious that he too was poisoned to a lesser degree. Accordingly I prescribed an equal dose of castor oil for the youngest child—just to be on the safe side.

"I was called by the father in the middle of the night. He was alarmed over the condition of the seven-year-old. He reported that the other two children were much improved. I told him not to worry, that the youngest had been a little late in developing food poisoning but would unquestionably be better in the morning, and that his cure was as certain as his sister's and brother's.

"When I hung up I felt quite pleased with myself for having anticipated the youngest one's condition and prescribed the castor oil prophylactically. I arrived at the Horowitz home at noon the next day and found the two older children practically recovered. The seven-year-old, however, appeared to be very sick indeed. They had been trying to reach me since breakfast. The child had 105 degrees temperature. It was dehydrated, the eyes sunken and circled, the expression pinched, the nostrils dilated, the lips cyanotic and the skin cold and clammy."

DR. DAVIS paused. Dr. Milton Morris, the renowned lung specialist, spoke. "It died within a few hours?" he asked.

Dr. Davis nodded.

"Well," Dr. Morris said quietly, "it seems pretty obvious. The child was suffering from acute appendicitis when you first saw it. The castor oil ruptured its appendix. By the time you got around to looking at it again, peritonitis had set in."

"Yes," said Dr. Davis slowly. "That's exactly what happened."

"Murder by castor oil," old Tick cackled, "plus an indifference to the poor."

"Not at all," Dr. Davis said. "All three children had been at the picnic, overeaten alike and revealed the same symptoms."

"Not quite the same," Dr. Hume said.

"Oh, you would have psychoanalyzed the third child?" Dr. Davis smiled.

"No," said Hume. "I would have examined its abdomen like any penny doctor, considering that it had some pain and nausea, and found it rigid with both direct and rebound tenderness."

"Yes, it would have been an easy diagnosis for a medical student," Dr. Kurtiff agreed. "But unfortunately, we have outgrown the humility of medical students."

"Dr. Davis' murder is morally instructive," old Tick announced, "but I find it extremely dull. I have a memo from Dr. Kenneth Wood. Dr. Wood has the floor."

The noted Scotch surgeon, famed in his college days as an Olympic Games athlete, stood up. He was still a man of prowess, large-handed, heavy-shouldered and with the purr of masculine strength in his soft voice.

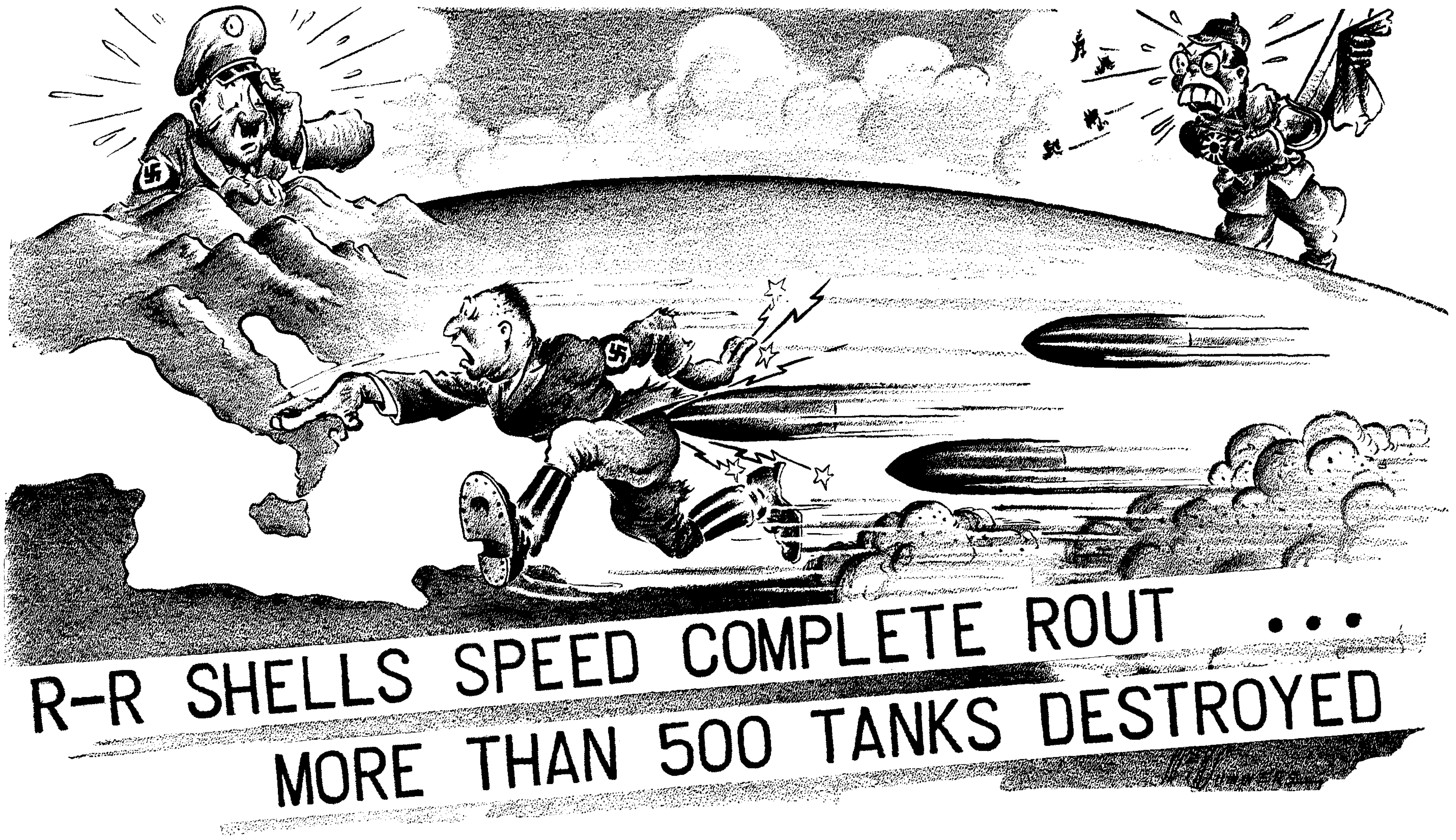
"I don't know what kind of murder you can call this." Dr. Wood smiled at his colleagues.

"Murder by butchery is the usual title," Tick said.

"No, I doubt that," Dr. Morris protested. "Ken's too skillful to cut off anybody's leg by mistake."

"I guess you'll have to call it just plain murder by stupidity," Dr. Wood said softly.

Old Tick cackled. "If you'd paid a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MORE THAN 500 TANKS DESTROYED

The Remington Rand organization was the first producer of large-calibre armor-piercing projectiles, used with such conspicuous success in the new high-velocity anti-tank guns in North Africa. The factory formerly devoted to the building of Remington Noiseless Typewriters produced the first of these shells, and to date, several million have been delivered.

This is but the beginning of the good news about American armament which you can confidently expect to receive, with growing frequency, from battlefronts all over the world. For the nation's industrial capacity is now fully geared for war output...today, every original Remington Rand factory, plus several new ones just completed, are producing solely for war. Our major war contracts are shown graphically at the right.

We are proud of our production of weapons and war equipment. We are equally proud that the typewriters, business machines and control systems we normally make are helping the armed forces and government departments do the thorough planning so essential to successful campaigns. And we are proud that these *same machines and systems are helping* thousands of war manufacturers deliver tremendous production increases. For example, more than two-thirds of all winners of the Army-Navy "E" use our Kardex Production Control System to speed the flow of war goods from factory to fighting men.

We will continue to increase production of war materials and help others increase theirs.

We *will continue* to back up our 2295 employees, from every branch and factory, now serving with the colors.

We will fight the war not only with our skill and ability but with the dollars which thousands of us are regularly putting into War Bonds.

VICTORY, absolute and final, is our only objective ☆ ☆ ☆

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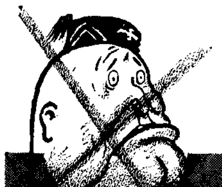
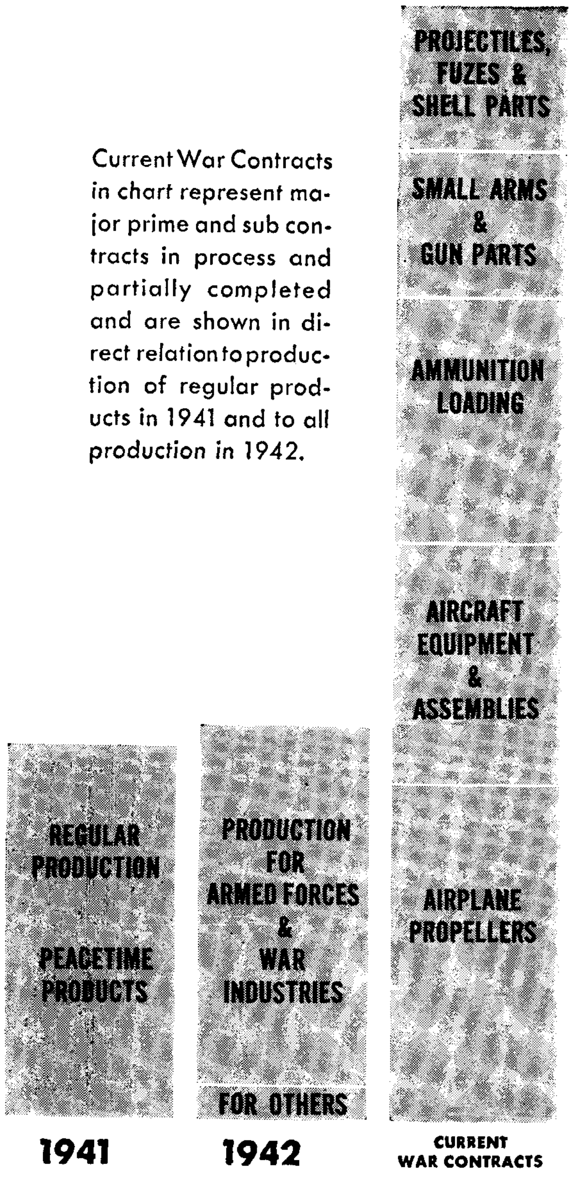


IN PEACETIME, the world's largest manufacturers of adding, accounting and tabulating machines, typewriters, record systems, office supplies and electric shavers.

Current War Contracts in chart represent major prime and sub contracts in process and partially completed and are shown in direct relation to production of regular products in 1941 and to all production in 1942.



Remington Rand's

little more attention to diagnosis than to shot-putting you wouldn't be killing off such hordes of patients," he said.

"This is my first report in three years," Wood answered modestly. "And I've been operating at the rate of four or five daily, including holidays."

"My dear Kenneth," Dr. Hume said, "every surgeon is entitled to one murder in three years. A phenomenal record, in fact—when you consider the temptations."

"Proceed with the crime," Tick said.

"Well," the strong-looking surgeon turned to his hospital colleague, the new member, "you know how it is with these acute gall bladders, Sam."

Warner nodded abstractedly.

Dr. Wood went on: "Brought in late at night. In extreme pain. I examined her. Found the pain in the right upper quadrant of the abdomen. It radiated to the back and right shoulder. Completely characteristic of gall bladder. I gave her opiates. They had no effect on her, which, as you know, backs up any gall bladder diagnosis. Opiates never touch the gall bladder."

"We know that," said the new member nervously.

"Excuse me," Dr. Wood smiled. "I want to get all the points down carefully. Well, I gave her some nitroglycerin to lessen the pain then. Her temperature was 101. By morning the pain was so severe that it seemed certain the gall bladder had perforated. I operated. There was nothing wrong with her gall bladder. She died an hour later."

"WHAT did the autopsy show?" Dr. Sweeney asked.

"Wait a minute," Wood answered. "You're supposed to figure it out, aren't you? Come on—you tell me what was the matter with her."

"Did you take her history?" Dr. Kurtiff asked after a pause.

"No," Wood answered.

"Aha!" Tick snorted. "There you have it! Blind man's buff again."

"It was an emergency." Wood looked flushed. "And it seemed an obvious case. I've had hundreds of them."

"The facts seem to be as follows," Tick spoke up. "Dr. Wood murdered a woman because he misunderstood the source of a pain. We have, then, a very simple problem. What besides the gall bladder can produce the sort of pain that that eminent surgeon has described?"

"Heart," Dr. Morris answered quickly.

"You're getting warm," said Wood.

"Before operating on anyone with so acute a pain, and in the absence of any medical history," Tick went on, "I would most certainly have looked at the heart."

"Well, you'd have done right," said Wood quietly. "The autopsy showed an infraction of the descending branch of the right coronary artery."

"Which a cardiogram would have told you," said old Tick. "But you didn't have to go near a cardiograph. All you had to do is ask one question. If you had even called up a neighbor of the patient she would have told you that previous attacks of pain came on exertion—which would have spelled heart, and not gall bladder."

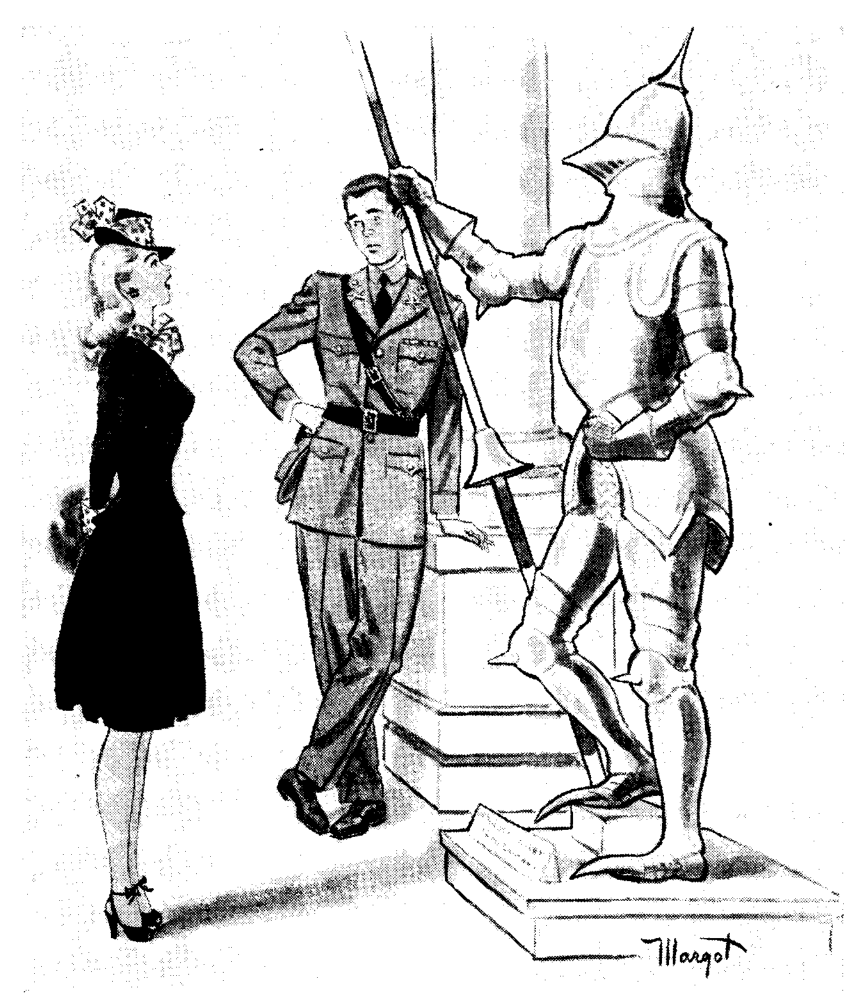
"Murder by a sophomore," old Tick pronounced wrathfully.

"The first and last," said Wood quietly. "There won't be any more heart-case mistakes in my hospital."

"Good, good," old Tick said. "And now, gentlemen, the crimes reported thus far have been too infantile for discussion. We have learned nothing from them other than that science and stupidity go hand in hand, a fact already too well known to us. However, we have with us tonight a young but extremely talented wielder of the medical saws. He has been sitting here for the last hour, fidgeting like a true criminal, sweating with guilt and a desire to tell all. Gentlemen, I give you our new and youngest culprit, Dr. Samuel Warner."

Dr. Warner faced his fourteen eminent colleagues with a sudden excitement in his manner. His eyes glittered and the dusty look of hard work and near exhaustion already beginning to mark his youth, lifted from his face.

The older men regarded him quietly and with various degrees of irritation. They knew, without further corroboration than his manner, that this medico was full of untenable theories and half-baked medical discoveries. They had been full of such things themselves once. And they settled back to enjoy themselves. There is nothing as pleasing to a graying medical man as the opportunity of slapping a dunce cap on the young of science. Old Tick, surveying his colleagues, grinned. They had all acquired the look of pedagogues holding a switch behind their backs.


"Look, Harold, in those days, they built a tank around each man!"

COLLIER'S MARGOT COOK

Dr. Warner mopped his neck with his wet handkerchief and smiled knowingly at the medical peerage.

"I'll give you this case in some detail," he said, "because I think it contains as interesting a problem as you can find in practice."

DR. ROSSON, the gynecologist, grunted, but said nothing.

"The patient was a young man, or rather a boy," Warner went on eagerly. "He was seventeen, and amazingly talented. He wrote poetry. That's how I happened to meet him. I read one of his poems in a magazine, and it was so impressive I wrote him a letter."

"Rhymed poetry?" Dr. Wood asked, with a wink at old Tick.

"Yes," said Warner. "I read all his manuscripts. They were sort of revolutionary. His poetry was a cry against injustice. Every kind of injustice. Bitter and burning."

"Wait a minute," Dr. Rosson said. "The new member seems to have some misconception of our function. We are not a literary society, Warner."

"And before you get started," Dr. Hume grinned, "no bragging. You can do your bragging at the annual surgeons' convention."

"GENTLEMEN," Warner said, "I have no intention of bragging. I'll stick to murder, I assure you. And as bad a one as you've ever heard."

"Good," Dr. Kurtiff said. "Go on. And take it easy and don't break down."

"Yes." Dr. Wood grinned. "I remember when Morris here made his first confession. We had to pour a quart of whisky into him before he quit blubbering."

"I won't break down," Warner said. "Don't worry. Well, the patient was sick for two weeks before I was called."

"I thought you were his friend," Dr. Davis said.

"I was," Warner answered. "But he didn't believe in doctors."

"No faith in them, eh?" old Tick cackled. "Brilliant boy."

"He was," said Warner eagerly. "I felt upset when I came and saw how sick he was. I had him moved to a hospital at once."

"Oh, a rich poet," Dr. Sweeney said.

"No," said Warner. "I paid his expenses. And I spent all the time I could with him. The sickness had started with a severe pain on the left side of the abdomen. He was going to call me, but the pain subsided after three days, so the patient thought he was well. But it came back in two days and he began running a temperature. He developed diarrhea. There was pus and blood, but no amoeba or pathogenic bacteria when he finally sent for me.

"After the pathology reports I made a diagnosis of ulcerative colitis. The pain being on the left side ruled out the appendix. I put the patient on sulfaguanidin and unconcentrated liver extract, and gave him a high protein diet—chiefly milk. Despite this treatment and constant observation the patient got worse. He developed generalized abdominal tenderness, both direct and rebound, and rigidity of the entire left rectus muscle. After two weeks of careful treatment the patient died."

"And the autopsy showed you'd been wrong?" Dr. Wood asked.

"I didn't make an autopsy," said Warner. "The boy's parents had perfect faith in me. As did the boy. They both believed I was doing everything possible to save his life."

"Then how do you know you were wrong in your diagnosis?" Dr. Hume asked.

"By the simple fact," said Warner irritably, "that the patient died instead of being cured. When he died I knew I had killed him by a faulty diagnosis."

"A logical conclusion," said Dr. Sweeney. "Pointless medication is no alibi."

"Well, gentlemen," old Tick cackled from behind his table, "our talented new member has obviously polished off a great poet and close personal friend. Indictments of his diagnosis are now in order."

BUT no one spoke. Doctors have a sense for things unseen and complications unstated. And nearly all the fourteen looking at Warner felt there was something hidden. The surgeon's tension, his elation and its overtone of mockery, convinced them there was something untold in the story of the dead poet. They approached the problem cautiously.

"How long ago did the patient die?" Dr. Rosson asked.

"Last Wednesday," said Warner. "Why?"

"What hospital?" asked Davis.

"St. Michael's," said Warner.

"You say the parents had faith in you," said Kurtiff, "and still have. Yet you seem curiously worried about something. Has there been any inquiry by the police?"

"No," said Warner. "I committed the perfect crime. The police haven't even heard of it. And even my victim died full of gratitude." He beamed at the room. "Listen," he went on, "even you people may not be able to disprove my diagnosis."

This brash challenge irritated a number of the members.

"I don't think it will be very difficult to knock out your diagnosis," said Dr. Morris.

"There's a catch to it," said Wood slowly, his eyes boring at Warner.

"The only catch there is," said Warner quickly, "is the complexity of the case. You gentlemen evidently prefer the simpler malpractice type of crime, such as I've listened to tonight."

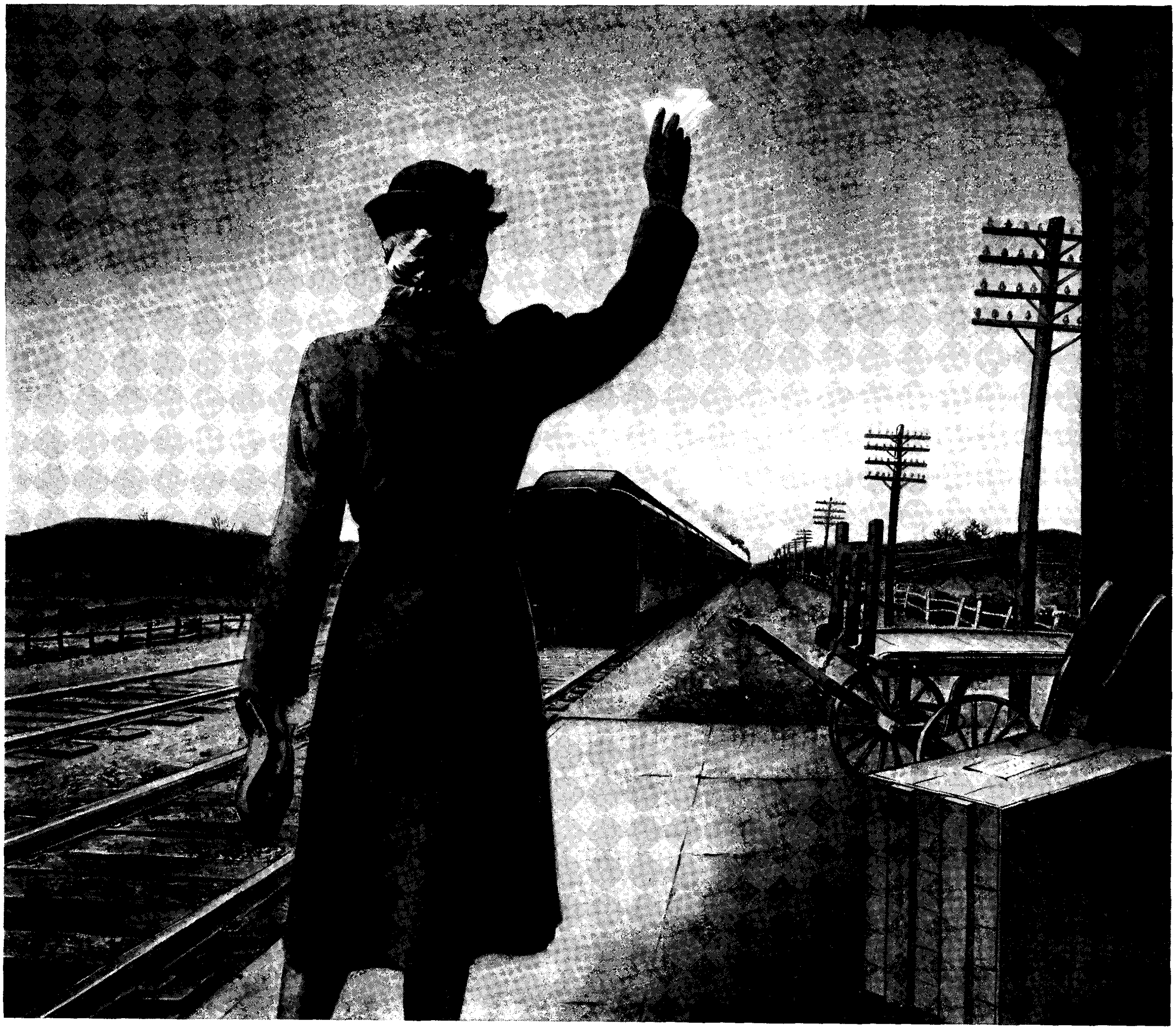
There was a pause, and then Dr. Davis inquired in a soothing voice, "You described an acute onset of pain before the diarrhea, didn't you?"

"That's right," said Warner.

"Well," Davis continued coolly, "the temporary relief of symptoms and their recurrence within a few days sounds superficially like ulcers—except for one point."

"I disagree," Dr. Sweeney said softly. "Dr. Warner's diagnosis is a piece of blundering stupidity. The symptoms he has presented have nothing to do with ulcerative colitis."

Warner flushed and his jaw muscles



To Every Mother in America

Somewhere in America, tonight, a young man sits in a railroad car . . . bound for a destination unknown. He wears the olive drab of the Army, the blue of the Navy, or the forest green of the Marines.

He may be your son.

We know how you feel about that boy. We know what was in your heart when you said goodbye.

We know . . . because that boy is our son, too. And wherever he's going, we promise you this:

That to the very limit of our abilities, where he's concerned, it will never be "too little and too late." Because . . . it can blow or storm or sleet or rain . . . we'll get the supplies through. The guns he needs to do the job. The food to sustain him and give him strength. The medical equipment, the winter clothing, the mail from home . . .

That every hour of every passing day will see a million freight cars rumbling across the land . . . carrying raw materials to factories, steel mills and refineries . . . rushing the finished cargoes of war to the ships waiting in the harbors . . .

And that with us, the men of the railroads, *your son will always come first!*

For he is the hope of America.

Tonight, mothers of America, remember these things, and listen for the whistle of the trains as they go thundering in the dark. Listen . . . and you'll hear the voice of a nation's fury . . . the battle-hymn of free men working together, fighting together, until Victory is ours.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

Invest in Victory . . . Buy United States War Bonds and Stamps

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

moved angrily. "Would you mind backing up your insults with a bit of science?" he said.

"Very easily done," Sweeney answered calmly. "The late onset of diarrhea and fever you describe rule out ulcerative colitis in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. What do you think, Dr. Tick?"

"No ulcers," said Tick, his eyes studying Warner.

"You mentioned a general tenderness of the abdomen as one of the last symptoms," said Dr. Davis smoothly.

"That's right," said Warner.

"Well, if you have described the case accurately," Davis continued, "there is one obvious fact revealed. The general tenderness points to a peritonitis. I'm certain an autopsy would show that this perforation had walled off and spilled over and that a piece of intestine was telescoped into another."

"I don't think so," Dr. William Zinner, the cancer research man, said. He was short, bird-faced and barely audible. Silence fell on the room, and the others waited attentively for his soft voice.

"It couldn't be an intussusception such as Dr. Davis describes," he went on. "The patient was only seventeen. Intussusception is unusual at that age unless the patient has a tumor of the intestines. In which case he would not have stayed alive that long."

"Excellent," old Tick spoke.

"I thought of intussusception," said Warner, "and discarded it for that very reason."

"How about a twisted gut?" Dr. Wood asked. "That could produce the symptoms described."

"No," said Dr. Rosson. "A volvulus means gangrene and death in three days. Warner says he attended his patient for two weeks and that the boy was sick for two weeks before Warner was called. The length of the illness rules out intussusception, volvulus and intestinal tumor."

"THERE'S one other thing," Dr. Morris said. "A left-sided appendix."

"That's out, too," Dr. Wood said quickly. "The first symptom of a left-sided appendix would not be the acute pain described by Warner."

"The only thing we have determined," said Dr. Sweeney, "is a perforation other than ulcer. Why not go on with that?"

"Yes," said Dr. Morris. "Ulcerative colitis is out of the question considering the course taken by the disease. I'm sure we're dealing with another type of perforation."

"The next question," announced old Tick, "is what made the perforation?"

Dr. Warner mopped his face with his wet handkerchief and said softly, "I never thought of an object perforation."

"You should have," Dr. Kurtiff stated.

"Come, come," old Tick interrupted. "Let's not wander. What caused the perforation?"

"He was seventeen," Kurtiff answered, "and too old to be swallowing pins."

"Unless," said Dr. Hume, "he had a taste for pins. Did the patient want to live, Warner?"

"He wanted to live," said Warner grimly, "more than anybody I ever knew."

"I think we can ignore the suicide theory," said Dr. Kurtiff. "I am certain we are dealing with a perforation of the intestines and not of the subconscious."

"Well," Dr. Wood spoke, "it couldn't have been a chicken bone. A chicken bone would have stuck in the esophagus and never got through to the stomach."

"There you are, Warner," old Tick said. "We've narrowed it down. The spreading tenderness you described means a spreading infection. The course taken by the disease means a perforation other than ulcerous. And a perforation of that type means an object swallowed. We have ruled out pins and chicken bones. Which leaves us with only one other normal guess."

"A fishbone," said Dr. Sweeney.

"Exactly," said Tick.

Warner stood listening tensely to the voices affirming the diagnosis. Tick delivered the verdict.

"I think we are all agreed," he said, "that Sam Warner killed his patient by treating him for ulcerative colitis when an operation removing an abscessed fishbone would have saved his life."

Warner moved quickly across the room to the closet where he had hung his hat and coat.

"Where are you going?" Dr. Wood called after him. "We've just started the meeting."

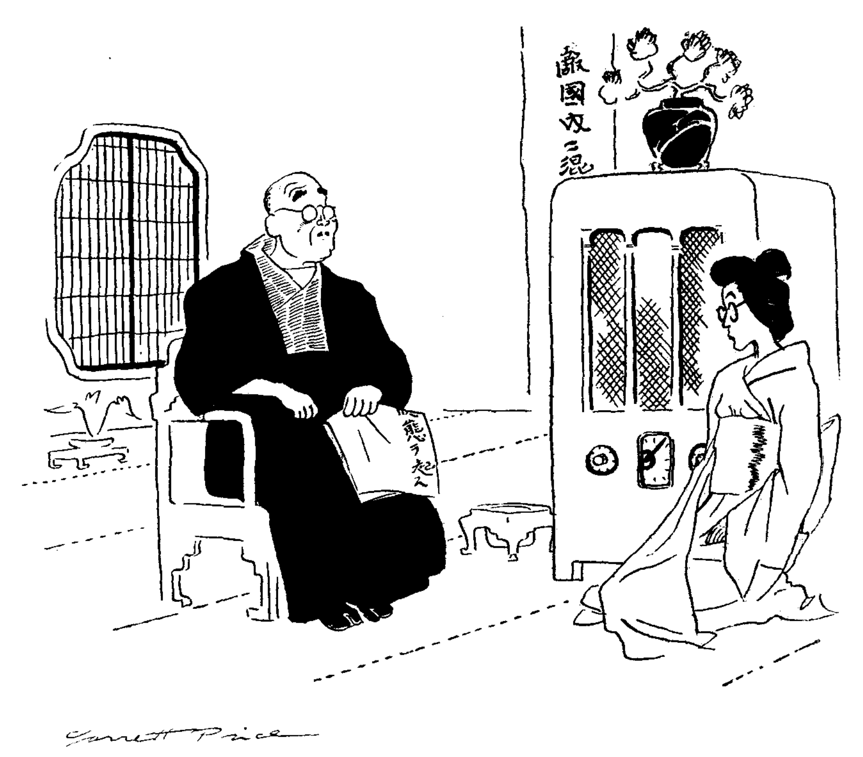
Warner was putting on his coat and grinning.

"I haven't got much time," he said, "but I want to thank all of you for your diagnosis. You were right about there being a catch to the case. The catch is that my patient is still alive. I've been treating him for ulcerative colitis for two weeks and I realized this afternoon that I had wrongly diagnosed the case—and that he would be dead in twenty-four hours unless I could find out what really was the matter with him."

Warner was in the doorway, his eyes glittering.

"Thanks again, gentlemen, for the consultation and your diagnosis," he said. "It will enable me to save my patient's life.". . .

A half-hour later, the members of the X Club stood grouped in one of the operating rooms of St. Michael's Hospital. They looked different from the men who had been playing a medical Halloween in the Walton Hotel. There is a change that comes over doctors when they face disease. The oldest and the weariest of them draw vigor from a crisis. The shamble leaves them and it is the straight back of the champion that enters the operating room. Confronting the problem of life and death, the tired, red-rimmed eyes become full of greatness and even beauty.



"Washington admits that the American soldier is now limited to one bowl of rice each day!"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

On the operating table lay the unconscious body of a Negro boy. Dr. Warner in his surgical whites stood over him.

The fourteen other X Club members watched Warner operate. Wood nodded approvingly at his speed. Rosson cleared his throat to say something, but the swift-moving hands of the surgeon held him silent. No one spoke. The minutes passed. The nurses quietly handed instruments to the surgeon. Blood spattered their hands.

Fourteen great medical men stared hopefully at the pinched and unconscious face of a colored boy who had swallowed a fishbone. No king or pope ever lay ill with more medical genius holding its breath around him.

Suddenly the perspiring surgeon raised something aloft in his forceps.

"Wash this off," he muttered to the nurse, "and show it to these gentlemen."

He busied himself placing drains in the abscessed cavity and then powdered some sulfanilamide into the opened abdomen to kill the infection.

Old Tick stepped forward and took the object from the nurse's hand.

"A fishbone," he said.

The X Club gathered around it as if it were a treasure indescribable.

"The removal of this small object," old Tick cackled softly, "will enable the patient to continue writing poetry denouncing the greeds and horrors of our world."

THAT, in effect, was the story Hume told me, plus the epilogue of the Negro poet's recovery three weeks later. We had long finished dinner and it was late night when we stepped into the war-dimmed streets of New York. The headlines on the newsstands had changed in size only. They were larger in honor of the larger slaughters they heralded.

Looking at them you could see the death-strewn wastes of battles. But another picture came to my mind—a picture that had in it the hope of a better world. It was the hospital room in which fifteen famed and learned heroes stood battling for the life of a Negro boy who had swallowed a fishbone.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

Police sergeant who was slowly recovering from a nasty shock. The night before, while inspecting his detail in Washington Southeast, he suddenly grabbed one of his men by the arm, pointed down the street and asked: "Look! Do you see what I see?" The MP private did. Together, they grabbed what the sergeant had seen. It was a large Negro soldier who had had the world's most magnificent uniform zoot suit made of officer uniform material. It was pavement-wide in the shoulders, the coat knee-length with slanch pockets, the pants blimp-wide at the hips and sock-tight at the ankles; also reet pleats halfway to the knees. They had him in the military sneezer before we could get there with our camera. The sergeant was feeling better but wouldn't talk.

WE GOT to talking to a gentleman who is one of the innumerable workers in the countless federal bureaus. His duties in one of the more populous war agencies are not overwhelming. Anyway, he had plenty of time to discuss postwar problems. The one which was engrossing him most at the moment had to do with what is to become of several hundred thousand clerks who have recently come to Washington to help those who preceded them to while away the day. "This government cannot let us down simply because the war ends," he contended with some heat. "So I'm working out a plan to send large numbers of us to the devastated countries after the war. Those countries will need reorganization. Their governments will need lots of clerical help to do the reorganizing. That is where we wartime Washington office workers will be useful—in the Army of Reorganization. We can be sent on a Lend-Lease basis. You'll hear of this from Congress."

ON THE other hand, Mr. Hugh Fullerton informs us from New Port Richey, Florida, that the war is not a major problem in the life of his neighbor, Uncle Dave Haines. "Stopped yesterday to get some honey from Mr. Haines," says Mr. Fullerton. "He's kicking. He came down here thirty-one years ago because he had high blood pressure and rheumatism and wanted to fish. He got to falling over in the boat and riding around unconscious in the Gulf and he was afraid he'd float away some day. So he quit fishing and started keeping bees. Bees stung him all the time—cured his rheumatism and high blood pressure. Only trouble is that when the bees are dormant, his rheumatics get bad, and he has to stir them up and make them get to work on him. But now, he says, with palmetto honey selling for fifteen cents a pound instead of five, and orange blossom honey twenty cents instead of eight, the bees are getting so independent they won't waste time stinging him and his rheumatics are getting awful again." . . . W. D.

Who was the man who saved Jim Bailey?

● $10,000, the court said. That's what they said Jim must pay—for driving his car around the block!

No, this didn't happen in Nazi Germany. It happened to Jim right here, and it could happen to you. It happened suddenly, unexpectedly, as such things always do. Jim was taking his car around one evening to put it in the garage. Just as he turned the corner, a youngster darted into the street. Jim didn't see her till too late . . . and now the court says Jim must pay.

Jim would have had to sell his home, mortgage his future earnings, if he'd had to pay that $10,000 himself. But, luckily, he didn't have to. He was saved from this disaster by a man he didn't know six months ago.

Who was the man who saved Jim Bailey?

He Saved Jim Bailey—and There Are 7,000 Like Him Ready to Help You

A representative of State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company saved Jim Bailey from paying that $10,000 himself.

Jim had thought he didn't need auto insurance. After all, he couldn't drive over 35 . . . he wouldn't be driving far. But the State Farm representative had changed Jim's mind with some startling facts. He showed Jim that the majority of accidents don't occur at high speeds, but at speeds *less* than 35 miles an hour. He showed Jim that accidents happen in a split second, no matter how slowly or how few miles you drive. So when Jim *had* an accident, his car was insured.

Any one of State Farm's 7,000 representatives throughout the United States and Canada is just as interested in *your* welfare. The protection they offer is so reasonable in cost no one need be without it. And it's important to know that State Farm representatives are backed by the largest automobile casualty insurance company in the world. State Farm's auto insurance is non-assessable.

State Farm insurance is geared to wartime conditions. For instance, State Farm Liability and Property Damage insurance rates are adjusted to the type of gas ration card you have. Another example is State Farm's coverage for pool car drivers.

With repair costs higher today, State Farm's unique *80% Collision Plan* becomes most important. Unlike ordinary collision insurance, this plan pays 80¢ out of *every* collision repair bill dollar on your car up to $250, and 100% of everything over $250 . . . whether it's just a dented fender or a costly accident.

State Farm offers similar advantages in other important types of auto insurance. Medical Payments Coverage pays medical expenses of members of your family and passengers injured in your car at the lowest cost in history. Comprehensive Insurance protects you against fire, theft, and most of the other hazards that threaten your car. Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Insurance pays 80% of the expenses incurred on a public highway for mechanical first aid, towing, and other services, and reimburses you for 80% of any premium or fee paid for a bail bond. A State Farm representative will be glad to point out the advantages of State Farm's life and fire insurance, too. (For obvious reasons, the name used in this advertisement is fictitious.)

Write for free booklet presenting basic facts you should know about auto insurance. Address request to Dept. C-13, State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois. There is no obligation.

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IN 1943—BUY MORE UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

This drenched and dripping corvette man is the author, Chief Radioman Jack McDonald. They all look like this after a few minutes on deck in rough weather

THE ROUGHEST THING AFLOAT

By Jack McDonald

Life aboard a corvette, the bucking bronco of the sea, was once described by an Englishman as "a perpetual hang-under." But as a submarine killer this tricky little boat just hasn't any superior

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DEARING, BRITISH COMBINE AND BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

JUST what is a corvette, anyway? Perhaps not one person in a thousand can tell you. Guesses range all the way from a new type of girdle to something that looks like a tugboat. Webster could have put it all in one sentence, "the roughest thing afloat," but he muffed it. He defines a corvette as an old-fashioned sailing vessel, sort of a cross between a frigate and a sloop of war. Any experienced U-boat commander could give you a more accurate definition than that, for even if he has never seen a corvette he surely must have felt one, at one time or another. But since a U-boat commander isn't handy, I'll undertake the job. It won't be easy, for although I was on a corvette for ten months as chief radioman, I spent much of that time standing on my head, where the view is slightly out of focus.

The corvette was designed and built strictly with one thought in mind—to fight the submarine. It is extremely broad of beam, round-bottomed, exceedingly shallow in draft, displaces about 1,000 tons, and is, roughly, about two thirds as long as a destroyer. Born of World War II expediency, it can be slapped together in no time at all, like an FHA house. But it's no New Deal brain child.

The corvette is strictly a British concoction. All those now in service, even the ones the American Navy is using, were blue-printed in English shipyards. The British announced at the start that the corvette would be built primarily for fighting efficiency and not for comfort. Nothing seems to have diverted them from this idea. Like any corvette man, I have bucked shins, cuts, abrasions, bruises and bumps in assorted sizes to show that they've stuck to it.

No matter what kind of a saddle you use or how you adjust the stirrups, a corvette still rides rough. Indeed, the going on them is so discommoding that the Canadian navy gives every corvette man a bonus of twenty-five cents a day just for being on one. This they call "hard-laying money." And it means precisely that. When the ocean and a corvette collaborate in a tantrum it's a day's work in itself just trying to hang on. It's not only a day's work, it's a life-and-death matter. And after a day devoted to just trying to stay aboard, your troubles have only begun. If you can sleep on your back you may be able to get a couple of hours' rest. A sidewheeler like myself has little chance. Fall asleep on your side and you'll wake up against a stanchion with a crushed kidney. Fail to make yourself secure and you'll wind up on the floor with broken legs and arms. That happened to two of my mates who were pitched out of their bunks. And you'll put your shoes in your bunk or wear sodden footgear the next day, because the floors are usually awash.

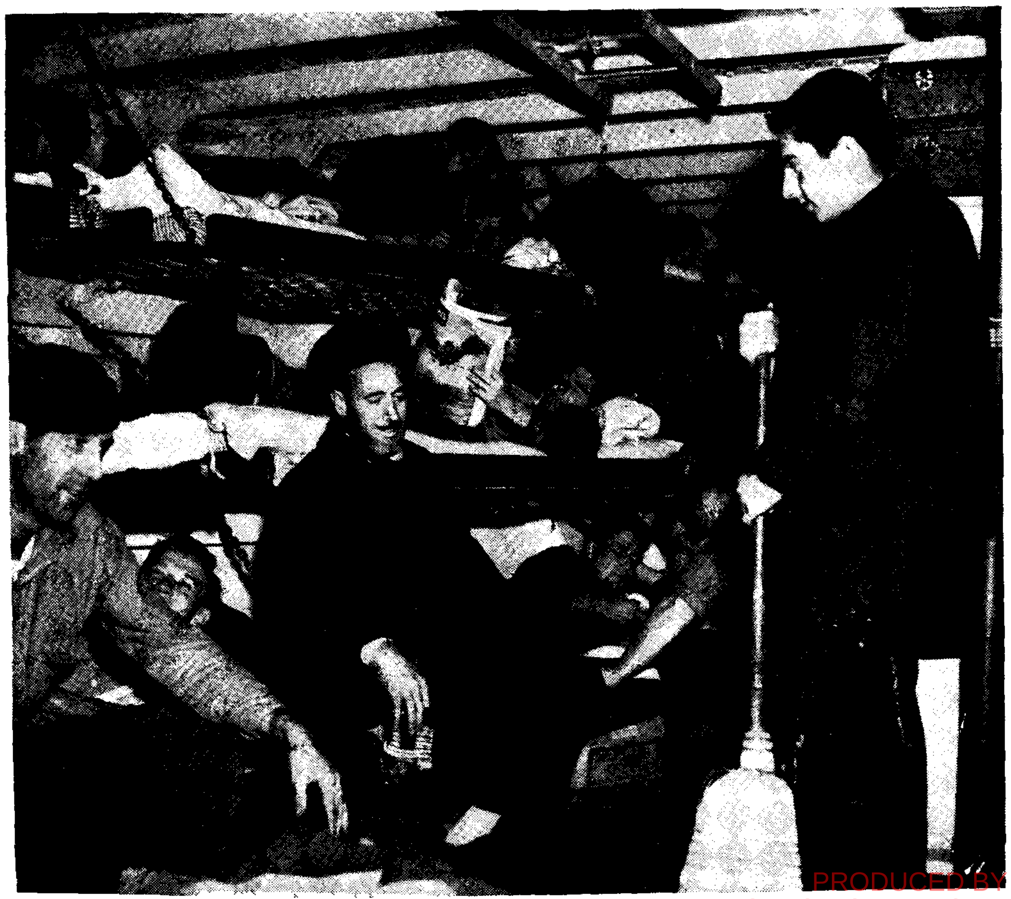
There is little that a corvette man gets in the way of personal comfort that goes with the life of a battleship sailor. Nearly every inch of space on one of these small craft is filled with tools of war. The result is cramped quarters, lack of modern refrigeration, and a basic rough-weather diet of soup and more soup. Where a battleship sailor comes to take nightly movies for granted, to say nothing of a refreshing malted milk at ten o'clock, the corvette man will settle for an apple or an orange, turn in and try to sleep. And the knowledge that you're sandwiched between two depth charges, each carrying 600 pounds of TNT, as I was, while directly overhead is 24,600 pounds of the same, isn't very conducive to restful slumber.

Navy men who have sampled all kinds of craft have seen waves break over every part of a corvette but the smokestack, and marvel at her seaworthiness as she takes a sudden 40-degree list and rights herself again before starting down the other side. But rolling is the corvette's ace-in-the-hole for the title of "roughest thing afloat." She can outroll a destroyer like breaking sticks. And she can hold her own with a tin can in the pitching department. That's when a man's life depends on whether he can hang on.

To play safe, every corvette man wears a whistle around his neck, just in case. Once whisked into the water he is supposed to blow it, to let all hands know there is a man overboard. What if you don't feel like blowing a whistle at a time like that? Well, that's too bad. Even Bosko, our ship's dog, is prepared for dunking. He wears a life preserver, with a pocket on one side big enough for a dog biscuit. On the other side is a slit into which a bone can be inserted.

Some effort has been made to acquaint the public with what a corvette looks like

The men who hunt the submarines in corvettes live in cramped quarters. There's more room in bed than anywhere else on the boat, and not too much even there



The boys eating soup here are, left to right, Joe Arsenault, Cambridge, Mass.; John Torielli, Danbury, Conn.; and Robert Knocke, Pasadena, Calif.

and rides like. A film outfit recently fared forth boldly with a battery of Hollywood cameramen, bent on shooting a whole picture showing just what life is like in the raw aboard a corvette. But it was too rough. First crack out of the box when the ship docked the movie boys walked off, their picture half completed. They just couldn't be enticed back aboard.

The British navy lists its corvettes as being of the "flower class," giving these turbulent little fuss-budgets of the sea such disarming monickers as Godetia, Cowslip, and Violet. When I was ordered aboard a corvette for duty I suffered from a sickening fear that I would land on something called Daffodil or Buttercup! But the name thinker-uppers of the American Navy tacked far more fitting names onto these fighting craft, and I drew one of the most appropriate.

Our skipper is an Annapolis man, Lieutenant Commander Noah Adair, of San Bernardino, California. He is both human and efficient. One has to be to skipper a corvette. Rarely have these two qualities been blended so effectively aboard a ship. The fact that Skipper Adair was once on the Tennessee, badly bombed at Pearl Harbor; on the Pecos, sunk with heavy loss of life in the Pacific; and aboard the destroyer Kearny when she was doing Iceland patrol before the official outbreak of "hostilities" is regarded by the crew as no jinx to the ship. Indeed, the corvette seems to lead a charmed, if not charming life, for she has convoyed a grand total of 487 freighters and tankers all over creation since last March and has never lost a ship.

Dressed for Action

No casual observer would even suspect when Skipper Adair, tall, red-haired, handsome and immaculately dressed, walks down the gangplank at the completion of a convoy trip that he has just spent as many as nineteen days, hand running, without taking his clothes off. But that is routine with him at sea, as he makes his lanky six-feet-two-inch frame fit onto a narrow five-and-a-half-foot bench, built window-seat fashion in the chart house. There he gets his sleep in small takes, only three jumps from the bridge above where he can go on the double when he is wanted, which is often, day and night.

The U-boat captain has come to know the corvette as his most deadly enemy, the key instrument for dealing out the kind of poison it will take to win the battle of the Atlantic. He knows that a corvette, to a submarine, is what a mongoose is to a cobra. Rarely does a corvette come out second in a brush with a sub, and for some very obvious reasons.

The experienced U-boat man knows, for instance, that once a corvette tracks him down there is little chance of his escaping the invisible eyes of that craft's foolproof and telltale listening devices. He knows a corvette can pass directly over him, drop a pattern of depth charges, make a hairpin turn and in a matter of seconds be back over that same spot, ready to let him have it again with 1,800 more pounds of TNT. No other ocean-going craft in creation can maneuver so quickly.

He knows that no matter which way he turns, the jig is up, for a corvette can more than match his best underwater speed. And he knows that the amazingly shallow draft of a corvette makes it painfully difficult to stop her with a torpedo unless that torpedo is set skin-deep in the water. And skin-deep torpedoes lose their accuracy in rough weather.

He knows that when he espies a corvette-escorted convoy his chances of working his way inside the protecting screen without being detected are negligible. And that his chances of safely weaving his way out again are next to nil. And this helps explain why so very few corvette-escorted convoys have been attacked.

The public may come by its lack of knowledge of what corvettes look like honestly, for such are the demands on our particular type of craft that we are seldom seen in port. When we sailed last spring in the vanguard of the first Atlantic seaboard convoy of this war and headed for the Florida Keys, we did a stretch of 63 days at sea out of a possible 80. There followed a nine-day overhaul period and the corvette again pointed her prow seaward for another 65 days at sea out of a possible 81.

These two long cruises entailed a lot of sea duty, and seldom a night passed without us being routed out of bunks at least once to man battle stations following a submarine alarm. Many nights it was four or five times. Yet the crew, aside from some very normal griping about being worked harder than a coterie of Volga boatmen, could complain of few dull moments. No two escort treks were alike and while there were the same 86 faces in the crew to look at, day in and day out, there was always that chance of survivors being picked up from some torpedoed freighter and hauled aboard, to give the corvette man a fresh slant on the submarine situation.

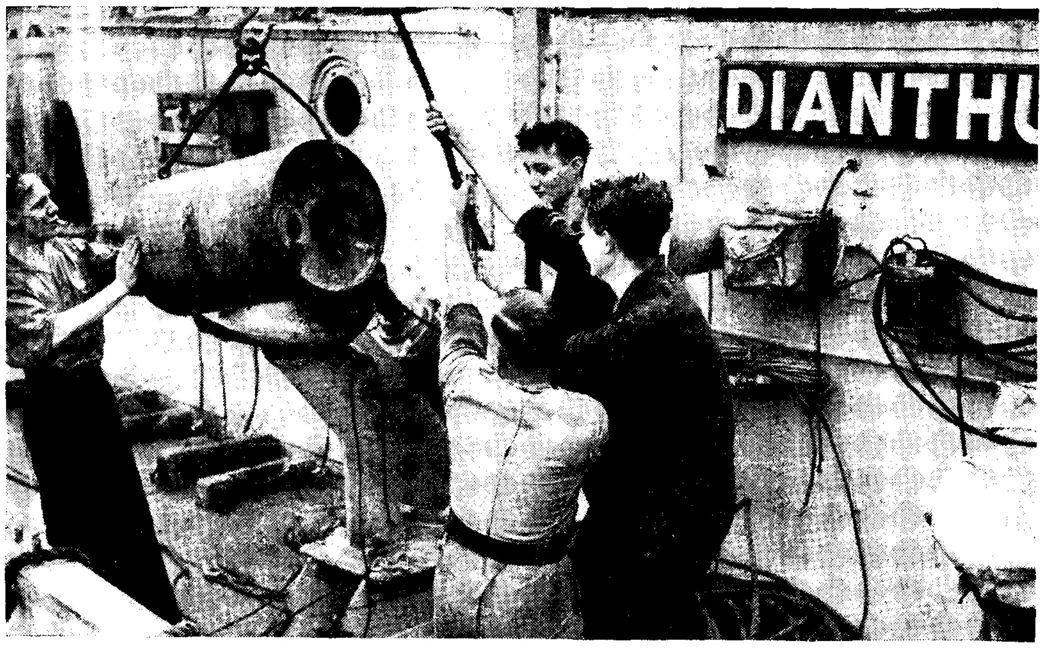
One of these occasions was when 33 men in a lifeboat were picked up 400 miles off Cuba on a blistering hot mid-August afternoon. The corvette espied the lifeboat chock-full of merchant sailors, steamed alongside it and was confronted with the bizarre sight of those 33 men gorging themselves on apple pie à la mode on the open sea.

The smoke from their burning ship, now beneath the waves, was still plainly visible, forming a black umbrella over the lifeboat. One of the merchant crewmen, a boy from Maine, explained how that pie à la mode happened to be in the lifeboat.

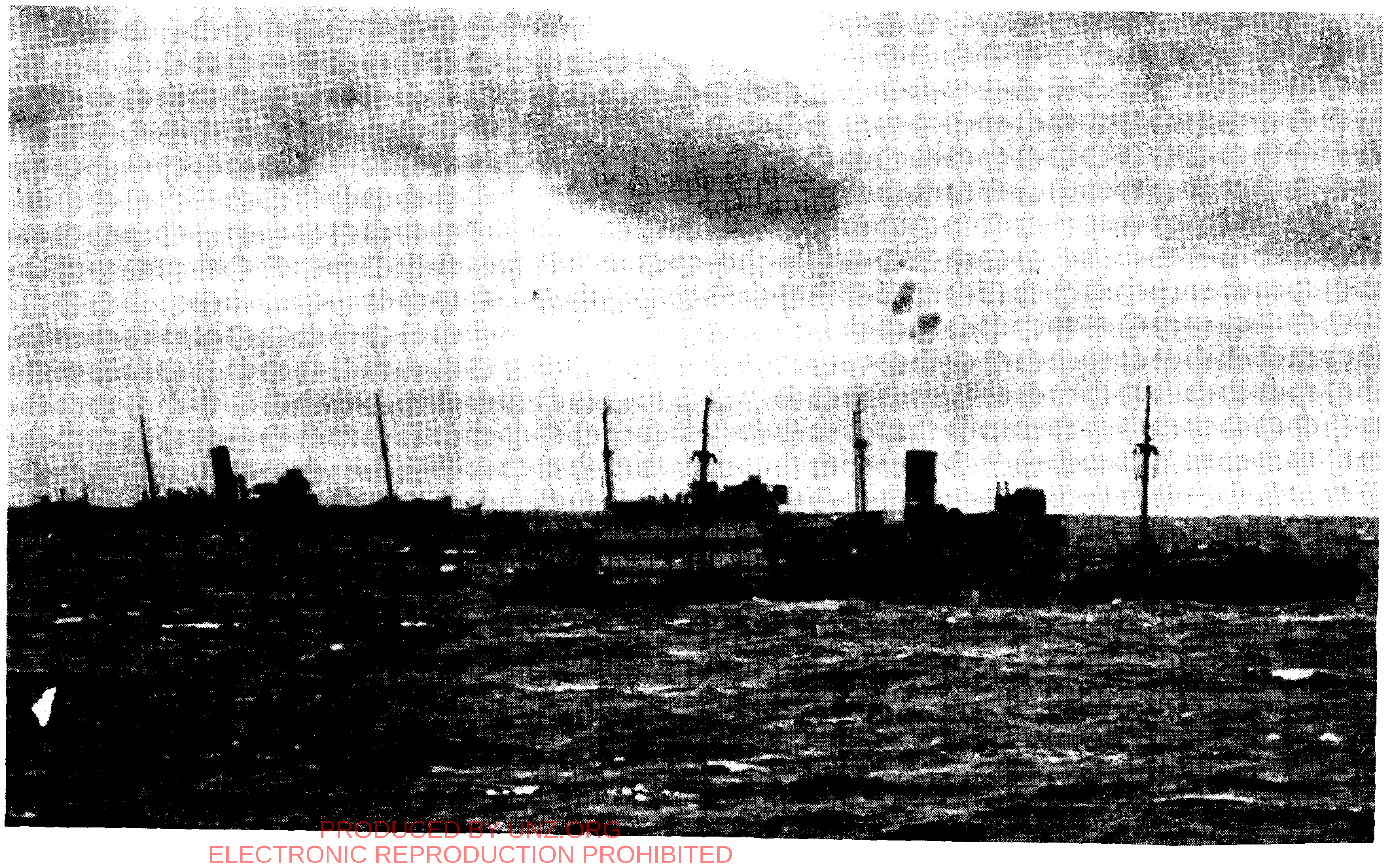
"Yesterday morning," he told me, "our cook had been taking plenty of kidding

(Continued on page 62)

Here is Bosko, the corvette's mascot, wearing his specially tailored life preserver fitted with pockets for food. The sailor is Junior Hynd, Gloversville, N. Y.



Reloading a depth charge Y-gun on a British corvette. This famous ship rammed a U-boat four times after blowing it to the surface with depth charges



A sub commander fears the corvette more than any other type of escort vessel. At right, the little seagoing fussbudgets shepherd a British convoy

Constant Champion

BY GRANTLAND RICE

Willie Hoppe has seen champions come and go and after thirty-six years of competition he sits secure on his throne. He owes it all to clean living, concentration and a burning desire to keep on being the champion billiard player

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

IN THE spring of 1906 burly James J. Jeffries had just retired as heavyweight champion of the world. Runaway Ty Cobb was starting his first full season as a big leaguer with Detroit's Tigers. Jack Dempsey, eleven years old, was thirteen years away from his annihilating attack against Jess Willard at Toledo.

Babe Ruth was a pug-nosed kid in a Baltimore industrial school. Lean Bill Tilden still had fourteen years to go before winning his first national tennis championship. And Bobby Jones was only four years old. In that same spring of 1906, Willie Hoppe, a chunky 18-year-old kid, won the billiard championship of the world from Maurice Vignaux of France. This happened in Paris, on Vignaux's home billiard table. And today, gray-haired Willie Hoppe at the age of fifty-four is still the billiard champion of the world. The grinding, championship pressure of thirty-six years has failed to check his march or to affect his skill in any way.

"Billiards," according to P. Hal Sims, the bridge expert and billiard authority, "is the most exact science known to sport. In handling this exact science so perfectly for so many years, Willie Hoppe has shown the greatest co-ordination I have ever seen. In my book he is the most remarkable champion that ever played a game.

"You know," Sims continued, "Hoppe is one of the few child prodigies in sport that ever got anywhere later on. He and Bobby Jones, both stars at the age of twelve or thirteen, were the two exceptions. I have seen many of these kid prodigies come along, only to be among the forgotten men at the age of twenty."

Hoppe today is slightly gray, still chunky, but in perfect physical shape.

"I started playing billiards," he said, "the year the Spanish-American War broke out. My father was my only teacher and I had to use a soap box to stand on, so that I could see the top of the table. By the time I was eighteen I felt I was ready for anybody."

"But that doesn't explain," I suggested, "why you are even better at fifty-four than you were at eighteen. What does it take to remain a champion for over thirty-six years?"

"Let me try to explain," Hoppe said. "As you know, there are two main factors in championship play, no matter what the game. One is physical. The other is mental. On the physical side, I worked and lived according to plan.

"I've led a temperate life. I've always eaten plain, simple food—meat and vegetables—but nothing highly seasoned. I take a drink once in a while; limit my smoking to ten or fifteen cigarettes a day. I get my full share of rest and sleep—at least nine or ten hours every night. You need more nerve control in billiards than in any other game I know. And I practice four or five hours a day."

Hoppe will practice the simplest strokes from two hundred to three hundred times a day.

"What about the mental side?" I asked.

"That's the hard part," Hoppe said. "Much the harder part. First of all, I have tried to train myself in complete concentration. I believe this is the hardest thing in sport. I know golfers and ballplayers who tell me the same story. It is just as important in football or in boxing. You have to work on it, just as you have to do to build up muscles. It must be made a habit.

"I'll give you an example. Two years ago I was playing in a big tournament in Chicago. I felt awful when the match started; felt weak and dizzy. But I was intent on winning, and kept concentrating so on that one purpose that I didn't realize the fix I was in. After I had picked up a good lead I collapsed and was rushed to a hospital with a temperature of 106, plus pneumonia. My long-developed habit of concentration had carried me up to the collapsing point.

"The next important point," Hoppe continued, "is to keep alive your keen interest in winning, after you have won many times through many years. You know how it is. A fellow wins a title, defends it a few times, and then loses the keen edge he once had. He begins to get tired of the training routine, and the hard work necessary to beat back those younger wolves after his hide.

"It isn't hard to pay the price in hard work and training on your way to the top. And it isn't too hard to keep on paying this price for a few years. But then it begins to pall. A good many champions retire after winning a coveted title, and I can understand why.

"Two athletes that I can recall offhand kept the flame burning year after year—Ty Cobb and Bill Tilden. They never lost their keen desire to win, but unfortunately their legs gave out. I'm luckier; you don't need legs in billiards—not to any appreciable extent.

"Oh, I'll admit I've had my moments when I felt fed up. When that happened I just forced myself to keep going. I like to win as much today as I did nearly forty years ago. And I know that the only way I can keep winning is to keep on working and trying."

Watching the Parade of Stars

One of the greatest thrills Hoppe has known through his thirty-six years of stardom has come from watching the long parade of other stars come and go.

"There was Ty Cobb," he said, "who was one of baseball's great at nineteen. I can still see him along those base lines, pulling stuff no one had ever dreamed about. Scoring from first on a single, scoring from second on an outfield fly. He was a wild horse for the better part of twenty-four years.

"Then in 1907 I remember a tall, gangling kid from the West who came to Washington. He was a pitcher by the name of Walter Johnson, with more speed than anyone had ever seen, before or since. Opposing batters couldn't hit the ball he threw. They couldn't see it."

Willie took another nostalgic look at the past. "It was something to see Bill Tilden and Bobby Jones just starting out. And that ferocious man at Maumee Bay by the name of Dempsey. What a crop this country has turned out."

We took another look back together through Hoppe's career. John McGraw as a young man, Connie Mack, when he was in his 40's, Frank Chance winning his first pennant with Tinker and Evers. Christy Mathewson when he was in his early prime—of that group of stars who were monopolizing the headlines none remains in action today, except Connie Mack, now a manager.

That is, no one except for Willie Hoppe who keeps on winning, and continues to practice four hours a day.

A billiard champion of the Hoppe type has been able to earn more than a champion golfer or most of the star ballplayers. From prize money, exhibitions and business connections Hoppe has averaged $25,000 a year, every year. Up and coming champions have stormed his championship citadel without success. But youth will keep trying and Hoppe will be defending his title again this year.

"And I'll be more anxious to win," he says, "than I was in 1906."

That kind of champion, boys, is tough to beat. ★★★

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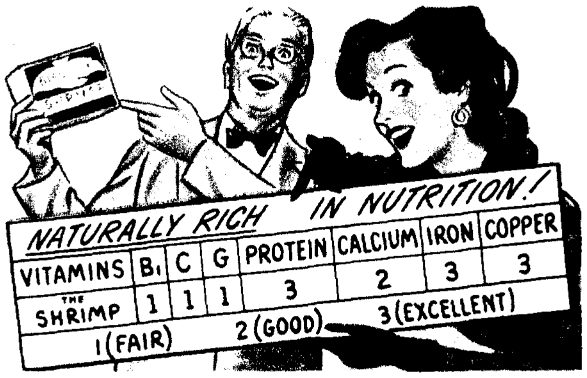
1. **To match** these Shrimp, ma'am, you'd have to go a *long* way—plumb down to the Gulf of Mexico in Louisiana! And then, chances are, you couldn't tell the ones you'd just plucked from the briny depths from those in *any Birds Eye packdge!*



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THE SHRIMP	1	1	1	3	2	3	3

1 (FAIR) 2 (GOOD) 3 (EXCELLENT)

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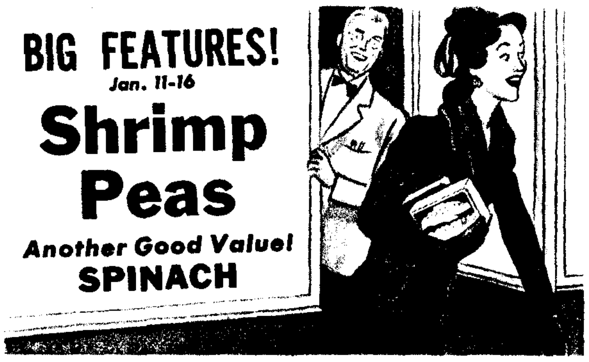
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Jan. 11-16
Shrimp
Peas
Another Good Value!
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3. **Available** all year, they're delicious in cocktails, salads, sauteed, à la Newburg—and *unforgettable* as Creamed Shrimp and Peas! (See recipe). Called "uncooked Shrimp in the shell," they run 25 to the package—each a *mouth-watering morsel!*

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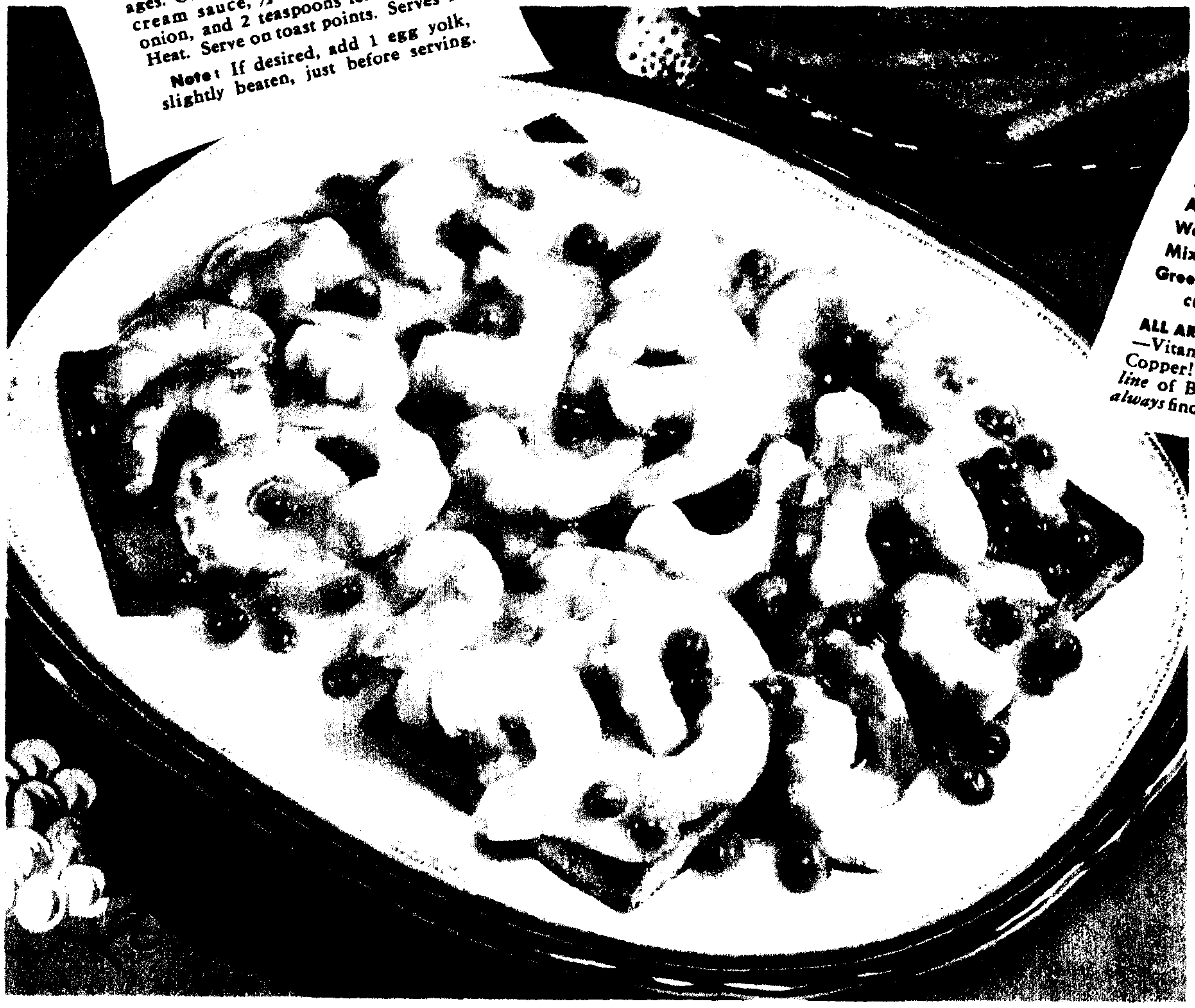
FOR DINNER TONIGHT—
Creamed Shrimp & Peas

Cook 1 box Birds Eye Shrimp and ½ box Green Peas as directed on packages. Combine. Add 2 cups seasoned cream sauce, ½ teaspoon scraped onion, and 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Heat. Serve on toast points. Serves 4.

Note: If desired, add 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten, just before serving.



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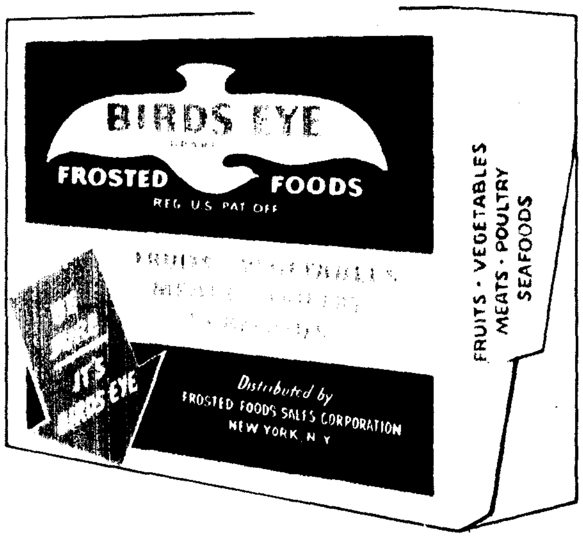
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Congress Can Save Itself

Continued from page 13

am afraid may kill it, according to the popular conception on Capitol Hill, and that is that the bill originated in Congress."

Then, in the field of public relations, vital in a democracy, the legislative branch is at a distinct disadvantage. The executive, fully realizing the power of public opinion, has become extremely skillful in shaping and controlling it. The Presidential press conference, invented by President Wilson and adopted and improved by President Roosevelt, has become a terrific propaganda weapon. When our President speaks, whoever he may be, the world listens and absorbs. He can bring public opinion to bear upon a Congress in a most potent manner.

A Weakness in Publicity

Even with the heads of executive departments and agencies, Congress is painfully handicapped in public relations. The heads of these agencies speak with authority, and their names and words make news. If, for instance, the Secretary of the Treasury makes a statement on the tax bill, it is carried to the whole country. A score of congressmen may make statements of equal profundity and even more sense, but nobody pays much attention.

The proceedings of Congress are open to the public, press and radio. The routine sessions seldom make headlines; a crackpot idea or an intemperate speech usually does, and Congress takes a blast of ridicule, for all such utterances are for some reason considered typical of the whole body. But the deliberations and discussions of an executive agency are closed to the public eye and ear. If some participant in the discussion has a wildly ludicrous quirk of mind, it is not broadcast to the country to make the whole conference look foolish. Only the result of the conference, a carefully worked-out program, dripping with dignity, is released.

On the other hand, Congress is frequently used as a whipping boy. For instance, Secretary Morgenthau now criticizes Congress for not having enacted a compulsory-savings program. Though the public has forgotten it, members of Congress know that this is the same Mr. Morgenthau who for months resisted every effort to pass such legislation.

On last May 11th, I introduced a carefully drawn compulsory-savings bill and it received a very favorable public response. Three days later, Speaker Rayburn told me that Secretary Morgenthau had called, expressing concern lest such a move hinder the bond sale program, and he wondered if I would not "lay low" on the subject as a matter of co-operation. I did.

On Labor Day, for another notable instance, the President gave Congress perhaps the most severe castigation of any President in American history. He undertook to blame Congress for its failure to enact a proper bill to combat inflation, without mentioning the fact that Congress passed the bill he then wanted and which he signed into law, and without mentioning that several months ago, the Administration itself brought about the defeat of the very kind of overall price control bill we were now accused of having stalled.

The President not only blamed the Congress for both its action and inaction but said he would impose an overall control, similar to that previously opposed, unless Congress acted by October 1st. So Congress was scolded by the press and the public as well as by the President for doing almost precisely what the President wanted done. A few members publicly pointed out that Congress, though mistaken, had acted upon what it supposed was excellent advice, but this did not even dent public opinion.

So in an age marked by rapid changes and quick decisions, Congress is finding itself at an increasing disadvantage, as traditional legislative procedure clashes with a well-oiled, well-staffed and organized executive branch with its myriad bureaus, commissions and boards.

Now, how can Congress regain its rightful place as an independent branch of the government and recapture public esteem? Obviously, such a significant political metamorphosis cannot be wrought quickly or without conflict. The more one studies the problem, the more difficult the task appears, and yet the deeper becomes one's conviction that unless it is to become even more impotent, Congress must open its eyes and face the problem with courage and intelligence.

In wartime, Congress has an egg-walking job. If Congress fails to perform the legislative functions necessary for victory, the President, though against his will, would be driven to an assumption of such powers. On the other hand, Congress cannot abdicate its constitutional responsibilities. What it can—and must—do is make itself more efficient, so that it can handle the responsibilities it will have if it is in fact independent and undominated.

Specialists Come in Handy

Executive agencies, whatever their shortcomings, are fully staffed with specialists in all fields. Congress has not thus modernized itself, and the bureaus consequently speak with more assurance and respectability. At committee hearings on a proposal from some bureau, the bureau presents exhaustive statistics and smooth arguments to establish its viewpoint. Then the skilled advocates of special interests and groups particularly affected by the bill present their side of the question.

It is a rare sight indeed when someone appears before a Congressional committee with a disinterested viewpoint. This is not to say that the bureau misrepresents the facts. It presents its point of view, and bureaus have a habit of becoming overenthusiastic about their particular field of endeavor. At any rate, everybody gets ardent and skillful representation except the general public, the one group that should get a special break.

Of course, members of Congress are supposed to be guardians of the general welfare. Many are, but heavy duties and many problems make it impossible for individual members to study every proposal in detail. They need help—help of their own. This help could be provided by an efficient, strictly nonpartisan staff of trained specialists and analysts, assuring the presentation of at least one factual, unprejudiced viewpoint, and supplying the necessary information for policy and program planning. The first step in making Congress efficient.

I would go further and give to the principal minority party (whichever it might be) a staff of its own to assist it in developing a political program. A stronger minority opposition would make for a stronger and better majority performance. But, of course, this may as well be forgotten, because no party in power would want to strengthen the opposition party. It would be helpful, though.

In overhauling the Congressional committee system, the committees should be set up along the broad lines of policy, program planning and functional need. As an example of the duplication and frustration in the present committee system, let us take fiscal affairs: Any one of several committees in both the House and the Senate can consider and report bills authorizing appropriations. Any one of several different subcommittees can consider and report appropriation bills, and yet, in both the Senate and the House, entirely different committees must consider and report tax bills.

This confusion is still further confounded by the Bureau of the Budget being a purely executive agency. In this situation, how could Congress have a fiscal policy or follow it, if it had one? Impossible!

But what is even more essential is for the legislative branch to become more coherent in its relationships with the executive branch, and this is where its leaders must be made stronger. Unless Congress can unify in support of its basic rights and in giving authority and responsibility to its agents to defend them effectively, domination will continue to be its lot.

Before the revolt which overthrew "Speaker Czarism," led by the then young Representative George W. Norris against the legislative reign of former Speaker Joe Cannon, the Speaker of the House of Representatives actually was second only to the President in power and prestige, and he frequently exercised even more influence over legislation. Overthrow of the system undoubtedly resulted in more democracy within the House, but it just as surely denuded the leadership of Congress of sufficient authority to maintain its position as a coequal branch in the American political system.

True, there are majority leaders in both the House and the Senate, but they have no authority other than that arising out of party organization. Too, the party having a majority in Congress has usually held the Presidency also, so the majority leaders have been, for the most part, men satisfactory to the President. Under such circumstances, the majority leaders, quite understandably, are more truly spokesmen for the White House than for the Congress.

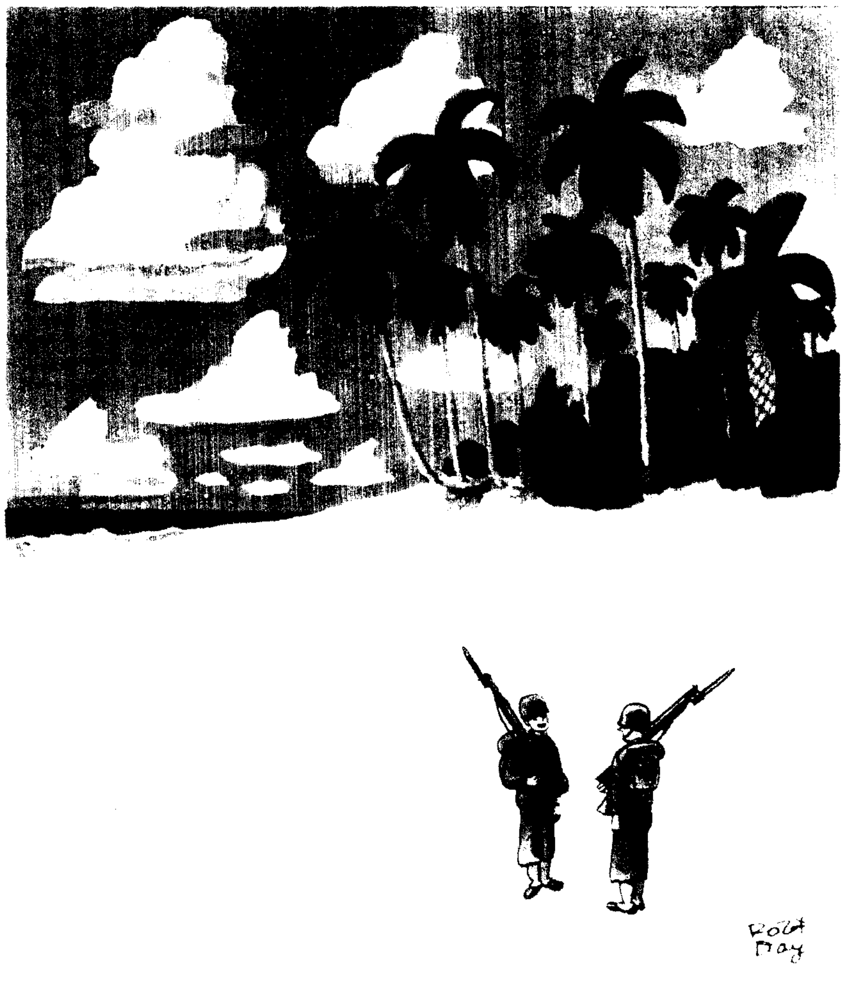
A New Policy Needed

These leaders—the Speaker and the President Pro Tempore—should represent all Congress in defending it against encroachments, preserving its power in the general governmental situation and making it a leader rather than a docile follower in national policy and planning. To mitigate this concentration of authority in leadership, strong joint House and Senate committees on policy and program should be created to work constantly with these leaders empowered to aid as well as check use of power.

In this way, Congress could exercise some initiative in solving the nation's problems, thereby adopting the surest way to get public confidence and avoid domination by the executive branch of the government.

This suggested plan of action need not result in a battle between the executive and legislative branches for prestige and power. It would not strip down the executive branch: it would only build up the Congress, which I consider absolutely necessary to democracy.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Some day I'm coming back to this place for my vacation" ROBT. DAY

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COULD BE BOB THINKS YOU NEED SOME FIRST AID, SUE—SOME INSTRUCTION FROM YOUR DENTIST ON ... ON BAD BREATH!
SUE'S DENTIST HELPS HER OUT!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
I SEE YOUR PATIENT IS BACK FOR MORE PUNISHMENT, SUE!
IT ISN'T PUNISHMENT THESE DAYS! IT'S POSITIVELY A PLEASURE!
COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE—GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Take an empty tube with you when you buy
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

The Story Thus Far:

AWAKENING early one morning, in his San Francisco apartment, Jason Amboy—inventor of a revolutionary airplane engine—finds a girl, a stranger, there. The intruder knocks him out; then, taking a packet of letters (from Jason's brother, Wayne), she steals away.

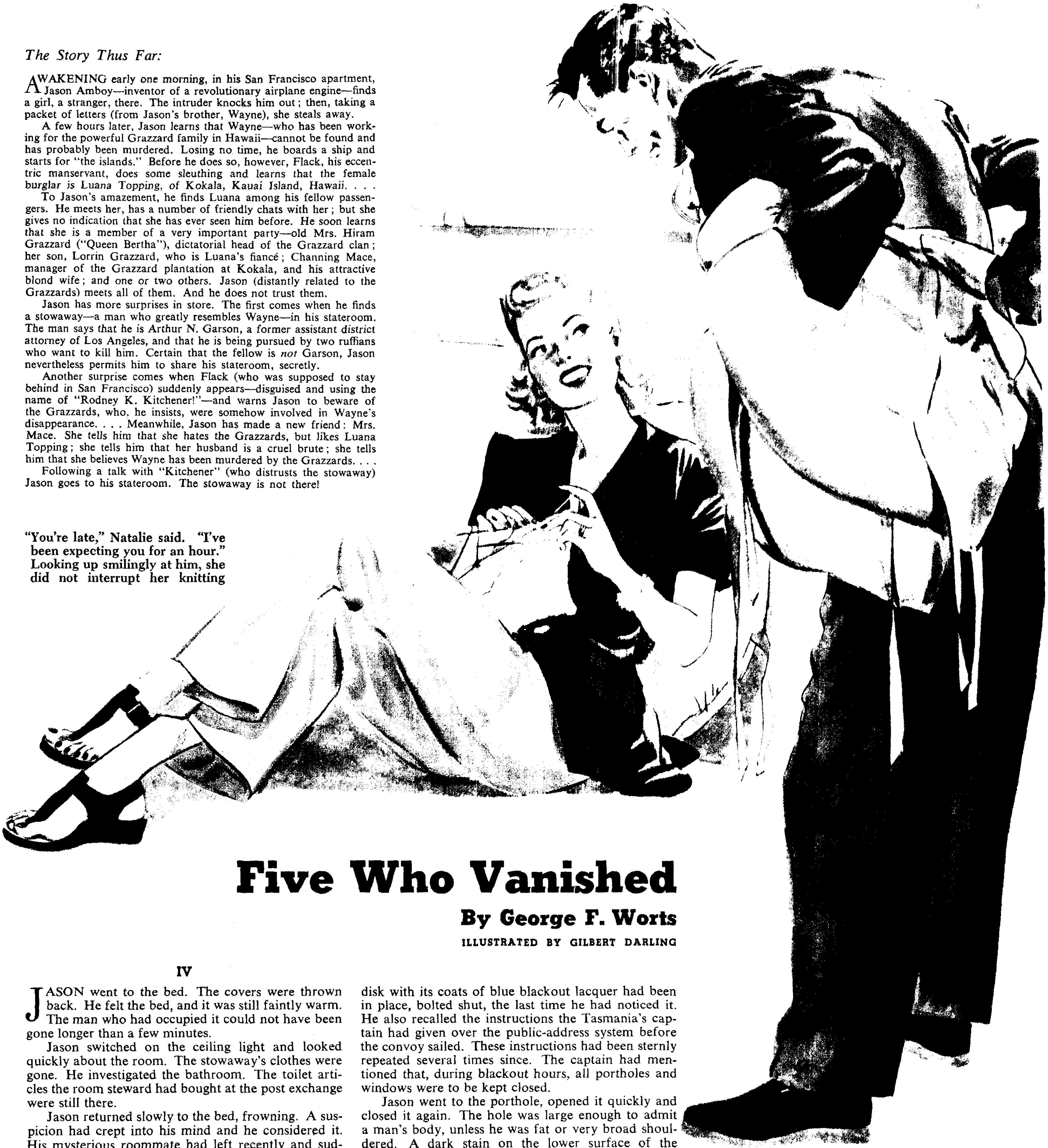
A few hours later, Jason learns that Wayne—who has been working for the powerful Grazzard family in Hawaii—cannot be found and has probably been murdered. Losing no time, he boards a ship and starts for "the islands." Before he does so, however, Flack, his eccentric manservant, does some sleuthing and learns that the female burglar *is* Luana Topping, of Kokala, Kauai Island, Hawaii. . . .

To Jason's amazement, he finds Luana among his fellow passengers. He meets her, has a number of friendly chats with her; but she gives no indication that she has ever seen him before. He soon learns that she is a member of a very important party—old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard ("Queen Bertha"), dictatorial head of the Grazzard clan; her son, Lorrin Grazzard, who is Luana's fiancé; Channing Mace, manager of the Grazzard plantation at Kokala, and his attractive blond wife; and one or two others. Jason (distantly related to the Grazzards) meets all of them. And he does not trust them.

Jason has more surprises in store. The first comes when he finds a stowaway—a man who greatly resembles Wayne—in his stateroom. The man says that he is Arthur N. Garson, a former assistant district attorney of Los Angeles, and that he is being pursued by two ruffians who want to kill him. Certain that the fellow is *not* Garson, Jason nevertheless permits him to share his stateroom, secretly.

Another surprise comes when Flack (who was supposed to stay behind in San Francisco) suddenly appears—disguised and using the name of "Rodney K. Kitchener!"—and warns Jason to beware of the Grazzards, who, he insists, were somehow involved in Wayne's disappearance. . . . Meanwhile, Jason has made a new friend: Mrs. Mace. She tells him that she hates the Grazzards, but likes Luana Topping; she tells him that her husband is a cruel brute; she tells him that she believes Wayne has been murdered by the Grazzards. . . .

Following a talk with "Kitchener" (who distrusts the stowaway) Jason goes to his stateroom. The stowaway is not there!



"You're late," Natalie said. "I've been expecting you for an hour." Looking up smilingly at him, she did not interrupt her knitting

Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

IV

JASON went to the bed. The covers were thrown back. He felt the bed, and it was still faintly warm. The man who had occupied it could not have been gone longer than a few minutes.

Jason switched on the ceiling light and looked quickly about the room. The stowaway's clothes were gone. He investigated the bathroom. The toilet articles the room steward had bought at the post exchange were still there.

Jason returned slowly to the bed, frowning. A suspicion had crept into his mind and he considered it. His mysterious roommate had left recently and suddenly. Natalie Mace would have had just enough time to tell the Grazzards that he was suspicious of the stowaway, and one of them could have warned the man by telephone. Jason felt slightly ill at this possibility that she had tricked him and was now, in her animated way, relating to them his confidences.

He stopped near the stowaway's bed. He noticed that the heavy brass-rimmed port on the right-hand side was swinging in from the hole and back and again, moving an inch or so each time the ship rolled.

Several things crossed his mind at once. One was the pale face and the entranced eyes of Luana as she had passed him on the stairs. Another was Flack's melodramatic warning that the stowaway would murder him and push his body out the porthole.

And he recalled that the heavy brass-rimmed glass disk with its coats of blue blackout lacquer had been in place, bolted shut, the last time he had noticed it. He also recalled the instructions the Tasmania's captain had given over the public-address system before the convoy sailed. These instructions had been sternly repeated several times since. The captain had mentioned that, during blackout hours, all portholes and windows were to be kept closed.

Jason went to the porthole, opened it quickly and closed it again. The hole was large enough to admit a man's body, unless he was fat or very broad shouldered. A dark stain on the lower surface of the brightly polished brass rim of the porthole attracted him. He looked closer. He tested it with a finger tip. It was sticky. He held his finger to the light. The sticky substance was red.

It was blood. The stain was a narrow smear of blood that reached from the inner to the outer edge of the porthole rim.

He turned and looked down at the pale green carpet. Between the edge of the stowaway's bed and the side of the ship, a pace apart, were three drops of blood of about the size of one-karat rubies. The blood was so fresh that it was just beginning to coagulate.

The room steward was a thin, slightly bent man of about fifty with a meek and mousy air. His hair was iron-gray and curly and his eyes were sharp and bright.

When Jason opened the door to his knock, he watched his face closely. The steward peered quickly into the room, then glanced into the bathroom, but his face betrayed no emotion.

"You wanted me, Mr. Amboy?"

"I wanted the steward who has charge of this room."

"Yes, sir. I'm your steward."

"What's your name?"

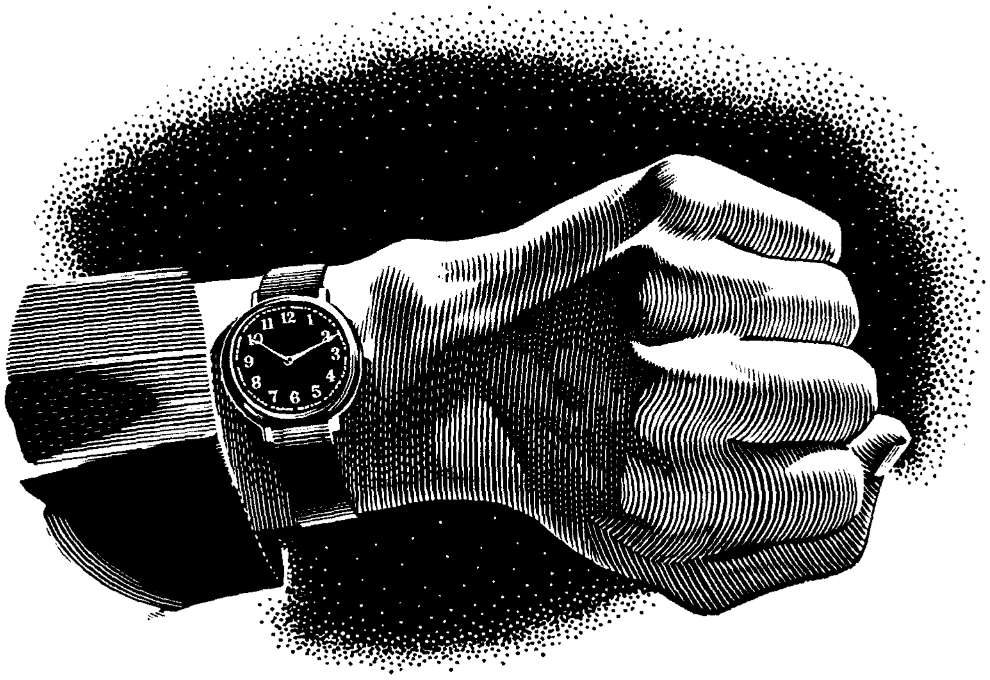
"Emil Roth, sir."

"Come in and shut the door."

"Yes, sir." The steward came in with his meek air and gently closed the door. "Is anything wrong?"

"Take a good look at that *(Continued on page 63)*

The Last Hour of the War



NO ONE KNOWS the day or the hour when this war will end. But the end will come sooner as America steps up the speed of war production today . . . and every day. If this is not true, then all our talk of production means nothing.

Yet the life or death of thousands can depend on shortening the war, even by a single hour.

Think what can happen in one hour! A machine gun can fire over 10,000 bullets. An anti-aircraft gun can hurl more than 1,000 shells into the blue. In a single hour a battleship can throw over 500 tons of armor-piercing steel more than 14 miles.

In that same hour a flight of 1,000 bombers can drop 2,000 tons of bombs... enough to cause heavy damage in a city as large as St. Louis, or Los Angeles, or Cleveland, or Philadelphia, or Chicago.

No one can say what happened in World War I, in that hour between ten and eleven A. M. on November 11, 1918. But we do know that throughout that morning there were many casualties on both sides. We know that the New York Times published casualty lists showing that 1,021 American soldiers were killed in action or seriously wounded during that one morning's fighting. And some of those casualties must have occurred within *minutes* of the end!

That was World War I... compared to which the present war is as a tropical hurricane to a March breeze.

Any war worker who can do *anything* to save man hours on the production of *any* vital war material...can feel that he is helping end the war perhaps seconds sooner.

Whatever helps, even a little, to speed the production of war materials, might help bring that last hour of the war nearer. One thing that *is helping* is good lighting. Over and over again we have had reports from war plants of production increases after lighting faults have been corrected. Increases ranging all the way from three per cent to twenty-five per cent or more, *especially on the night shifts.*

Even a 3 per cent increase in production could amount to a staggering total if applied to the thousands of plants that are not properly lighted for efficient night production.

So, if you have anything to do with a war plant, won't you find out whether lighting can work harder in your plant ...especially at night? General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

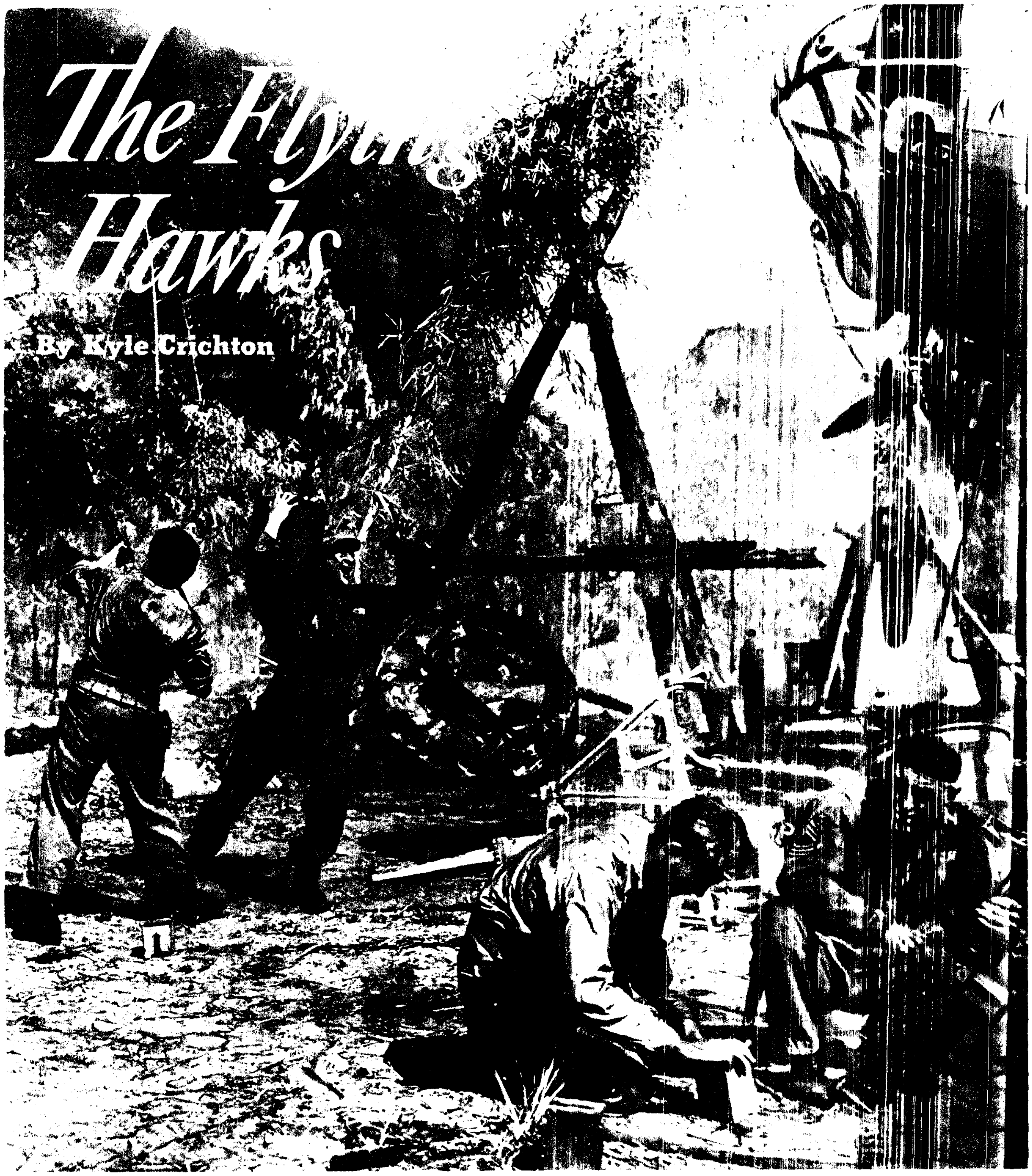
G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

If you call your nearest G-E lamp offices, they will place a trained Wartime Lighting Counsellor at your service. Perhaps his suggestions may help to increase production. Your local electric service company or your G-E lamp supplier can also help you.

The Flying Hawks

By Kyle Crichton



Repairs on the Mary Ann are being completed when the Japs appear overhead. Sgt. Winocki (John Garfield) is firing at the enemy planes while Cpl. Weinberg (George Tobias) totes fuel and shouts angrily. Lt. Hauser (Charles Drake) and Sgt. White (Harry Carey) continue with repairs

The Army asked Howard Hawks to record the saga of our Air Forces with all its bitterness, sadness and heroism. He's in his element in the air. Air Force, directed and produced by Mr. Hawks, promises to be his greatest achievement

HOWARD HAWKS *is spending* two and a half million dollars of Warner Brothers' money making a picture called Air Force and he is doing it practically under his breath. Hawks is the director who keeps a sign posted saying: Silence is *expected* on this set. Watching him making a picture is like watching two mermaids conversing in a tank. You see them but you don't hear anything.

Air Force may be the greatest of all aviation pictures. In any event, it's the real stuff. There are no women in the cast; there are no great stars. The heroine is a B-17 bomber that the crew affectionately call Mary Ann. It is the story of a United States bomber that is headed from San Francisco to Hawaii, runs into the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor, makes an emergency landing at Maui, takes off again for Wake Island, is ordered immediately to Manila, makes a hazardous landing when it finds Clark Field destroyed, starts for Australia, takes part in a battle off Lingayen, and finally gets down safely with part of its crew killed. They patch Mary Ann up, start again, run into the Coral Sea battle, but finally make Australia, where the bomber burns. It is based on the experience of a bomber and is being made with the co-operation of the War Department.

Hawks was a flier in the last war and has kept a private plane since. He made Dawn Patrol, first of the great air pictures, and Ceiling Zero and Only Angels Have Wings. He is both producer and director of Air Force and worked with Dudley Nichols on the script. In offering the government's co-operation on the production, Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces, insisted on complete authenticity.

"Tell how the Japs laced hell out of us at first," he told Hawks. "Then tell how we struck back to give them a taste of their own medicine. Tell the whole story, with its bitterness and sadness and heroism. Tell the story of the greatest fighters this country has ever known."

After months of preproduction, Hawks headed up three units and started work. The biggest job was done at Drew Field, Tampa, Florida, where Hawks caused the gutted, flame-seared Hickam Field of Honolulu to live again. Other scenes will show Colin Kelly's sinking of the Haruna; the battle of Coral Sea; Wake Island's historic stand and the never-to-be-forgotten heroism of Captain Wheless and his bomber crew.

To get the South Pacific island shots, it was necessary to transport an entire jungle ten miles outside of Tampa. The real jungle gave no footing for the bombers, so the jungle was moved intact across a highway. Ten cameras, under the supervision of James Wong Howe, recorded the odyssey of the Flying Fortress; three camera ships were flown from Hollywood to do the battle shots from the air; two hundred extras were added to a technical crew of over a hundred. For six weeks the unit struggled against intense humidity and heat so searing that Jack Sullivan, assistant director, suffered a painful burn when he laid his bare arm on the side of a Fortress.

Hawks was right in his element. The louder the noises roared and the guns bellowed, the quieter he became. When he conferred with the bomber crew before taking a shot, it had the appearance of something seen through a glass darkly. Old-timers in the mechanical crew said this was nothing.

"You should have seen him with Gary Cooper," they said.

It seems that when Hawks and Cooper were making Sergeant York and Ball of Fire, people on the set inclined their heads gently and spoke as if afraid of waking the baby. Between takes, Hawks read magazines and Cooper whittled. They communicated without antenna, semaphores, relays, couriers or trumpeters. If downright necessary, they spoke to each other.

Flying Horse for Carey

On Air Force, Hawks had only three well-known actors, Harry Carey, John Garfield and George Tobias. Old man Carey was not too keen about flying.

"Anything over seventeen hands is too high for me," he said.

Hawks finally broke him down by making him a present of a Tennessee walking horse. That got Carey in the air but it didn't make him feel better.

"I'm sixty-five years old, my first job was driving a horse-car for my old man, and now I'm an eagle," he said morosely.

Although he had never won the Academy Award, Hawks has had a distinguished career in Hollywood. He made Scarface, first of the gangster operas; Twentieth Century, first of the zany pictures; Barbary Coast and The Criminal Code, gangster smashes; The Road to Glory, a fine war study and also a romanceless picture; and His Girl Friday, considered by many critics the greatest achievement in sound known to films.

Recently a friend brought Hawks the news that Orson Welles considered Twentieth Century the finest comedy ever made. Hawks listened without a change of countenance.

"Don't tell me you aren't flattered when a man like Welles says a thing like that!" cried the friend.

"In small towns," answered Hawks glumly, "they used to put that picture on at noon and take it off at five o'clock. It played in dozens of places where it never had a customer. We finally figured out that native runners were going ahead with drums, spreading the news of how bad the picture was."

Hawks was born in Goshen, Indiana, where his family owned paper mills. Despite his slender build, he was a noted athlete at Cornell, being particularly good as a tennis player. He was teamed as a doubles partner with his brother Kenneth, who was killed several years ago

With no trucks available on Clark Field, the Mary Ann is refueled by bucket brigades. That's Lt. Williams (Gig Young) running toward the camera. Left: A Japanese Zero runs into fire from a Marine antiaircraft unit hidden in the swamps

in an airplane crash while directing a picture. Howard is over six feet tall and is now entirely gray, giving the impression of being a scientist or an engineer — which he was at one time.

During his college days, Hawks visited Hollywood and got a job at Famous Players-Lasky as a prop boy. In later years, when Hawks was doing Sergeant York for Lasky, the latter was amazed at finding Hawks chumming with the men on the set.

"Sure I know 'em," said Hawks. "They used to boot me around out here."

Easy Come . . .

After his service as a World War aviator in France, he hurried out to Hollywood with his inheritance of $150,000, cash money, which he promptly but unwisely invested in producing pictures directed by that famed harum-scarum known as "Mickey" Neilan. In no time they made a profit of $500,000—and kicked it away just as quickly.

"The good old days in Hollywood!" says Hawks caustically.

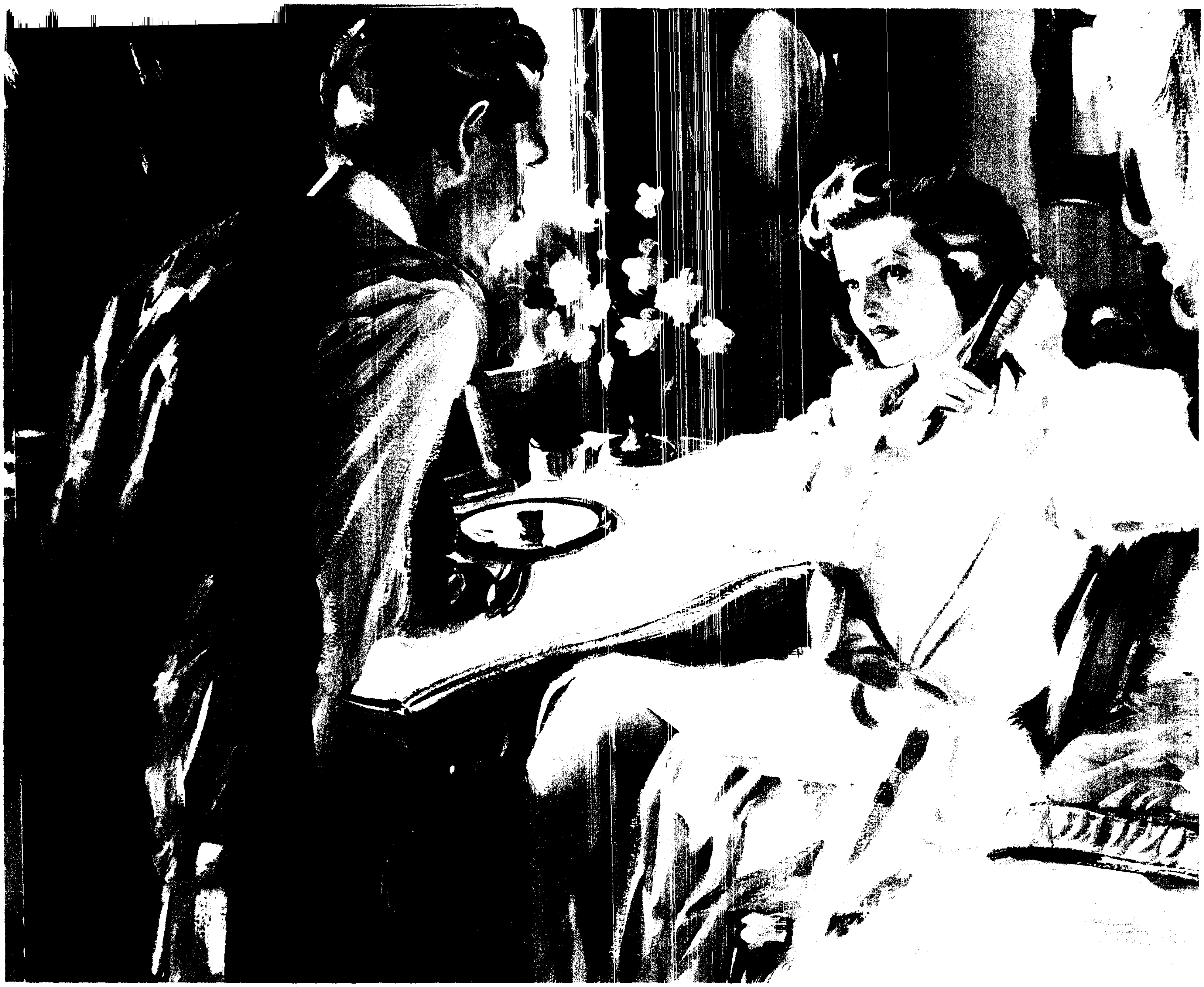
Hawks is mild, exceedingly quiet of speech, and very tough of mind. Such doughty fighters as Sam Goldwyn, the Warners and Darryl Zanuck will confess that they have never won a battle from Hawks. If they don't like the way he is doing a picture, he walks out. He walked out on Viva Villa, at M-G-M, and on Come and Get It, at Goldwyn's, just to mention two. Since this is *lèse majesté* of a peculiarly horrid sort, his friends used to hold their breaths for him. However, his only bad period came with sound, when the old-timers were run off the reservation on behalf of Broadway stage directors cashing in on their doubtful reputations.

"When they got tangled up in the camera, they'd be kind enough to let us help," says Hawks bitterly. "But it was over a year before I got another picture."

Hawks is one of the best golfers in the film colony, with a steady average in the low seventies, and he is also addicted to sailing and horse racing. He owns the Sea Hawk, a famous 65-foot Norwegian racing sloop, with which he has won several races as skipper and navigator. A few years ago, he designed a racing automobile with which Louie Meyer won the Indianapolis Speedway

(Continued on page 53)

Above: The Japanese Fleet has been sighted off Lingayen and the only B-17 available, the Mary Ann, is hastily loaded with bombs to engage the enemy. Below: Air Force is a virile, fighting epic, full of the kind of action that delights Howard Hawks



Conner put it baldly to her. "Sayre, we've fooled around enough with this week-end marriage. It's no good"

MARRIAGE ISN'T EASY

By Nancy Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

The story of a girl who learned that a sailor's wife is not always first in his thoughts

ALL the way through the dark, deserted Newport streets, Sayre lay drowsily against Conner's shoulder, her legs curled under her on the car seat. It was four A. M., but dawn—wartime dawn—was more than four hours away. The night was drawn in a tight, black cap over the city.

Sayre yawned and curved her fingers about her husband's arm. There was no sleepiness in Conner. Just by the feel of his muscle under the thick fabric of his Navy overcoat sleeve she knew he was more than awake; he was alert, his whole body tuned to awareness. She marveled at the quick transition he could make from sleep to complete consciousness, at the first sharp ringing of the phone with a summons for him to report back to the ship.

They drew up at the gates. The Marine on guard saluted and let them through. Conner drove down to the docks. His boat, Eagle 45, a two-hundred-foot patroller, vintage of the last war, but tough and seaworthy as an old salt, was alongside, its deck already active.

Conner said, "So long, kid."

She caught his face in her hands, wanting to see it clearly . . . to see the black brows and the black-lashed blue eyes; the flat, windburned cheeks, the big, strong nose and mouth.

She knew better than to say, "When will you be back?" She whispered only, "So long, Conner. Bring me a U-boat."

For a moment he caught her close. "I'd like to bring you the universe."

Their hands, their lips, clung hungrily. The bitter quarrel of last night, the strain that had been between them for so long, was forgotten. Although it was not settled, could never be settled, it did not, in this minute of goodby, matter.

He was out of the car and striding along the dock. Several of the crew saluted and she saw his arm come up briskly, saluting in return.

He's beautiful, Sayre thought. *Conner. My husband. Dear God, take care of him!* An age-old prayer, but it helped to stifle that overwhelming desire to call him back to her.

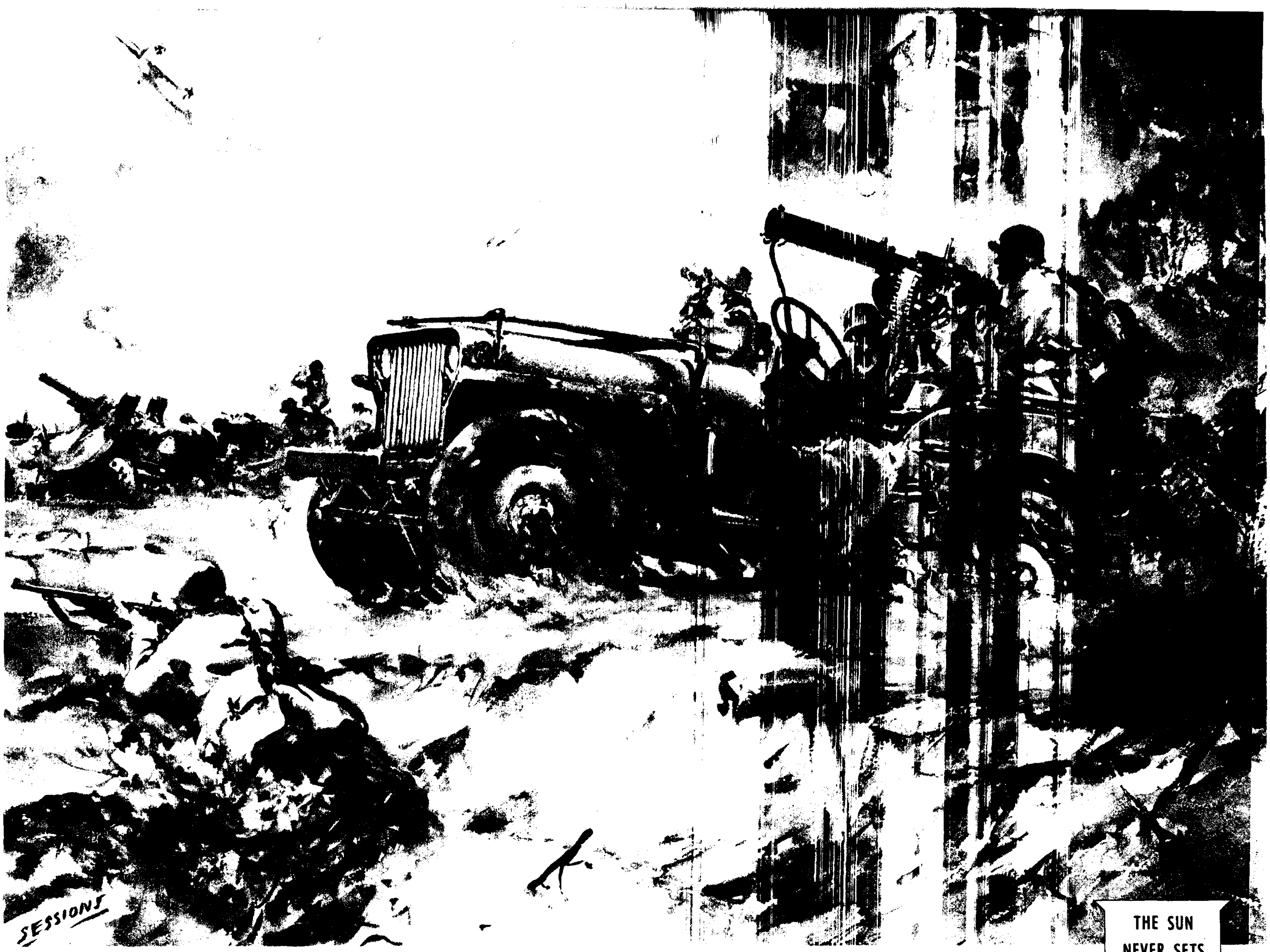
She let in the clutch and drove off slowly.

As soon as she entered their temporary suite in one of the many private Newport homes which let rooms to Navy men and their wives, she went to the ugly, old-fashioned bedroom and began peeling off the slacks and sweater she had pulled on hastily over her pajamas. She glanced at the marble clock on the massive dresser. Twenty past four. A long, long day ahead. . . .

"I'll make the bed and clean up. I'll write Dad and Madge and I might drop a few postcards to the girls in the store. . . . I won't eat until nine . . . that will shorten the morning. Bridge this afternoon with Captain Miller's wife. . . . If Conner's not back tonight, I'll . . . I'll . . ."

Grimly she forced herself to fill in that part of it. "I'll go to the movies . . . the evenings aren't so long if you go to the movies . . . I'll read until late."

When she had dressed in a dark skirt



THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
FIGHTING JEEP

TILL HELL FREEZES OVER

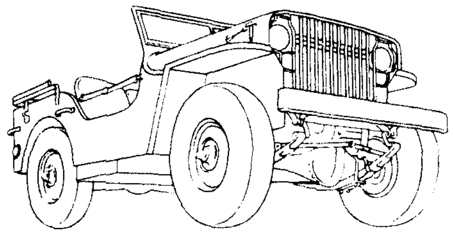
As this is written the Russian flag still floats defiantly over glorious Stalingrad. Day after day, for endless, bomb-shattered, tank-battered weeks, those incredibly brave Russian soldiers, factory workers, women, *and even children,* have held Hitler's mad hordes at bay.

The crushing toll they have taken of Nazi armed forces and Nazi morale is a contribution to the Allied cause that is beyond computation today. And what an example of *love of country* it is. Aiding the heroic Russians, in fierce counter-attacks and in many other equally vital operations—as swift, as determined, as deadly to the Nazis as the inspired Russians themselves—are the Jeeps built by Willys-Overland.

Yes, on the volatile Russian front and on every other front in this war, the Jeep is on active duty. With its "GO-Devil" engine heart, and rugged body of steel, it is setting an example of all-out patriotic service; an example that every man, woman and child in America must emulate if *our* fighting forces are to win this war.

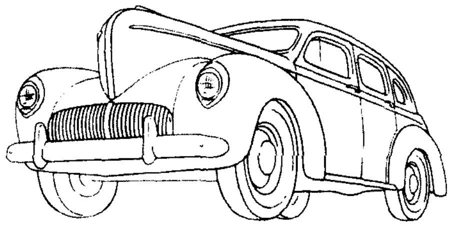
The Jeep puts *everything it has* into every job it has been fitted to do in this war, *for your freedom.*

We are proud of the Willys-Overland engineers who assisted the U. S. Quartermaster Corps in designing the Jeep. And it is to *their* credit that the Willys-designed "Go-Devil" Engine drives *all* Jeeps being built for the U. S. Army and for our Allies. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.


U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS TRUCKS AND JEEPS


AMERICAR—*the People's Car*

***THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE*—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS**

What kind of men do career girls like?

✓An independent survey reveals they prefer men with: lean features, black hair, brown eyes, a flair for casual business and sport clothes—the kind of men who wear . . .

ESSLEY
Woman-Wise
SHIRTS

Sure, Essley Shirts have a way with women—for women are *instinctive* judges of tailoring skill and quality. That's why they choose Essley Shirts for their men—*and men choose Essley Shirts for themselves!* Essleys are styled by America's leading men's fashion authority and tailored by famous Troy craftsmen. *There is no finer quality combination!* $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50 and up.

ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY
Empire State Building, New York City
Originators of the TRUBENIZED* Collar
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

and crisp blouse, she got out her typewriter and paper and sat at the desk in the living room. She lighted a cigarette and began the letter to her father:

"Dear Dave: This is quite a vacation I'm having. It's . . ."

Her head came down on the typewriter.

I'm pretending and it's no good. I can't fool myself. I can't stay here, Conner, no matter how much you want me to, I can't. Even if I didn't have to work to take care of Dave . . . even then I couldn't give up my job and adapt myself to the life of a Navy wife; to this wretched life of waiting. This holiday up here has shown me that.

IF CONNER had kept his promise to her. . . . If he had held to the terms in that unwritten covenant they had drawn up before they were married. . . . They were such simple terms. Sayre was to go on working, living through the week in her one-room apartment in New York and joining Conner in Newport, where he was stationed, for week ends and holidays. That was their extent.

But ever since the wedding, Conner had been going back on his word. Each week end she came to see him, he showed more clearly that he was growing impatient of their bargain, and intended to break it.

She thought: *Conner, why did I have to love you? I didn't want to fall in love. I knew why marriage couldn't work for me. Why did you have to come?*

But he had come. Right into her life, without knocking, without ringing the bell.

She was Sayre Tennant and she had never been more than ankle-deep in love and did not intend to be. She was that rare phenomenon, a young woman who was not a career girl but a girl with a career. Four years ago she had come to New York, a bright college graduate, to sell skirts and sweaters in the sportswear department of Mayne & Lewis; an eager youngster with no experience and a wealth of ideas. She had worked and fought for those ideas until she had established and become head of the store's college shop, The Campus.

Her big, generous father had, like her, worked up from the bottom rung, from newsboy to top-flight crusading columnist on the very paper he had once hawked. Still, though the heart attack that had caused his collapse five years ago had forced him to give up working, people spoke his name. "If Dave Tennant were around he'd do something about this. . . ."

But Dave would never crusade again. The very fire he had used to scorch the things he hated and illuminate those in which he believed had consumed him. The paper had offered him a pension but he had refused it. "I will never take something for nothing!" he had roared.

Sayre would not ask that of him, but when he had to turn over his affairs to her, she had found there was not much left of the money he had once earned. He had always spent freely . . . sending her to one of the most expensive colleges in the East, giving her fur coats, a car, trips. Little remained but the big rambling house on Long Island Sound in Connecticut, the house he had built ten years earlier for Sayre's mother. Lila Tennant had lived in the house only a year before she died, but she had loved it and because she had loved it, Dave could not give it up. Sayre thought he felt that Lila was near him there.

But with no income he would have to lose the house. And his heart would truly break were he penned in a small apartment.

The doctor said, "He must have no worries. Heaven knows he will fume over the state of the world enough, without adding any troubles." Sayre took the worries to herself. She mortgaged the house; she found the job with Mayne & Lewis. She said, "I'll pay my debt to Dave."

There was no room for marriage in the life she had created.

She had no idea of finding room for it, on that late summer evening when she went to Madge Wilmar's cocktail party. She stood in the smoky, noisy room, chatting to a cavalry officer and a middle-aged lawyer, and thinking, "I like it this way. Variety. No one man for *me*."

And then she saw the young ensign staring at her. He stood in the middle of the room, alone, with a sidecar in one hand and a fish-paste *canapé* in the other. His black hair was on end and his blue eyes were on her.

Sayre flicked him with her gaze and looked away. She was used to stares. She had long brown-satin hair, lighted by hidden flames, and amber eyes with the same unexpected fires, like sunlight shining through sherry. She had white skin and a wide, intriguing mouth and long, perfect legs. Any girl who looks like that is accustomed to inspection.

She did not know why her glance returned to him again. But when her eye caught his, he smiled and crossed the room. He said to the cavalry officer, "Madge wants to see you." He put himself between the lawyer and Sayre.

Sayre said, "That wasn't so subtle."

He didn't answer. He stood looking down at her.

He said, after a moment, "Wow!"

"I beg your pardon," Sayre said coolly.

"Would you mind pinching yourself to see if you're a dream?"

The blue of his eyes was entirely too warm; he was going entirely too fast.

"I'm perfectly real," she said smoothly. She should have moved away then.

"In that case," he said, "I'm not." And ate the *canapé*. "What do you think of this party? One of those affairs where half the people don't know the hostess and the other half don't know each other. And I'm the latter." She saw there was a humorous twist to his mouth, but strength too, and strength in his square, tanned hands. "But now I know you," he said. "That must have been what I came for. Let's go. I know a place where we can sit at a table with a checkered cloth, in a dark corner, and drink beer."

Sayre said, "I'm sorry. I really can't."

"What did you say the name was?"

She had to smile at his persistence. "Sayre Tennant."

HE SAID, "Look, Sayre . . . I'm Conner Lock. Ensign Conner Lock, U.S.N.R. Formerly of Pritchard, Richard, Wickard & Rice. Advertising. Now of Newport, R. I., and Eagle 45. Subchasing. I'm twenty-six. Male. Unmarried. Hobbies, bowling and brown-haired girls. Now how about it?"

"I told Madge I'd stay a while," she said.

"Please." He touched her arm and his touch was a shock. The surprise brought the flames to her eyes. "Please, I've got a three-day leave and the first day is gone. Where's your patriotism? What about my morale? That's got you, hasn't it? All right, then. We're going to that place where I can talk and you can think."

That was all there was to it. From the first, there was his own demanding and her own powerlessness to deny, her wish to give in. There was the place with the checkered tablecloths. The little cellar restaurant where they ate. The place where they danced. And another where they talked and talked and somehow let their hands find each other. There was a taxi and finally there was a bench in Washington Square, with the shadows round them and the dimmed-out city towering behind them.

They sat silent, holding hands, and then, as though moved by the same set of muscles, they turned toward each other. Conner caught her to him, and the singing and the lightness and the fever in her body was something she had never known.

He let her go. "Will you marry me, Sayre? I know I'm going to ask you eventually. I'd rather do it now and get the worrying over."

Sayre leaned her head on his shoulder. She said, hardly recognizing her own voice, "You'd better start worrying now."

"You won't marry me . . ."

"No. . . . I mean . . . I will."

Later, when their senses had returned a little, she could say, "There'll be so much to work out,"—could tell him about her job and Dave.

Conner said, "We'll solve all that. When I walked into that party today I didn't believe in marriage, either. I didn't think it mixed with the Navy. Now I can believe in anything. As long as it's us."

He said so many lovely, understanding things. It *would* work out, because they loved each other.

Yet almost from the beginning it had not gone as they had thought it would. The first week end she had spent with him in Newport, Conner had said, "I wish you didn't have to go back." She cried, "Not half as much as I do. But I must, Conner." He knew how it tore her apart for him to ask her to stay when she so longed to, so hated the weekdays without him, yet could not do otherwise. Though he did not say it in words, he intimated more and more strongly that he wanted her to leave the store, give up trying to keep the house for Dave, and live in Newport. But not until last night had he put it baldly to her.

"Sayre, we've fooled around enough with this week-end marriage. It's no good. You'll have to come here."

He had been undoing his tie and he flung it onto the bed with a decisive gesture.

"I can't let you go back to the store this time when your vacation is over. I want more of you than a few hours each week."

SAYRE faced him, drawing a brush through her shining hair. "Conner, you told me we'd never have to go through this. I know how hard it is this way. It hurts me, too, not seeing you. But what can I do, my darling, when I have so many responsibilities?"

"I'm beginning to think I should be one of your responsibilities."

She put down the brush. "You agreed once on their importance."

"Yes," he said. "That was before I was a husband. Now I am a husband and I find I feel like one. I want to be one. I think I have the right to ask that you be here whenever I can see you."

"Aren't you forgetting it isn't just me? There's Dave."

"I could afford to take care of Dave if he lived with us. If you didn't have to build up your pride by hanging on to that white elephant of a house for him. Dave's a good guy. . . ."

"And the house is all he has left of what he's been. I won't let you sacrifice him."

"All right," he said with dangerous quiet. "Go on being the successful businesswoman, then. Go on being your father's brave little wage earner to prove to him you're as good a man as he ever was. I'll go on being a game for week ends."

Anger ran all through her. She cried, "You wanted me. . . . You have to take me the way I am!"

"I wanted you," he said. "I don't have to take you."

When she lay beside him in the dark, later, his body was stiffly withheld from contact with hers. The late rising moon threw its light over the bed, touched his rough black hair with pale hands. His eyes were shut but she knew he did not sleep. Tears burned beneath her lids.

She turned restlessly and her arm brushed his. Instantly the blind, swift magnetism between them flared. He reached out, pulling her close to him, and she buried her face against his chest.

"Oh, Conner . . . Conner, we mustn't do this. I love you so."

He held her tightly, his mouth pressed against her cheek. "It's my fault. . . . But it *isn't* right for us. We couldn't have a normal peacetime marriage now. . . . But we ought to give it all the chance we can."

"Conner, I want to, but there's so much else to consider."

"I know," he said. "Something will happen to work it out for us."

SAYRE pushed back the typewriter. Something *had* happened. The very thing that must not.

She had made an appointment with the doctor for that morning, more to fill the day than anything else. He said, when she went to him, "This is too early for *me* to be able to tell you, but the test can reveal it without leaving any doubt."

She thought, returning to her room, "I should be impatient to learn the result of the test. . . . And I'm only afraid."

There was a letter from Madge waiting for her. Without much interest she opened and read it. Just the usual tidbits of news.

Then she was gripping the pages so tightly she all but tore them, her eyes scanning the last paragraph swiftly . . . going back to reread it.

"And I've been apartment-hunting for the baby sister, Tess," Madge wrote. "She's getting married next week to a Navy man, who, by the way, has Conner's old job at 90 Church Street in Public Relations. He's a good kid but don't tell Tess this. . . . I understand the Navy would give anything to have Conner back and didn't want him to leave in the first place when he asked for a transfer to a ship. Not that he isn't doing a splendid job on the Eagle but I saw Lieutenant Commander Nicolls yesterday and he said your C. was one man he really wished was twins. If that doesn't make you . . ."

She dropped the letter in her lap.

He had never told her anything about being in Public Relations. She thought he had been on the Eagle since joining the Navy. But they had been married so quickly there was much they had not had a chance to tell.

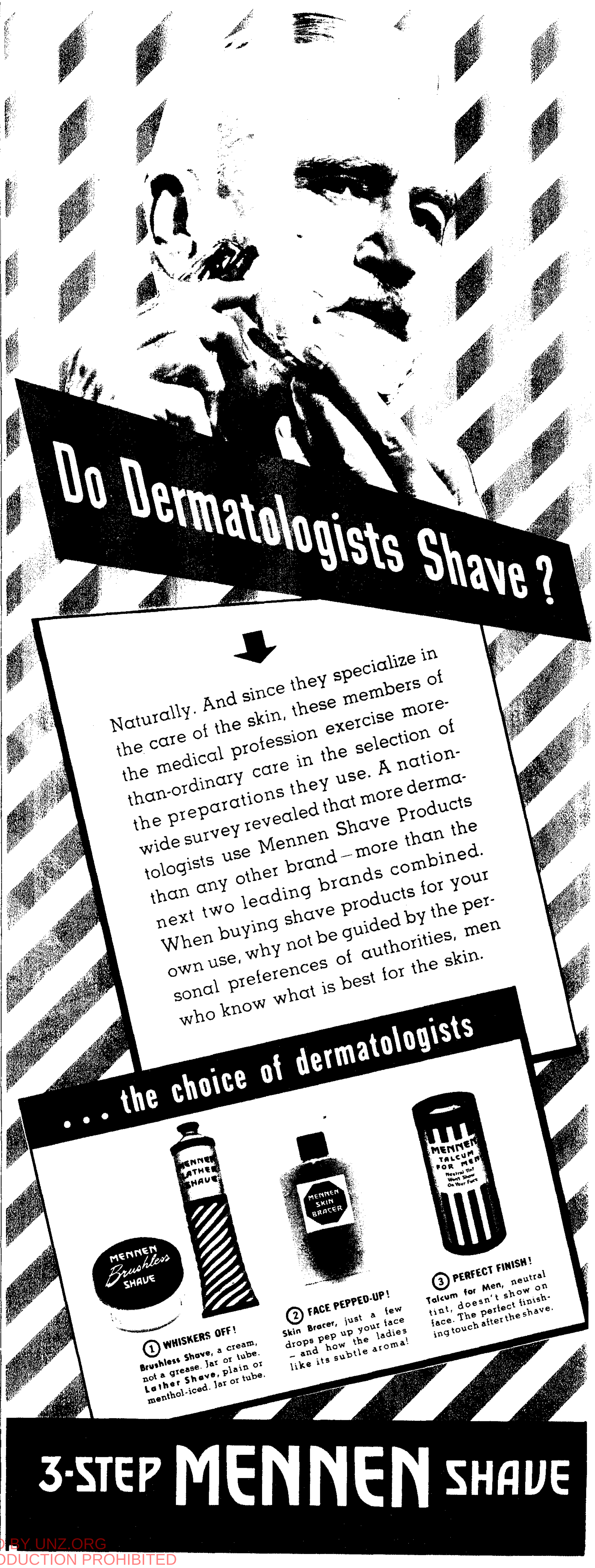
She thought, "If he had a Navy job like that now, we could live in New York. I'd be with him all the time. I could take off several months before the baby was born and then get a nurse. It would work out beautifully."

The sudden flowering of that thought filled her with new hope.

If he could be transferred back to shore. . . .

The hope lived with her for the next few days while he was still at sea.

The baby . . . why the baby *was* their salvation. Oh, surely, with a baby coming he would want a safer berth. They could have an apartment . . . see each



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Naturally. And since they specialize in the care of the skin, these members of the medical profession exercise more-than-ordinary care in the selection of the preparations they use. A nation-wide survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand—more than the next two leading brands combined. When buying shave products for your own use, why not be guided by the personal preferences of authorities, men who know what is best for the skin.

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I stepped into a store today,
To buy a "tin of blue,"
The clerk said "EDGEWORTH?...
Here you are!"
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moisture-proof,
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EDGEWORTH
"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

other nightly. There would be no further ground for quarrels.

Two nights later the phone rang and Conner's cheerful voice was in her ear: "The fleet's in."

Her spirits soared. "I'll be down to get you in our go-cart, honey."

In their rooms he put his face against her hair. "It's so good to be back with you. . . . Mmmmm . . . your hair smells nice. Like fog."

"Oh, Conner, that's not very romantic," she laughed.

"Why not? I like the way fog smells."

She slipped out of his arms and looked up into his brown face. His dark hair was tousled . . . his eyes blue as morning sky. His baby would have hair like that, the same eyes. Her heart turned in her breast.

"Conner . . ."

She was telling him, delight in her, because she could watch it come to him.

"Sayre, really?" He gripped her hands. "Are you sure?"

"Of course. I have to go back to see what the test was but . . ."

"It's wonderful, isn't it? It's swell. I hope he has your brains and my beauty!"

THE last sign of tension between them was gone. Certainly he would wish to be transferred again. She need only broach it tactfully.

Presently she did. She said, "Conner, you never told me you were in Public Relations in the Navy."

"Didn't I? I must have forgotten. There's a lot of my dark past you don't know. How did you find out the horrible truth?" He was teasing her, but she said, "Could you get back in again?"

His black brows went up in surprise. "I suppose so . . . never thought of it."

She did not pursue it. She had planted the seed. He *would* think of it now. He would see it as the solution for both of them.

She returned in the morning to the doctor. He had told her to come back sooner, but she had put it off until she saw how Conner took the news.

He told her at once:

"Mrs. Lock, you are not going to have a child."

She did not listen to the medical explanation, to his "Nothing at all to worry about . . ." She was clutching her purse, torn by a bewildering sense of deprivation. It was as though she had actually been carrying the child and lost it.

She was still shaken when she left the office. The belief in the baby had brought her more than pleasure. It had given her the answer to their marital difficulties. Although it had never been real, she felt the solution had been snatched from her.

Or had it? Would he still not see that a transfer back to New York was the best thing for them? . . .

She could not, when she met him that night, bring herself to tell him at once. They went with a group of other officers and their wives to the Skoal Room and all evening she was in agony, seeing his happiness and the difficulty he had in keeping to himself what he felt was his big news. She was so achingly, passionately sorry for him.

It was Clia Hobart, slick, sharp-tongued wife of Bill Hobart, lieutenant j. g. and Conner's immediate superior, who brought her a new kind of agony.

Clia asked Conner, "How did you ever happen to give up Public Relations, Conner? Don't you get sick of the Eagle?"

The question was casual but Sayre looked at Conner quickly.

"Sick of it?" he said. "Hell, no. That other work has to be done, but it was too much like my civilian job. I don't want to just taste this fight. I want to get my teeth into it. I wouldn't go back if they offered to make me a rear admiral."

His words slid into Sayre with razor sharpness, cutting her before she knew she had been hurt. He would not go back. Not even when he thought there was to be a baby. *He* had no intention of making the move that would end their problem.

She knew when he drove her back to their rooms that he had thought all along *she* would be the one to yield. He put an arm about her, unaware of her withdrawal. "Tomorrow, Sayre, we'd better go hunting an apartment."

She said, "Conner—" but he went on: "Surely you don't mean to go on working now? This changes everything. Dave will understand that."

She said dully, "Don't . . . please don't. . . . There isn't going to be any baby."

He turned sharply to look at her, "Sayre . . ."

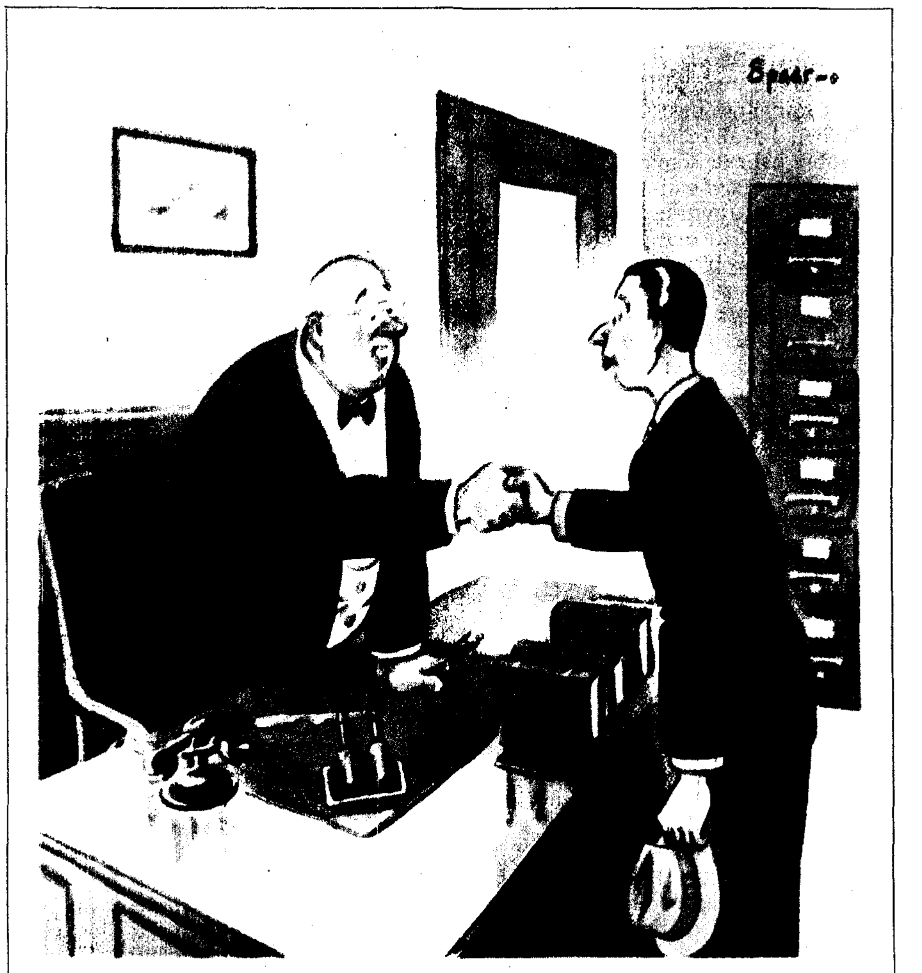
"I was wrong. That's all. And I'm—I'm not sorry, Conner. Because I know now you'd have made no effort to make things easier. You never meant to go back to shore. You . . ."

"Wait a minute." An icy anger coated his words. "Let's get this straight. Did I say anything about going back? This is where I belong. This is what I want to do. And let's get something else straight. *You* wouldn't let a baby change *your* mind, would you? Or did you ever believe you were having one? . . . Was this just a trick, Sayre, to get around me?"

"If you can think it was a trick," Sayre said with cold fury, "then I think we never have had a marriage."

"I *can* think it." She felt his temper, white-hot, under the coldness of his tone, matching her own. "I can think it because I *know* we never had a marriage."

There was no retraction. That night Conner slept on the couch and in the morning he was gone. Sayre packed. She did not leave a message. There was no need. Both understood what the unspoken words were between them. It was over.



COLLIER'S "I know you'll do what's expected of you, Himpel. The Army's a little tougher than we are in that respect!" WM. SPAAR

She drove down to Connecticut. Tomorrow she would have Sam, Dave's chauffeur, return the car to Conner. The day was bitingly cold, lashed with a December gale and a sleety rain. The rain sluiced over the windshield, coming harder, obscuring her vision. She did not care. Rain could not blind her more than her own tears.

She stopped in the drive when she reached her father's home, and stood for a moment, when she got out, looking up at the white house as though for some sort of assurance. She had not been home for some time, living in New York as she must through most of the week and going to Newport over Saturdays and Sundays. But Dave was wise. He would not question her unexpected arrival too closely.

When she went in she found him in the library, sitting on the window seat with binoculars to his eyes, staring out over the tormented waters of the Sound.

He put the glasses down when he heard her and turned. Sayre thought, with a pang, that he looked white and ill.

He said, "Hello, there. Didn't expect to see you this week. Conner have to go out? This is devilish weather."

BUT there was a note of envy in his voice. Sayre knew he was proud of his son-in-law.

"No. Conner didn't have to go out." She threw her sheared beaver coat over a chair and went to kneel beside him. He looked at her sharply but he said nothing more.

"What are you watching, Dave?"

"Not a darned thing. I'm trying to *find* something to watch. . . . Sayre, if you knew how I wish I were in Conner's shoes. Able to *do* . . . see a little action. They won't even let me be an air-raid warden. A warden! . . . After what I went through at the Marne." His tone was bitter.

Sayre said, "I didn't know you were so bored."

"Bored? I'm more than bored."

Suddenly he raised the glasses to his eyes. "What's that . . . out there?"

Over the whining of the storm there was the sound of a plane. A wrong, irregular, spluttering note in the motor's tune. She leaned toward the window.

Dave said tersely, "Looks like a Navy scout plane . . . in trouble." There was some of the old excitement in his voice.

Sayre saw it, then, flying low, out of the mist, wavering over the wild water.

"Pilot's trying for a crash landing . . ." Dave said. "She won't last five minutes in this water. . . ."

The ship wobbled, fighting into the wind. Sayre clenched her fists. "He's too near the point. The tide will throw him against the rocks."

"There she goes!" Dave cried.

The plane hit with an impact they could hear; water foamed up like smoke, crashed over it, one wing dipped; the tail lifted with a wave.

Dave dropped the binoculars. "Call the filter station, Sayre, in case they haven't spotted it. Call the hospital and tell them to send an ambulance. . . ."

SAYRE saw the figure that had climbed out of the forward cockpit and was trying to struggle along the fuselage toward the rear one.

Dave snapped, "Hurry, Sayre. That's the pilot. The other must be hurt. They'll have Mae Wests but we've got to get to them. The Center will call for help if they've seen it. But we can get there first."

He was striding across the room. "Where are you going?" she cried.

"Out there. Sam and I will take the dinghy."

"Don't . . ." She ran after him. "Not you. Let me go with Sam."

"Sayre," Dave said, "shut up. This is my story. And don't say 'your heart.' I don't give two hoots about my heart. Get on that phone."

She made the calls, rushed into the hall and snatched a slicker from the closet. When she raced out the back way, her father and Sam were already running down toward the dock. She tried to plead with Dave once more.

"Don't waste your breath," he said, but he gave her arm a pat in reassurance.

Through the curtain of rain she could see the plane piled against the rocks now . . . and the two bobbling heads. One flier supported the other, trying to catch at a rock, pull himself up. She knew the barnacles and razor clams must be cutting his hands to ribbons.

Dave had already climbed into the boat and Sam had taken the oars. Sayre dropped into the stern. The little dinghy tossed as though it were in mid-ocean, water sloshed over its sides, rolled into the scuppers. Sam strained against the oars, his black face wet and gleaming. Sayre forgot her worry for Dave . . . forgot Conner, everything but the two figures out there. A shout came thinly to her ears.

Dave said, "Here, let me at the oars a while." He would not let Sam protest. He bent his great shoulders.

When they were near enough to see the two fliers clearly, they heard the chug of another boat's motor, but they had pulled up to the men in the water before the Coast Guard launch came in sight.

The pilot had given up trying to climb up the point and was holding the head of the other man above water. Sayre sucked in her breath. The second flier was unconscious, wounded, blood streaming over his face and mingling with the salt water and the rain. With his free hand the pilot clutched at the gunwale of the boat.

"Glad to see you, pal. Give Eddie, here, a hand up, will you, and get him out of those water wings."

Sam and Sayre pulled the limp, awkward body laboriously into the boat while Dave held the dinghy as steadily as he could, backing water to keep from drifting onto the rocks. Sayre bent over the figure sprawled at her feet.

"He's . . . been shot," she whispered.

The pilot had let himself into the skiff. "Yeah . . . he's bad, I think." He helped Sayre remove the unwieldy life belt, then took off his own and began to tear at his shirt. "He's bleeding a lot. . . ."

Sayre had opened her slicker and was ripping her blouse. "No. . . . let me stop it with mine. It's drier."

The launch had come up to them, idling its motors.

"We'll take over," the Coast Guardsman in the bow shouted.

Dave called back, "One man's in a pretty bad way. He should have attention. . . . There's an ambulance ought to be waiting back on shore. Please give us a tow in."

"Right."

Sam threw out the painter and a seaman caught it, fastened it securely to a cleat at the stern of the launch.

Sayre crouched beside the wounded flier. She looked up at the pilot, who sat on the stern seat, smoking a cigarette she had given him. His fair hair was plastered flat on his skull.

"What happened?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Sorry. I can't tell you that. I'll have to phone my base as soon as we get in. And the Coast Guard will want a report. But I can't tell you. You know how it is."

She protested: "My husband's in the Navy, too."

"Sure. You understand then."

The ambulance was waiting when they got back to the dock. The intern bent over the wounded aviator. He looked up quickly at Dave. "Can we take him into your house? This chap can't last to the hospital unless I attend to him now."

Dave said quietly, "Anything you say."

The four men from the Coast Guard launch filed up to the house with them. The intern and the orderly carried their burden to the kitchen, laid him on the table, and the doctor gave orders crisply; asked the others to leave.

Dave fixed strong highballs in the library. Sayre went to hunt dry clothes for the pilot and to put on a fresh blouse herself. While she changed she heard the flier on the phone in the hall and got, unintentionally, a part of the story. She could supply the missing details for herself.

The plane had been scouting fifty miles off the North Shore of Long Island and had spotted a U-boat on the surface, apparently having trouble with its engines for it did not submerge. Eddie had radioed the position and they had dived to attack. The submarine crew opened fire. The boat was destroyed in three attacks but when they came out of the last dive there was no answer when the pilot—Hank Winter, he had said his name was—spoke to Eddie on the two-way phone. He tried his own radio and found it dead. The motor was heating. The oil line had been hit. He thought he could make it back to the base. The motor heated more and more rapidly. He changed his course and headed in toward shore, where they could be picked up more easily, and made a crash landing.

It was incredible he should be telling such a story in dry, terse, undramatic sentences.

But when the intern came into the library, she saw Winter's coolness waver, his knuckles whiten and he gripped the glass he held.

"How is he, Doc?"

The doctor shook his head. "I've done what I can. I don't know whether I've saved him. He seems like a pretty strong lad. We'll take him on to the hospital. I think he can make it now. Who notifies his relatives?"

"The Navy. I'll see to that."

"If he has a wife you'd better send for her. He's been calling someone—sounds like 'Ellen.' "

"Yes. That's his wife. She's in Chicago."

The intern was putting on his overcoat. "He has one chance in a thousand to live until she gets here."

Sayre pressed her hands against her throat.

"He's got to," she cried. "He must live."

The pilot looked at her. He said slowly, as though he were talking to himself, "They had a fight a couple of months ago. She went back home then. She didn't want him to fly." He lit a cigarette. "He had to. If he's gone out, he's gone out his way." He got up. "Do what you can for the kid."

He left in the launch, still wearing Dave's clothes, his own in a bundle under his arm.

Dave watched the boat put away from his dock. "If he *has* a chance, Sayre. . . . That boy, Eddie . . ."

Then his face went ashen, his lips blue and stiff, moving without sound. He slid to the floor at her feet. With a cry she dropped beside him, calling for Sam.

Together they got him up to bed and for the second time that day she was phoning for a doctor, fear mingling acidly with another new, unnamed emotion that was growing in her.

She waited outside the door for the doctor to come out of Dave's room, thinking, "I should have kept him from going." . . . And yet he had seemed almost happy. . . .

When Doctor Harrison stepped into the hall, she clutched his sleeve.

"Dave . . ."

"Is going to be okay," he said. "It's surprising what the heart can take when it must, Sayre. In fact I think this did him good. He's come around nicely. Seems to feel he's done something useful. He's cut up about the boy who was hurt but he knows if there is that thousandth chance, he helped to give it. He was telling me the paper wants him to try a weekly column and I think he'll have to do it. It's worse for him to be cooped up in this house, out of things."

"Cooped up!" Sayre echoed.

SHE went down to the library and sat staring into the fire. She could not get the faces of the two fliers from her mind. The wet, blood-streaked face of the boy who had called for someone named Ellen. The young, strong face of the pilot who had said, "If he's gone out, he's gone out his way."

There was another face: Conner. Conner somewhere, hurt, calling her—calling her when she was too far away to reach him.

She jumped up, tore upstairs, got out of the wet skirt she had not yet bothered to change, put on a dry one.

She stopped in the door of Dave's room. "Dave, I . . . I've got to go back to Newport. Will you be all right?"

"Sure I will." Oddly he looked better than he had when she had come this noon. "I've got Sam. You go on."

She was driving again, through the rain, over the familiar roads.

It was dark when she crossed the

"Behind the 8 ball, mister?"

Your car is stuck and your face is red from cold and embarrassment because you're blocking wartime traffic?

It's a mess all right and you'll be plenty late.

You wonder what you can do?

You'll just wait this time, brother. Wait for a snowplow or a tow car. No use wasting rubber and gas trying to churn your way out.

. . . Let's hope this won't happen to you, gentle reader. And it needn't if you keep Weed Tire Chains handy for winter driving. Any garage or service station will put them on or you can do it easily yourself. But first you've got to have them.

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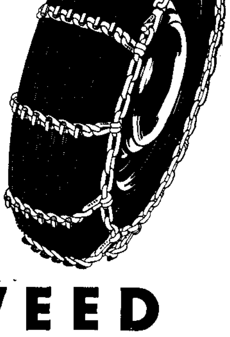

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Jamestown bridge. She could not see whether the Eagle was at the dock.

Let her be in. Let Conner be there. Dear God, don't let it be too late. Don't let him be through with me.

She drove straight to the gates. Yes, the guard told her, the Eagle was in. Conner was on board.

Relief flooded her . . . but her heart still pounded with fear. If she had already killed what he felt for her . . .

And then he was coming. He was there, in shiny oilskins, standing awkwardly beside the car.

"What are you doing here, Sayre? I thought you'd left."

"I . . . had . . . but I had to come back. Conner, I had to come. I'll never leave you again. I belong where you are. It's the only way." She rushed on, "I'll give up my job. You're right. It's not important. Not as important as us. Dave doesn't need the house. He doesn't want it; doesn't want my help. He wants to help himself. He could be happy anywhere as long as he thought he was being some use. Oh, Conner, I . . ."

He had grasped her hands. "What happened, Sayre? Do you mean all this? What makes you say it, darling?"

"Nothing happened . . . not to me. That's it. I was waiting for something to happen. Something that would smooth it all out for us and make it go the way I wanted it to. I thought if I had a baby . . . if you were transferred back. Anything as long as it came from outside myself. As long as it saved me from giving up what *I* wished to have. But things *don't* happen. There *aren't* any solutions—except the ones you make yourself, are there?"

He leaned in, cupping her chin in his hand. "No. There aren't, Sayre. I faced myself today, too. I was waiting for that magical occurrence that would change you, make you see things as I did. Today I knew if there was to be any change I'd have to have a hand in it. I was going to call you tonight, Sayre, and tell you . . ."

"Not that you'd try to get back your old Navy job!" Sayre cried. "No, Conner. You don't want that. This is what you have to do."

He laughed. "Sayre, I wasn't going to tell you that. I do know my place. I was going to tell you we couldn't wait for fate to take a hand. We'd have to do it ourselves. I think you need to work. You aren't suited for pure domesticity. But you could work here. We never thought of that. I met the manager of one of the department stores here the other day. They're shorthanded. You could get a position. And Dave . . . I always knew he hated feeling indebted to you, but I couldn't point that out."

She took his hand and laid it against her cheek. "Conner . . . are you coming with me now?"

"No. I'm not free yet."

"Have you still got the room rented?"

"Yes," he said.

"I'll be there when you come back. I'll be waiting for you."

The words stretched between them, warm and satisfying, words that were a bond and a comfort.

"I'll be waiting for you, darling."

THE END

The Hunters

Continued from page 16

you remember," she said with a sudden sharp inflection, "what you wrote me once?" She quoted, " 'I am served first or not at all.' "

Michael was silent, the smile gone.

"Do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember."

"You wouldn't come back when I wanted you. After I married. You could have come, your next leave. . . . But no, you had to write that. Now you want me. And now—" there was something cruelly exultant in the low, deliberate voice, "now you are not being served first."

"Don't!" he said harshly.

"You were so very arrogant."

"I know. I was rather arrogant."

"Don't you wish you had come back?"

"No."

"Yet you want me now?"

"This isn't sneaking behind your husband's back."

"Only behind your wife's."

"Yes. And the back of your future husband. But," said Michael, very gently, "I am more versed in sneaking than I was. Not the raw boy you knew."

"ANYWAY, you have to eat your words," she said triumphantly.

"Every word."

"You were cheeky to write that. If I was willing—"

"I had scruples about you, my sweet."

"And now you haven't?"

"Only one."

"What's that?"

"I wouldn't come to your tent tonight, if you"—Michael paused, then murmured ironically—"if I was the first blot on the escutcheon . . . I wouldn't make a dishonest woman of you."

"Sweet of you, darling!" Her blue eyes mocked, derisively. "So now you come because you're not the first?"

"Whimsical, isn't it?"

"Yet you don't like me to have had lovers?"

"Who am I to throw the first stone?" said Michael.

"Who indeed! Why shouldn't I have fun? Why not?"

"No reason—if you wanted to. . . . And Winston never knew?"

"N-no. I wasn't—careless. . . . I don't think he was exactly easy in his mind," she owned, with her cool, indifferent smile, then added thoughtfully, "but he didn't *want* to know."

"You'll find Sir Robert a bit stiffer."

"He'll be all right. . . . I'm going to make him an M. P."

"He won't like that."

"I shall."

"I should have thought you'd have found one nearer home. Or," said Michael, casually, "were there stories going around?"

She looked sharply at him. "I don't know that I want you in my tent tonight!"

"As you choose."

"Pretty indifferent, aren't you?"

"Was I indifferent by the river?"

"No . . . no, you were lovely, Michael. . . . I like you when you're wild about me. . . . You're sure you won't be seen?"

"I'll make sure."

"Don't come until you're sure."

Their words went back and forth a little longer, then Claire rose, and with loud "Good nights," for the benefit of the camp, she strolled off to her tent. Michael stretched out in the steamer chair, finished his cigarette, then flung out a sharp "Hapana Kilali," to the groups of porters, that stilled their talk, and started them settling down to sleep.

He called his boy and told him to bring hot water to his tent. "Much hot water," he said, impressively. He went to his tent, lighted a lantern and put out his shaving things. The boy looked at them curiously when he brought the pail of water.

"Finished," said Michael. "Tomorrow at first cockcrow, send out the porters to the boma. Whether you hear shots or not. Understand?"

"Sikia, Bwana," said the boy, still eying the shaving kit.

"And do not wake me. Do not come to my tent. Tell the boy of the Memsahib Winston not to go to her tent. He is not to bring tea, he is not to wake her for any reason. She wishes to sleep. Understand?"

"Sikia, Bwana," said the boy, expressionlessly. His eyes glinted.

"Now I want the camp quiet. Tell the boys to go to sleep. *Quaheri.*"

"Quaheri, Bwana."

Michael washed and shaved; the lantern light threw his shadow on the tent wall and he thought the boys must be noticing it. They would tell about this shaving later. He put on a suit of silk pajamas—his only suit of silk—and wrapped himself in his bathrobe, put out the lantern and lay down.

THEY were at Constantia Bay on the Cape and the wind was ruffling the leaves of the silver trees on the slopes about them and the sea was half a hundred blues. She was uncertain, half won, half hesitant, crying confusedly at him, "How can I tell so soon? It's all so—strange." He had urged, "I need you so, Tommy! I need you as a man needs water in a thirsty land."

She had given him a quick, touching look. He had her then. Water for his need—his need that water could not quench. . . .

She must have looked back, often, to that day, thinking, "If it had not been so beautiful—! If he had not urged me so!" But never once had she admitted a regret. Not even on that night when he had told her they could have no children. He had tried to forget that night, but he had not forgotten it and now he looked back to it quite steadily, seeing her face as it looked before she made it brave and cheerful for him.

If she had had children she might never have come to care for Bob. But children did not make up for everything. A woman wanted to be loved, to love someone she could believe in.

Bob was the right one for her. Bob would turn back to her, contritely, once he was shocked into awareness of what Claire was like. Michael could give that shock.

He thought about it grimly. He turned his torch on his wrist watch but it was not yet time. The darkness and the waiting and the tightness in his stomach made him think of waits in the trenches for the zero hour, only then his stomach had been tighter and his nerves had been crisped by dread. That young Michael had wanted, so terribly, to come through alive, unmaimed.

He had come through—a pretty decent youngster for all the bitterness and brutality of war. Not a drinking chap, then. His high spirits had been his own. Yet there must have been the seeds of his disintegration in him then, he thought; a steadier chap would never have played the fool because a girl was faithless to him. Perhaps a steadier chap would never have loved so wildly.

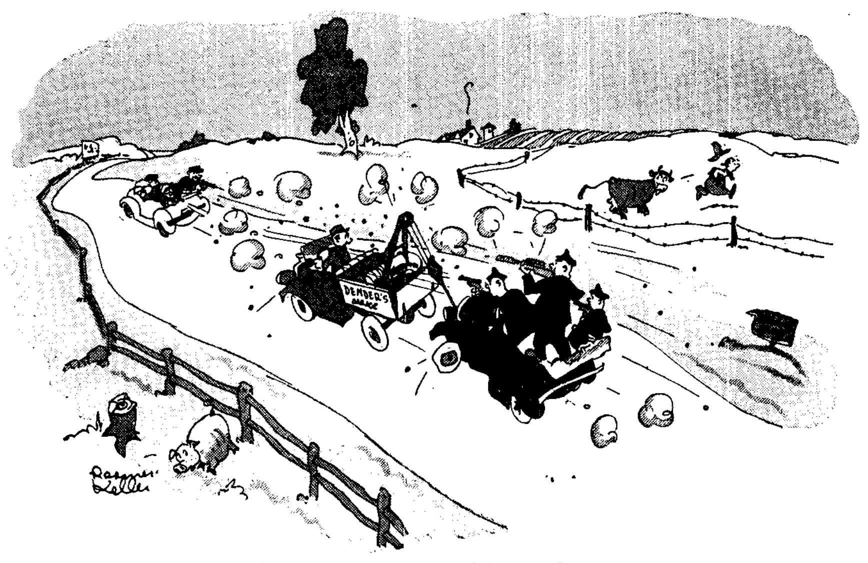
Well, that was all past—no use looking back on his life now. He had gone downhill recklessly and he would have gone further if it had not been for Tommy. He knew that; he felt a grateful affection for her and a deep compassion—very odd emotions for your wife, he thought, his lips curling sardonically, when you are going out to make love to another!

Tommy would never understand. She would think him an utter heel. That could not be helped. The first shock would not be pleasant for her, but Bob would help her to get over it. And she would help Bob to get over it. . . .

Almost midnight now. He got up, turned on his torch, dragged out his medicine kit. He tied some tablets into a knot of his handkerchief that he thrust deep in a pajama pocket. Those tablets would act swiftly. They would think it was his heart.

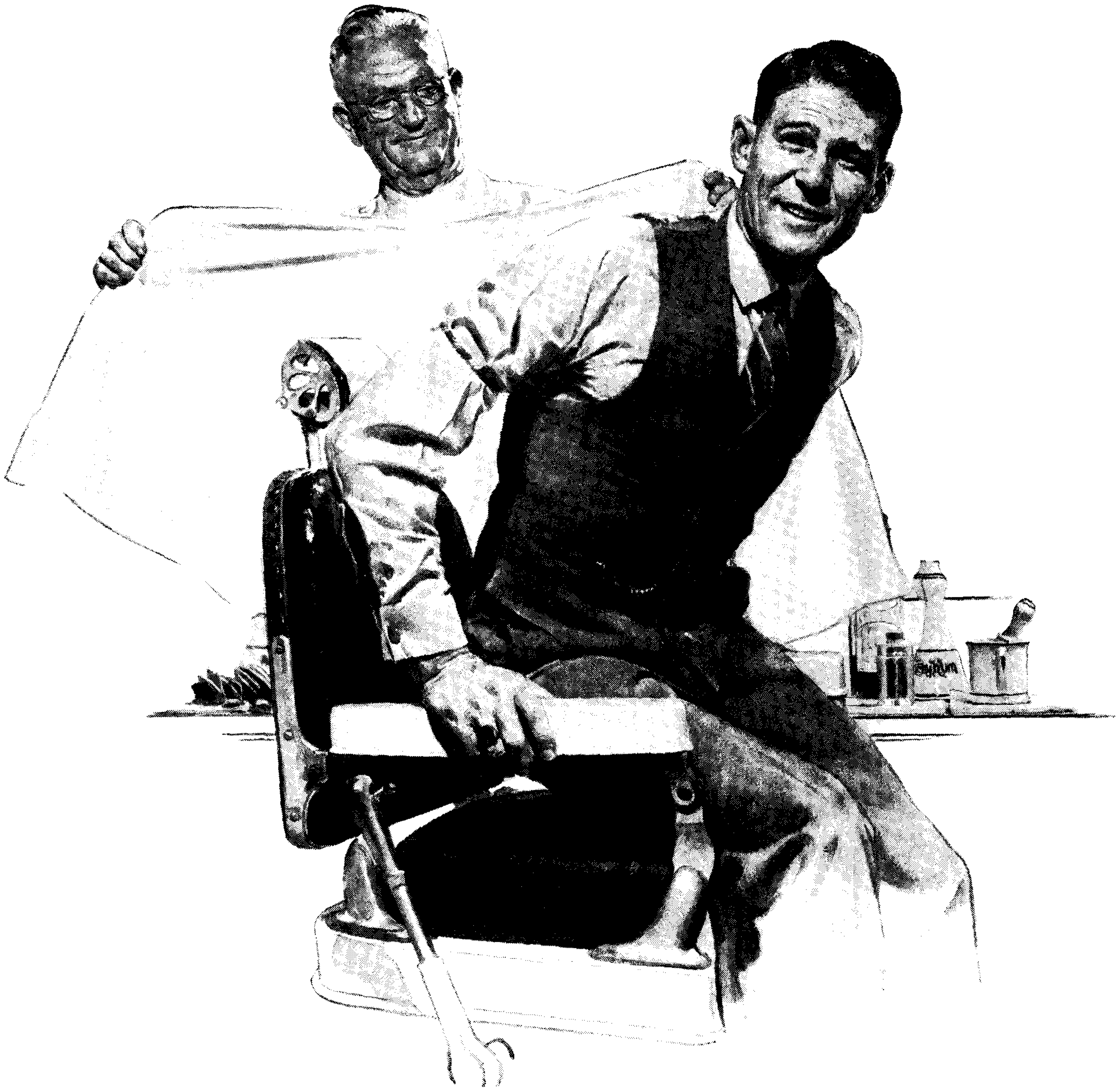
That was the ending he had decided upon.

It seemed almost foolproof. Claire might try to talk herself out of it; she might say he had come against her will or that he had staggered in, wanting help, but Bob would remember her convenient headache and all the other things, and the boys would talk about the supper and the laughter, and his boy would tell of his



"I wish you cops had told me the whole story when you phoned for a tow car!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

MAYBE IT'S THE HOT AND COLD TOWELS . . . Or the tingling stuff he puts on your face.

Or maybe just the improvement you see when you look at yourself in the mirror.

Anyhow, many a man has got his smile back in the barber's chair . . . the way an open fire lifts the spirits . . . or a new dress perks up a woman.

Funny, isn't it—how much little things count? Especially nowadays. Little everyday enjoyments . . . familiar things around you . . . simple pleasures . . .

They help to turn the dark clouds inside out—they boost the old *morale.*

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up

BREWING INDUSTRY · FOUNDATION ·

shaving and his preparations and his orders for the morning quiet.

He got out a whisky bottle, and two glasses and set them on a tray. That whisky bottle and two used glasses would be evidence. Pity he couldn't be there to see Bob's face!

He dropped his torch into a pocket of his dressing gown, took up the tray and made his way carefully out through the mess tent. The moon was under a cloud, silvering the edges of it; it was a beautiful sky but not a brilliant light for those two in the boma. He thought about them out there, in their circle of thorn. He saw Tommy's small dark head. Good little Tommy! "You all right, Michael?"

He looked out toward the plain. Tomorrow night he'd be out there beneath a spliced-together cross—Tommy would see to that—with rocks piled on him to keep hyenas from digging in.

He did not care, not particularly. He was sick of the whole show, and the thing to do was to go when the going would do some good. He wasn't losing many years. Tags of phrases floated through his mind. "This is a far, far better thing I do—" "Nothing in his life so became him as the leaving of it."

The world would not think so. Well, that couldn't be helped.

A man ought to have some last thoughts, but he had no coherent last thoughts and he felt too indifferent to evolve them. He felt like a waiter, carrying that tray. It was ridiculous to feel ridiculous, going to his death, for death was a solemn thing, a desperate finality, but he felt ridiculous and a little unreal and self-mocking, because he detected in himself, for all his wry bravado, a sorriness that his death would be one more discredit to his name.

For a moment his face in the moonlight looked lost and lonely, the face of a younger Michael, asking how he found himself in such a plight, then he smiled bleakly, ironically, and moved on to Claire Winston's tent.

TOMMY GARRICK did not speak for some time after they started out from camp. She was afraid that if they began to talk, Bob would say something that would reveal his reluctance for that night in the boma, something that would make her offer to go back. So she trudged on in silence.

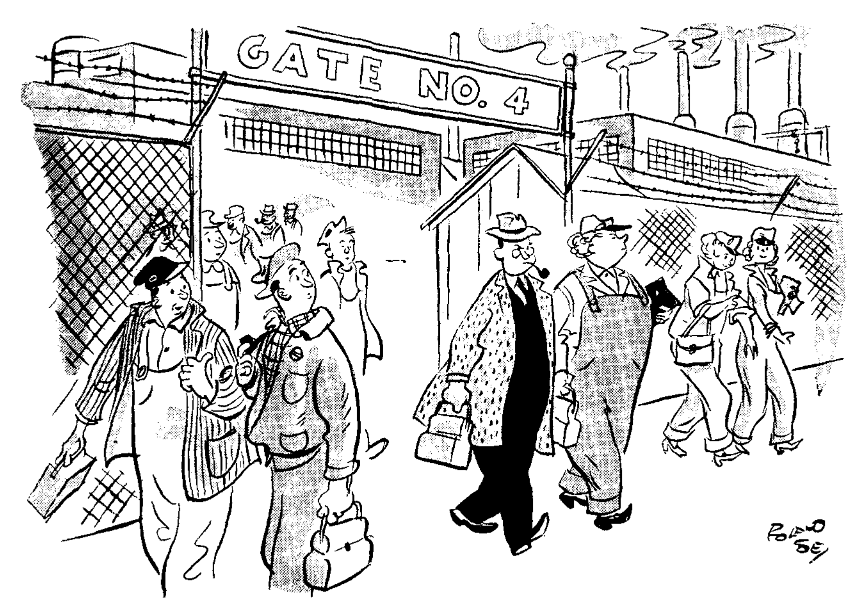
This was the hour, in Africa, that, next to dawn, she loved the most, when the sun was sinking and the shadows lengthening, and the air freshened each instant as the heat lessened, so that vigor sprang up in you and it was a pleasure to move, to feel the cool air on your skin, to look about in a light that was beautiful and not blinding to your eyes.

Bob was setting a swift pace against the coming of the dark, and she followed as swiftly, the three porters at her heels, loads on their heads, guns in their arms. They were talking back and forth to one another of their ill luck for having been chosen for this walk, and their voices had the wailing repetition of a folk song. "*Kazi wa Wasungu,*" they intoned mournfully. "The work of the foreigners." The white men who could not carry for themselves. The white men who were forever saying, "Go here," and "Bring this," and "Come with me."

It was dusk before they reached the boma, and a lion was already grunting in the distance. Bob said, eagerly, "You know, if we got one first off—" and Tommy knew that he was thinking of a possible early return. But he was interested now and cheerful, careful of her comfort, making a blanket he had brought into a cushion for her back in the chair. Ironic to reflect how much this would have meant to them once, in the old days, these twelve hours alone. Twelve hours in which they could talk to their hearts' content, with no fear of listening boys, could look their fill, could touch each other—it would have been a little bit of heaven once.

This was the first time she had been really alone with him since he came back from England. There had been that time when she had been packing on the veranda, but the boy was about then, and there had been a stroll, the evening at Fort Portal, but Michael and Mrs. Winston were strolling near, and there had been hours together in the car, but then Bob had had his mind on the driving and on the car ahead, and all she could do was to be as unobtrusive as possible and make him feel more at ease with her. And there had been that moment in the mess tent when she had flared out at him: "I am glad you are so dependable."

NOW she had long, uninterrupted hours. Suppose she stopped playing up, suppose she spoke out openly—not bitterly—and told him, "I know how it is—let's be frank. You can't help it, and I can't either. But never think that I don't care."



"They're on the verge of divorce. Mrs. Conway's riveters were held up by Mr. Conway's blueprint department!"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

Why should she let him go off, salving his conscience about her with talk of Michael's sobriety and "things being all right?" Could he actually believe she wasn't cruelly hurt? Had he forgotten everything? He knew that she had counted on him with all her heart and he had failed her!

She thought, achingly, "Oh, my darling, my darling!" It was bliss and it was agony to be here alone with him. Their chairs were so close together that their shoulders almost touched when they leaned forward, and the blood beat in her throat and her head felt dizzied. Bob was strong, well knit; he had not Michael's tall, sinewy grace, but he had vigor and solidness and she longed, almost unbearably, to be close against him, to feel the strength of his arms about her. And now that it seemed to her utterly unlikely that she would ever be in his arms again, she looked back at those years of comradeship and wished she had done differently.

No, she couldn't have done differently. But she could wish she had.

Bob nudged her. "There's a hyena out there."

She leaned closer, peering through the opening in the leaves for the skulking shadow. He breathed, "Two of them." She could hear them, then, hear the horrid, rending noise they made, tearing at the buck in the darkness.

She whispered, "Could we shoot?"

"No. Scare the lions. . . . They won't take too much. I'll shoot if more come."

"How about the torch?"

"That's right. Put the light on them. That may scare them off."

She drew in the barrel of her rifle and thrust the electric torch out the hole and clicked it on. Its ray fell on an uplifted hyena head, the eyes gleaming with reflected light. Bob made a clapping sound with his cupped hands and the head vanished. But in a few minutes the rending recommenced at the far side of the buck.

"They'll sneak off if a lion comes," Bob told her.

"I hate hyenas."

"Who doesn't?"

"Only other hyenas, I expect."

But even hyenas were exciting in the darkness of the plains. She breathed, "This is fun, isn't it?"

He made an affirmative sound. After a moment he said, "You love Africa, don't you?" and his voice was reflective.

She said passionately, "I love it!" It was almost like saying "I love you!" She added, "After the life here—well, there isn't any other."

To that he said nothing.

The moon was a long time coming out. Its rising time was an hour later than the night before, and then there were clouds, obscuring it; when it did emerge the light was pale and misted, but they could distinguish the dead buck quite clearly, and the bushes in the distance were shadows in a silvery pallor. They talked a little, softly, about the way that shadows seemed to change places at night, when watched, so that they seemed like stealthy beasts coming closer. "I could swear that one over there has sneaked up on us," Bob whispered.

"You get some shut-eye and I'll watch," Tommy told him.

"Not sleepy enough yet. Wait till we get your lion."

HE SOUNDED friendly and relaxed. She was glad she had not broken down, made him feel miserable and contrite. This was intimate and jolly. In the morning they would have a cheery breakfast (she'd brought bacon and eggs as well as tea) and she'd talk of the future, and of the pyrethrum crop and how he could put in that factory for coffee that he hadn't been able to afford before, and that would appeal to all the planter in him. The trouble was, he really had not got back yet to his farm; all he'd been doing on it, since he'd come back, was to prepare for this safari. He hadn't thought ahead.

Out of the silence his low voice came, rather suddenly: "How ill—really—was Michael?"

Her heart sank. He was brooding over Michael and Claire, back in camp together, suspecting Michael's "touch of fever." But that fever was real enough, she thought, and she said so. She said, "He was lying down—he felt really seedy. I was surprised he went after buck. But he's always restless with a bit of fever. And I think he wanted to do something rather nice for us. You know how that old buck would have been."

"Just so he doesn't get to drinking."

She said a little stiffly, "He certainly hasn't let you down so far."

"No. But I think he'd had a few nips today."

"Well, I don't. The bottle that was out hadn't been touched since last night." She asked, "Why, what makes you . . . ?" but Bob made no answer.

She said, "He wants to keep fit, you know."

Bob was still silent. Then he murmured, "You know it isn't surprising that she had a headache. The wonder is, that she's stood up to things so well."

"Yes, isn't it?" said Tommy.

"The way she took on that lion!" His voice rose, unguardedly. He lowered it quickly as he owned, "I had all I could do to hold my shot."

"Me, too."

"I had a bead on him. If she hadn't fired the instant she did I wouldn't have dared wait longer. He was in the air."

"I'll never forget it. . . . I felt it couldn't be happening."

"I felt the same thing. I was stiff with fright. . . . She's got more nerve than any of us. She said she wasn't conscious of fright at all. Too intent on getting him."

"She was certainly sporting. . . . But she was frightened about that buffalo, though," said Tommy stubbornly, remembering Claire's white face.

BOB gave a little grunt. He said, "That gun of hers has no stopping power." He didn't like remembering the buffalo; it brought too vivid a picture of Michael playing the hero. He said, "We'd better keep still," though it was he who had started the talking.

They sat still, applying themselves to the business of watching and waiting. It was very queer, when you came to think about it, Tommy reflected, that they could be out here like this, queer that the convention of shooting a lion could create this situation. There they were, two isolated human beings in a ring of thornbush on the African plain, with not a soul to look down on them but that faint, faraway moon, and it was all permissible because they were occupied in trying to kill something. . . . It was fantastic and unreal. . . .

Bob would want to hurry back early in the morning. But he'd be hungry and he'd like the eggs and bacon. And if they did get a lion she'd take pictures. She'd brought her camera. She thought of everything that she could do to prolong their time together. Her mind spun little webs of plans.

"What's that!"

It was more an exclamation than a question. She stared out her peephole but she saw no change.

He said, "Hear that?" and she listened intently. A high-pitched quavering sound came to her on the wind, was lost, then came again.

She breathed, "What is it—?"

"Sounds like—" He was listening

again. "It sounds like natives," he said, "out there—across the plain."

"But there's no—"

There was no village, she was going to say, where an *n'goma* might be held. And this couldn't be an *n'goma;* there were no drums. It was a sort of chanting.

"There's a light. Look—d'you see?"

She stared. She saw a distant gleam, that vanished behind trees and then reappeared again.

"It's a safari of some sort," he said. "I wonder—"

There were posts and settlements beyond the plains, but they were on a distant motor road. This little wilderness was fairly untraveled by the whites, Michael had said. A native chief might be traveling, but that would be strange at night, and why travel in this direction?

THEY could see the safari now, a row of dark jogging shapes, and something that their eyes made out to be a litter or a carrying chair. Or it could be tusks slung on a pole. The chanting had grown clearly audible, and its rhythm and recurrent stress identified it as a song that carriers would sing.

"That's a safari, all right," Bob pronounced. "They're carrying someone." He watched a moment as the procession came closer, then said, "We'd better see what's up."

"But why—?"

Tommy felt dismay. She said, "It's probably some chief going through."

"More likely some white. Might be hurt, you know, or ill—some hunting party farther in. We can't sit here and not give him a hand."

"I don't see what we—"

But Bob had stood up; he cupped his hands and shouted lustily through the stockade of thorn, "Hello! *Jamba!* Who's there?"

The singing stopped; after a moment of silence a babble of sound broke out and then a voice, a white man's dominating voice, shouted back, "Allo! Allo!"

"Hello! Hold on—we're coming! . . . That's a white man all right," Bob flung out at Tommy. "I wonder what the devil's the matter with him?" He crouched at the entrance, struggling with the brush that filled it, and Tommy turned her torch on his hands and cautioned, "Look out! You'll hurt yourself."

He thrust the brush aside and crawled out and Tommy handed out his gun and then her own and crept out herself. "Look *out!"* she entreated, for a lion might be anywhere in the dark near that bait. She turned on her torch again, to pick out a path for them, and they started across the plain toward the huddle of dark figures.

A native, carrying a lantern, came forward to meet them, and with him a white man, a stocky figure in khaki shorts and jacket with a muffler—which for a moment Tommy took to be a bandage—tied over his head. Then the man began untying it as they approached. He bowed, quite formally, his eyes flicking from one figure to another.

"Madame—monsieur!"

"We're hunting lion," said Bob, with a little laugh for the humorous unexpectedness of such a meeting. "And we saw your safari—"

"We thought someone might be ill," Tommy explained.

"Quel rencontre!" The man, a Belgian, made a gesture that included the plains, the night, the natives gathered about them. "You make the chase at night, yes?"

"Yes. In a boma. . . . We've a camp a couple of miles away."

"And you are English—yes?"

"Yes. From Uganda."

"Uganda! *Les Anglais!"* The Belgian seemed excited about that, and Tommy thought his manner odd. Then he asked, "And you have not heard?"

"Heard? Heard what?"

"The war, monsieur—madame. The war. We are at war."

"War?" said Bob blankly.

"Belgium?" said Tommy. And then, "With Germany?"

The Belgian drew himself up, as befitted the bearer of extraordinary tidings. He said slowly, hesitating a little for the English words, "Today, England and France have declared war on Germany."

"England—? England and France?"

"Exactement! Because of Poland. You have heard of *la crise* with Poland?"

"Why, yes—there was talk—" Bob's voice was stupid with astonishment.

"Now the Nazis have made war on Poland and England has promised Poland—"

"War!" said Tommy, incredulously. They had talked of war for long, of the possibilities of its happening, of the chances of escaping it, and yet, for all the talk, it did not seem possible that it was real, that England was involved—

"War," said Bob. His voice was sharp, now, grim with something almost satisfaction, something that said, "If it had to come, let's get it over with." He asked, "You are sure, monsieur?"

"Bien sûr. It has come *par*—how do you say—*par* radio? There is a very good reception at Nguassi where I have been. It has come this afternoon and *immédiatement* I think to leave, to return to Mburra where I live—I am trader, you understand—but the petrol has not come, so the road is impossible and I think to take this way across the plain. It is more short, *n'est-ce pas,* than to wait for the petrol? I have *mes affaires* to arrange. Who knows what will come now to Belgium? So I make the safari all this day and all tonight—*je suis fort,* you understand."

Even in her excitement Tommy had a flicker of wry thought that it was the natives who were being *forts.*

"You have not heard?" he demanded.

"Not a word. We've been absolutely out of touch. What's the situation?"

Bob asked a dozen questions, asking them too quickly, and repeated them more slowly, and the Belgian told them all he knew, which was little more than the bare fact that the declaration had been made. But there was no doubt about that. War had come. The struggle, so long foreseen, had begun.

IT WAS momentous. They stood out there, in the African night, at once oppressed and stirred. It was the beginning of something titanic. All Europe would be involved. The Mediterranean—Gibraltar, Suez. Africa . . . Australia, New Zealand, Canada. . . . And India—?

"We've got to get back," said Bob. "Our camp is two miles back," he told the Belgian. "You must stop there with us, Monsieur—"

"Ramande. Antoine Ramande. At your service."

"My name's McNare. And this is Madame Garrick."

"Enchanté." The Belgian made a polite bow. In the darkness Tommy could not see his expression when he learned she was not Madame McNare but she knew that he was thinking, "Ah—*les Anglais!"* She said quickly, "My husband is back at camp. And another friend. There are four of us."

"We'll go right back," said Bob. He thought a moment. "We've got three chairs and about three loads of other stuff—no, two loads, really—over there in the boma. Have you any men to spare to bring that in? It would save time."

(To be continued next week)

1917 WAR
RUN BY TELEPHONE
1943 WAR
RUN BY RADIO

For Instance . . .

"We would like to have tarried [over Tokyo] and watched the later developments of fire and explosion, but even so we were fortunate to receive a fairly detailed report from the excited Japanese radio broadcasts. It took them several hours to calm down to deception and accusation."

(Brig. Gen. James H. Doolittle in news reports of Tokyo bombing)

—An American flying officer who was in the Midway battle, relates the following interesting incident.—On its way back to the carrier, his plane picked up a [radio] message. It was a Japanese admiral—asking for—begging for—commanding help. He wanted a Japanese vessel sent immediately to "take him off"—"going to sink"—"afraid more American planes will come"—"please come",—"command you to come"—
—but—the Japanese ship—*and* Admiral—were sunk.

(news item)

Interesting! **Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.**

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

For over seven years Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient—every day or your money back." It has never been called upon for a refund.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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When the Music Stopped

Continued from page 14

creature in town. Martha tried hard not to mind, tried hard not to fidget under this candid blaze of Latin curiosity. . . .

"Señorita—"

Heels clicked smartly together. She looked up at a young lieutenant to whom Concepción, blushing, had bowed in the plaza yesterday. *"Buenos días,* Señor Lieutenant," she murmured correctly.

"Luis Carbajal at your feet, señorita," he introduced himself in the old-fashioned chivalrous phrase, and asked permission to sit down. She gave it, grateful for the shelter any company would provide against that shining barrage of glances.

HOW charming he was; and what a stunning pair he and Concepción would make! This was what Martha was thinking when the boy's voice, lowered, stammering a little, came to her ears again. "The music last night—did it wake you, señorita, did it disturb—"

"But it was lovely—lovely," cried Martha, and her modest blue eyes smiled warmly at him.

The young face flushed darkly. The young eyes gazed, not returning her smile—and gazed—and gazed . . .

"Oh," said Martha after a long moment, faintly.

"Did you understand the song . . . your hair like golden light, your eyes the color of heaven itself, your hands pale as the snows that fall in northern lands? I made the words myself yesterday."

No sound came from Martha's open mouth. The boy's glance flashed around him. "Ah, but they stare, they stare," he muttered. "And soon they will all gather round. Señorita," he looked at her with a kind of glowing despair, "I have the happiness to be on leave from my post at the garrison beginning tomorrow. Give me, I beg you, the happiness to be of service to you. Perhaps you wish to ride. Or to drive. Perhaps you wish to see sights—" His voice trailed off; animation fled from his face; he was on his feet, a soldier rigidly at attention before a short, wide, impressive figure packed neatly into a splendid uniform.

There was an instant's silence. Then, "Señor General," said the boy, performing a military duty, "the Señorita Martha Goode!"

The general's bow would have done credit to any six feet of streamlined bone and muscle. "Señorita Goode . . . Goode —is that not a word in English meaning—ah yes!" His eyes gleamed, his teeth flashed. "Goode! Is it not enough that the señorita is beautiful—must she be *buena* as well?"

And he bowed again, gorgeously. The young lieutenant, the image of a junior Hamlet, clicked his heels together dismally and retired to a distance, a mere watcher again.

The three solid-looking citizens opposite rose as one man; advanced; were reluctantly introduced by their friend, the general; bowed; turned phrases with vivacity and grace.

LIKE most other girls, Martha had had some extravagant dreams. There was the one, for instance, in which she was the center of attraction, the cynosure of all eyes. Men vied for her smile and women envied her. Flowers filled her room; exciting engagements sped her days; and every party, every dance was a triumph for her. The prettiest, the wittiest, the best-beloved . . .

This was the dream that, slightly dazed and quite incredulous, Martha found herself *living.* Wonderfully busy from morning to night; surrounded, courted, a whole town at her feet! It was fantastic; it took her breath away, and kept her eyes wide and her lips parted, and the color coming and going in her cheeks. And inevitably as the days went by, it left its mark: she bloomed, she glowed. She stood a little taller and stepped a little lighter, and blushed much less—in a word, she began to take to it all like a duck to water. What a vacation! What an adventure! What a tale to tell her friends back home! Alone in her room, she would gaze into the mirror, giggle, pinch herself—and turn away singing. Singing, smiling, sparkling—modestly, to be sure, for she was still Martha. Gentle of heart and mild in temper—enjoying a miracle, and perfectly aware that it couldn't last.

She was still Martha when Manuel Cordoba y Valles came to town and took one look at her and stayed.

"But this," he had murmured when his friend, the mayor, whose guest he was, presented him, "this is extraordinary. I ride in for a day's business, for some conversation with my friends—and I find *you . . ."*

It was far more extraordinary than he knew: not in her tallest dreams had Martha ever seen herself sought after by such a man. The richest in the region, its leading *hacendado;* his sugar plantations, twenty kilometers away, were famed for their output—whole villages thrived and flourished on it. He himself was striking: tall, bronzed, with a touch of gray at the temples of his fine-boned face, and the calm look of a man who knew what he wanted, and knew how to get it—what *could* such a man see in Martha Goode? But they rode together in the brilliant sunshine, and laughed over cocktails in little outdoor cafés and danced in the moonlight.

Their eyes often met, their hands sometimes touched . . . and now there were strange moments when Martha could have sworn that her hair was as golden as she had ever wished it to be.

Then, one night—when he had been telling her about his home—the century-old stone and adobe house, the patios where bougainvillaea bloomed the deepest crimson and mango trees yielded the sweetest fruit in the region—he said, softly, "I should like you to see it."

She murmured, "I should love to."

His eyes shone. "Martha—my aunt from Tepic would be most happy to chaperon a visit; I have already written to her. Will you come—next week when my aunt will have arrived?"

Next week she would be on the train going homeward—to New York, to the kindergarten, to the modest apartment. That was where Martha E. Goode belonged: on earth, not in heaven, and she knew it. But his face was so close to hers, and her head was swimming a little, and she heard herself say, "Yes, I'll come."

"And will you stay, will you stay forever, Martha? Will you marry me?"

It had broken out of him; and he saw at once that he had spoken too soon. "No, no, don't answer me now. I want you to take your own time, to know me, to see my way of life that will be your way of life, day by day and week by week. Don't answer me now, *niña mía* . . . beautiful!"

And he took her hands very gently and looked at her in the moonlight. It was a three-quarter moon. The stars were so thick they seemed to jostle, strike brilliance from one another. A soft breeze bore her offerings, all the perfume of the night, the echo of music. She had never seen or felt a lovelier moment—alas, too lovely, too perfect to be real—

But it had to be real, it had to be!

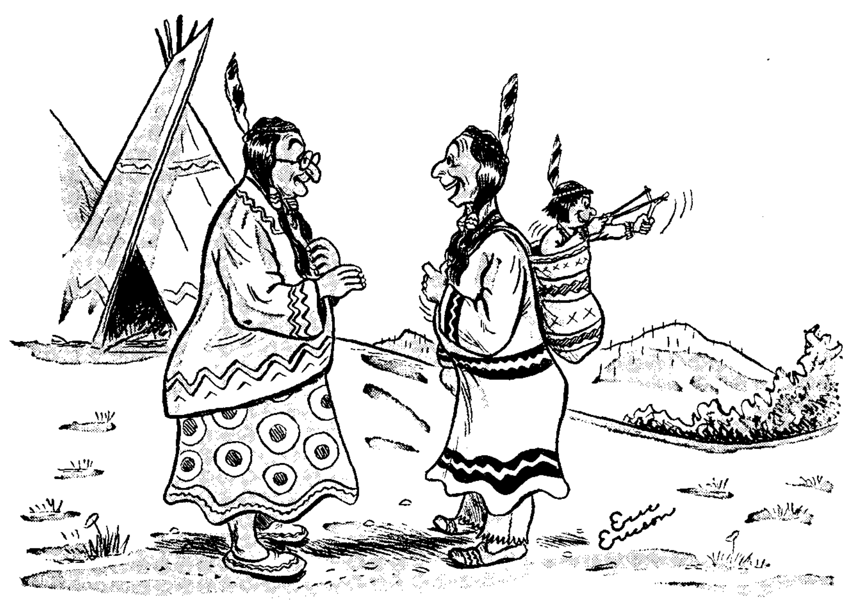
FOR a moment she was struck dumb by the passion of longing that surged up in her. Then she was stammering, "Manuel, listen, there's something I must tell you: It's a mistake, I'm not beautiful. In my own country—if you knew . . . No, don't smile, you've got to understand!" Her hands trembled in his, her heart beat wildly. "Manuel, listen—please listen—it's just that I'm ne different—the visiting girl—the stranger—"

But he kept on smiling, tenderly, adoringly. And he kissed her hands, and then her hair, and then her lips.

"There is nothing," he whispered, "so becoming to beauty as modesty." . . .

She awoke early, rose, and showered, and dressed.

And turned for a last look in the mirror.



COLLIER'S "He likes to refer to it as his rear gun turret!" ERIC ERICSON

Often in these weeks had she seen herself there, cheeks flushed, mouth open, eyes popping with wonder. But the girl who gazed back at her this perfect morning wasn't wondering, nor was she trying to pinch herself back to earth. No. Heaven was the *status quo.* Dreamily she raised her arms to admire their whiteness; and tilted her head so that the light shone on her remarkable hair; and observed that the little dusting of freckles on her nose had a rather piquant effect. Odd that nobody had noticed this . . .

She did laugh at herself here, but softly.

And, humming the tune to which she had had her first dance with Manuel, went out to the dining room. The usual stir and murmur greeted her appearance —and went to her heart today with unusual sweetness. Proudly she walked radiantly she nodded to the right and to the left of her, kind was the smile she gave Luis Carbajal at his corner table —and approaching her own, stopped short, transfixed.

A man was ensconced there.

SHE had never seen him before. But as she stared at him openmouthed, skyscrapers loomed before her eyes, the traffic of New York roared in her ears, and radios blared out war news.

"Well," added a thoroughly American voice, "hello!"

"Señorita," it was the *patron* flying to her, "observe—a compatriot of yours!" His flourish suggested that he had produced the man out of a hat for her sake. "Señor James Donovan; he arrived on the train; he says he has not had the honor of your acquaintance in the United States. Señor," and now trumpets might have accompanied his tone and air, "the Señorita Martha Goode!"

Long and loose-limbed, Mr. Donovan bowed; and studied her; and smiled. "Won't you sit down, señorita?" he said in a Spanish rather better than her own.

She sat down.

Five minutes passed while the *patron* suggested, advised and planned her breakfast. By the time she was free to greet her fellow countryman she had recovered at least part of her breath.

"How odd," she said, "how very odd to see an American here!"

Mr. Donovan laughed. "I, on the other hand, was prepared for you. In lyric measures—by the porter, the *patron,* the chambermaid, the waiter—by a rare little creature who was at the desk when I arrived." He glanced toward the cubbyhole where Concepción sometimes sat to help her brother with the affairs of the hotel. "She's gone now. But yes indeed, I was—er—prepared for you." And again he studied her, and again he smiled.

She dug her spoon into luscious papaya. "Tell me, Mr. Donovan," her voice was steadier now, "if you don't mind my asking—how did you happen to get here? Huitzapil is so very much out of the way."

"Plane to Orizaba, bus to Tepic, and two wrong trains. I was on my way to Jalapa. Listen," he leaned toward her, "who's the girl that was at the desk? Small, dark, enormous eyes, skin the color of ripe apricot—"

"Concepción," said Martha, "the *patron's* sister; and I would advise you to forget about it. They're very strict about their womenfolks here."

It was her tone she regretted; it was her tone, prim and hostile, that made the man stare—with a twinkle fairly dancing

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in his eyes. "Miss Goode! And what is it you're after thinking of, my dear? I merely want to paint the girl."

The color rose to her face, full tide. "Oh," she stammered, "paint—you're a painter—"

"That's right," said Mr. Donovan with charm. "And do you know, it would be very nice of you if you were to suggest to the *patron*—who evidently dotes on you—that when I've a brush in my hand, butter won't melt in my mouth. In a word, I'm safe. I know I don't look it, being so handsome and all, but really I'm safe as Sunday school."

He was not handsome, though there were those who might consider him undeniably attractive. Martha herself, a lifetime ago, would have paid the set of those shoulders and that easy grin the tribute of a flutter or two. But now, as she looked at him, it only struck her that she had never seen a man she liked less. She picked up her coffee—felt a leap of satisfaction at the baffled look on his face as he tasted his. But he chattered on, undaunted.

A little nerve began to twitch in the back of her head. Visions began to drift in and out of her mind. Home . . . the kindergarten . . . the lonely apartment . . . She thought of last night . . . *but last night hadn't happened; it couldn't have happened—not to her—not to her. . . .*

THEN she saw Manuel enter from the *portales*. Her heart turned over, stood still. He reached the table; and for a moment, before he bowed to Mr. Donovan, his eyes spoke to her. He was still, to all appearances, just a friend, an admirer—the handsomest, the most distinguished of them all. But she had only to meet his eyes; to remember that in a week his aunt would arrive, and they would be gone. To those fabulous acres, the gracious house and the flowering patios that, at a word, would be hers. . . .

She could take Mr. Donovan for a week!

Take him she had to.

Manuel and he had hit it off at once. The general, the mayor—everybody liked him. Before the first day was over he had got permission from the *patron* to paint his young sister—provided that the fair señorita sat by, as chaperon. And lo, there he was, during the hour she had used to spend alone in the patio resting and dreaming under the pomegranate trees. There he was, easel, Concepción, grin and twinkle and all—

"You're a great help, Miss Goode. A lucky break for me all around to have found you here. If ever you should get to New York—"

"I come from New York."

"Oh, do you? You have an—unmetropolitan freshness."

To this pretty way of saying she looked small-town, she had retorted: "*You* have the gallantry of a Latin."

"Of a Donovan, Miss Goode. Neat but not gaudy." And he had grinned blandly. And, simmering, she had rippled out a laugh. And he had said, musing, a moment later, "Do you know, I've a feeling you don't like me." And she had replied, "But I do. Why, I practically adore you."

Lightly, brightly—with a glint of steel! Feminine steel—that seemed somehow a counterpart of the new and very feminine allure that had begun to gleam in her eyes and flash in her smiles. . . .

And kindle afresh the susceptible hearts she had already conquered! Yes, to Huitzapil she was more enchanting than ever; and yes, to Manuel she seemed lovelier every day. *How I wish we could be alone; there's so much I want to say to you.* But he could afford to wait—only a little while longer. He could afford—for only a little while longer—to share her charm, her brimming spirits.

The hours passed swiftly, and she had a wonderful time. Serenades kept Donovan awake far into the night. They kept her awake too—but well, at the hacienda she would sleep, she would rest. Only four days more . . . three . . . two . . .

And, at long last, only one.

Only one day more! It came over her, full force, during that siesta hour in the patio, as she lay watching Concepción and listening to Mr. Donovan. She had skipped him at breakfast; a sudden whim had swept her past him—to the table of the stammering and overjoyed young Luis. She had spent the morning in her room, writing letters, going over her wardrobe, fussing at some length with the dress she meant to wear tonight at the weekly dance in the plaza. Her spirits were high—a little choppy with an underlying swell of excitement. She was thinking of Manuel. Of the hacienda. Of the future. . . .

Suddenly that future was close, close as it had never been before.

Perhaps it was because Mr. Donovan, remarking on the sunshine, had just said, ". . . and would you believe it, probably at this moment there's rain at home, and sleet and what not. But still it won't be bad to be back. At a time like this, a couple of weeks of lying in the sun are enough . . . to get a chap thoroughly fit for a uniform. Yes—yes, there's work to be done. . . ."

It was not the first time he'd brought that up, raised an echo of the sound and the fury of a world she was leaving behind her forever.

Tomorrow! A stillness came over her.

"Work to be done," he was repeating absently, then in Spanish, to Concepción: "Are you tired, *chiquita?*"

"No, señor."

"Excellent child . . . one day—when it's as peaceful everywhere as it is here—I'll come back and carry you off to my country. How would you like that, *linda?*"

"What," Concepción murmured impassively, "would I do in your country, señor?"

"You'd stop traffic, for one thing." He stepped back a pace and squinted at his canvas. "And you'd sit for me—and sit—and sit—and I'd string up a *hamacha* between two hooks in my studio, and the Señorita Goode would lie in it watching, and swinging and dreaming. I might even," he brought his brush down in careful strokes, "draw the señorita herself, and then you would do the watching . . . but what do you suppose she is dreaming of, Concepción?"

What would a fair girl dream of, swinging idly in a *hamacha* under the pomegranate trees? "Of her beauty," the answer came promptly in a clear little voice, "and of love. Of the whiteness of her skin, and the heaven of her eyes, and the golden light of her hair; and of how these things fire the blood in men."

Mr. Donovan burst out laughing.

It wasn't the first time he'd laughed like that—or looked at Martha as if he expected her to laugh with him! But that little nerve was throbbing in the back of her head, and the whiteness of her skin had scorched a bright red, and it had been a long, long week, and suddenly she couldn't bear another minute of it. She swung herself out of the *hamacha;* faced him, the heaven of her eyes flashing fire, if not brimstone. And before she knew it, she had spoken to the man from the bottom of her heart:

"*Go—to—hell,* Mr. Donovan," said Martha Ellen Goode.

SHE was dressing for dinner, and for the dance in the plaza that would follow; and she paused and stared at herself in the mirror. Anger, recklessness, violent impulse—for the first time she had a sense of how much she had changed, and how extraordinary it was. She caught her breath, bewildered, felt a stab of misgiving—then it was gone in a wave of exhilaration. Yes, she had changed, inside and out!

With a gay laugh, she picked up her rouge—put it down again; obviously she she didn't need it tonight. Mascara, yes. Eye-shadow, yes. (She had purchased both only yesterday at the little shop across the square.) Now, lipstick. A touch of perfume. The corsage of orchids. A little strutting and posing, side view, back view, front view again—and she was ready for her *au revoir* to Huitzapil; ready for that, and for anything else. It was very odd: she was never to remember altogether clearly what happened that night.

There was that excitement, of course, chopping away in her, for all the world as if a storm were brewing. And she had wine at dinner at Don Felipe's house; perhaps, since she didn't eat much, it went a little to her head. There was the man she loved sitting beside her, and the man she hated, across the table . . . easy, smiling, watching her, and making no bones about it! The mayor's nephew proposed a toast to her; dark eyes shone upon her; Manuel grew handsomer every minute. So it actually seemed. And the handsomer he grew, the more she sparkled, the brighter she smiled. . . .

And ah, how enchanting it was outdoors, in the plaza! The moon was full; huge and yellow, it hung low over the scene, a fantastic lantern. Jasmine, bougainvillaea, orange trees in blossom, yielded all their scent to the night. And over it all, above the soft hum of voices, the gay and indolent laughter, throbbed that music, more potent than any wine. The promise of love, the very pulse of romance. It got in her blood; it got in her head—that fair head gleaming so conspicuously among all those dark ones.

She danced her feet off. With Manuel, who held her close, whispering against her cheek; with, one after the other in a breathless whirl, the flower and glory of Huitzapil manhood. Surrounded, courted; the prettiest, the wittiest, the best-beloved . . . almost, almost it was like a dream again. The hours passed in a kind of effervescent haze. Once Donovan claimed her, and she didn't refuse—she was ready, more than ready for him!

But he spoke once, only once.

"Are you very tired, Miss Goode?" he asked softly.

IT WAS so unexpected, she nearly tripped over his feet. Then recovering herself, she laughed in his face. It was a ringing laugh, and she could have sworn he changed color. No, not tonight; he couldn't annoy her tonight—or ever again! She wanted to tell him why, but she didn't quite know herself: her head felt so light. That moon, that music . . . a little later she saw him watching her as she whirled by with the mayor's nephew. She saw him dancing with Concepción . . . chatting with Manuel. They both waved to her, and her cheeks burned; she felt so charged with love and hatred, she hardly knew which was which.

Then again she was in Manuel's arms, for the last dance, as radiant as if the evening were just beginning instead of ending. In perfect step they swayed to the rhythm of their favorite rumba. Slowly they circled away from the crowd . . . past the bandstand kiosk . . . past Donovan, chatting now with the young lieutenant who had never ceased following her with his eyes. In a path of moonlight, they drifted to the shadows; and there they paused, moved apart, and looked at each other.

His face shimmered before her eyes; she felt curiously dizzy.

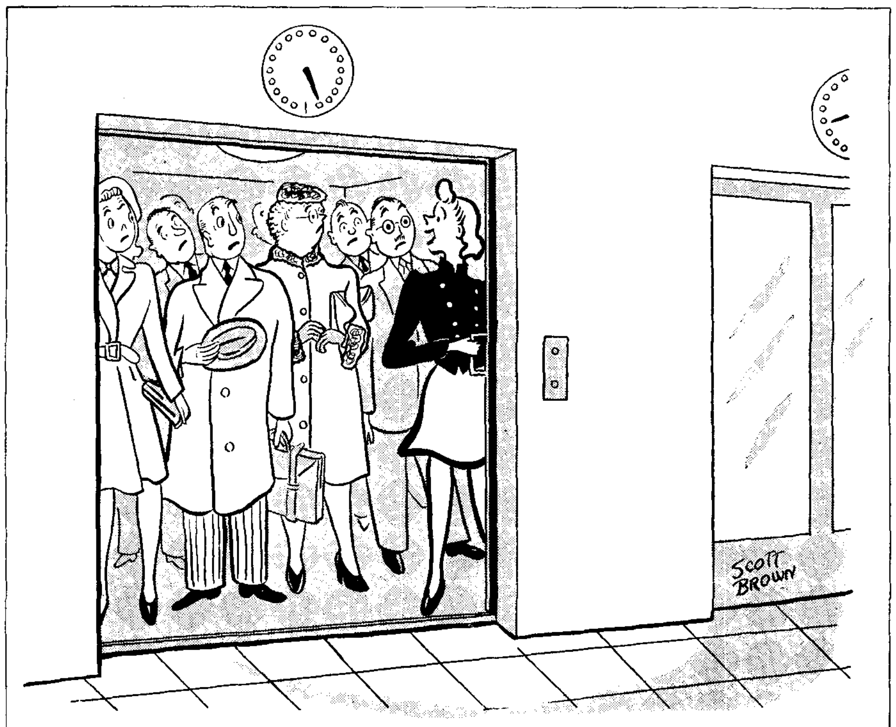
He said, "I'm glad it's over. I want you to myself. Tomorrow . . . my aunt arrives on the morning train."

She said, "Yes—" and saw them: young Luis striding ahead, Mr. Donovan at his elbow, as if he were trying to hold him back. Manuel saw them too; frowned, clasped her and started to dance her back toward the lights—

But the boy stood in their way, planted. Pale, determined, his hot eyes clinging to her face. "Señorita, I beg—I must speak with you—"

Manuel said coldly, "Señor Lieutenant, you forget yourself." Mr. Donovan spoke at the same time: "Come, my boy, tomorrow—"

"But you just told me she will be gone tomorrow!" Luis' young voice rang with despair. He took a step nearer to her,



COLLIER'S "Hang on, everybody! I promised to flatten the tin cans for the cafeteria in the basement this trip!" SCOTT BROWN

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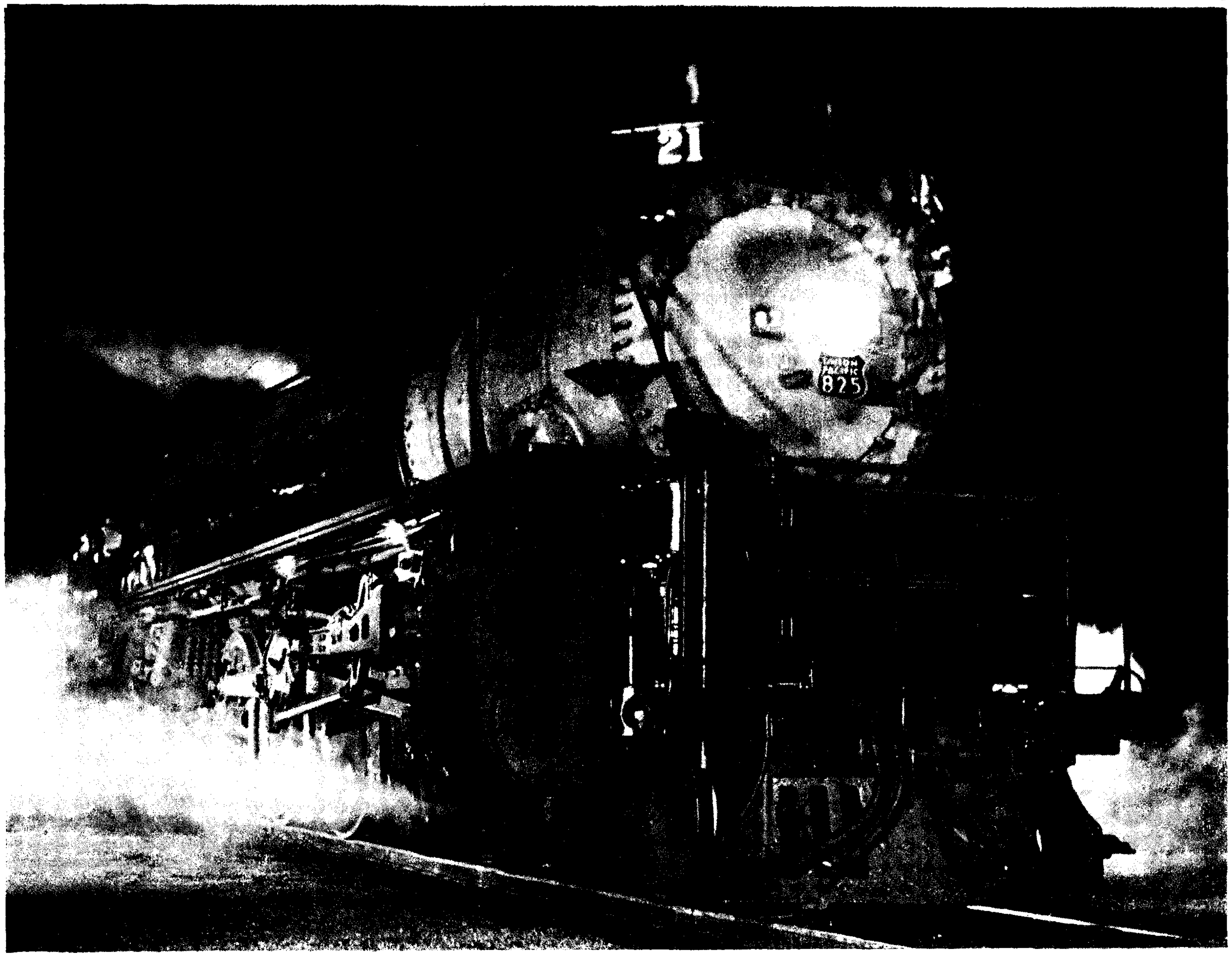

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ROAD OF THE STREAMLINERS AND THE CHALLENGERS oblivious of the others. "Señorita, I beg—this morning at breakfast you were so kind—I thought, I hoped . . . and tonight when we danced you said you would ride with me one day. How can it be then—is it true—will you be gone—?"

It was at this moment that the music stopped; and afterward she thought it was that that had done it: the crash of the final chord, the sudden stillness washing over the night, over her. The first thing she knew was how *tired* she was, from head to toe and through and through—she had never been so tired in her life! The next thing she knew was that she had to get away, and instantly, from the tormented face of that poor foolish boy, from Donovan's gaze . . . But Manuel held her arm. His voice stern with displeasure, he was saying something to Luis about the señorita being under his protection from now on—a guest of himself and his aunt at his hacienda—

"No, I can't!" That was the third thing she knew, in every quivering nerve. "Manuel, forgive me, I can't. I can't keep it up, it's too hard—don't you see, I'm not, I'm *not* beautiful! If you saw me in my own country you'd never look at me twice. Nobody ever has. Why should they? There are thousands of me—ask *him*. My compatriot, he'll tell you, and he's right; he's been laughing himself sick from the moment he arrived, and he's right, it's funny, it's a scream. Me, a glamor girl, me a beauty, me a—a fake, a fraud, that's what I am! Oh, Manuel, forgive me, I tried to tell you but you wouldn't listen—no, let me go! I can't any more! I can't keep it up!"

SHE wrenched her arm out of his grasp. As she turned and ran, she saw Donovan catch Manuel by the sleeve. "Let her," she heard him say. "It's nothing, she danced too much, she'll be all right tomorrow."

But it was already "tomorrow."

There was no time to rest, no time to think. There was scarcely time, moving swiftly through the daze that enwrapped her, to do all she had to do. But she was nearly ready when dawn broke; and quite ready when at last she heard the crazy whistle of the crazy little train.

She stepped out into the patio. The cool luster of the morning stung her eyes. But the hotel still slept; there was no sign of life except for the Indian boy who was sluicing water over the blue and green tile.

"Sssh," she whispered to him, beckoning. "Come . . .

"Sssh," she whispered again, as his mouth opened at the sight of her packed bags. "Quietly, Rosario. To the station. To the train. I'll carry the smaller ones."

It was a ten-minute walk, the back way. The station was deserted. She bought a first-class compartment, locked the door, drew the window blind, and waited—endlessly. But at last it came: the accelerated bustle . . . the lunatic scream of the whistle, piercing her heart once. The train shook as in an ague, groaned, moved. . . .

After a while she got up, unlocked the door. She was in the end car; the observation platform was only a step. She unfolded one of the camp stools provided for sight-seers, sat down and watched Huitzapil, watched heaven disappear between the looming hills.

"Lovely, isn't it?" said a voice behind her.

It rent her daze, but she didn't turn, she couldn't move.

"I'm sorry, really—"

"Leave me alone," she said without expression, and still without moving.

"Miss Goode, my dear—"

She stood up. But he blocked the doorway. "You weren't, you know," he said, after a moment, "in love with him. Not really."

"Go away."

He didn't stir.

"Go away," she screamed and burst, like a thunderclap, into tears.

He drew her to him. "Here," he said gently, as if it were the least he could do for her, "my shoulder."

She wet it thoroughly, and blubbered against it heartbrokenly all the while, "Why—why did you hound me? Why couldn't you let me be? What did I ever do to you? I wasn't doing any harm—never did any harm—until you came—you drove me to it! That boy—telling him— What business was it of yours—how did you know anyway that I was going to the hacienda?"

"There, Miss Goode, there, my dear," his voice was soothing, soothing. "I didn't know you were going to any hacienda. I told Kid Hamlet that you were going home. And you are, aren't you? And I knew you would—if I had to pick you up and carry you. I was catching this train myself, you see, and I wanted you on it."

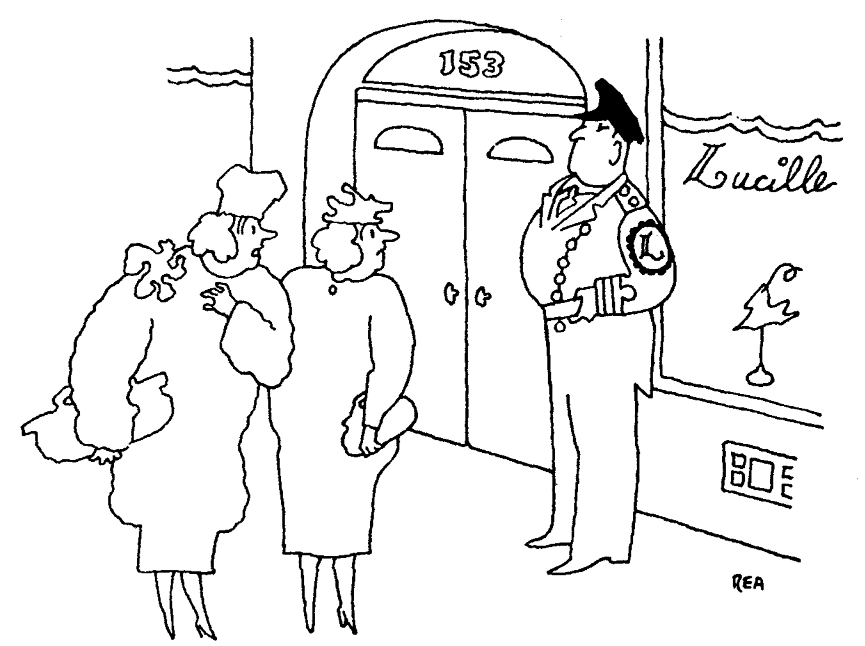
Slowly, after a long moment, she raised her head.

HE TOOK her chin in his hand, mused down on her face. It was very tear-stained and very still. "Tst, tst, if Huitzapil could see you now!" But the twinkle in his eye was definitely on the tender side. "No," he said, "this funny little face will never stop traffic—not where it's going to: home, back home, where it belongs. But that cheek line now . . . I saw it once in a portrait by Matisse, and I think I've been looking for it in the flesh ever since . . . and for eyes that are set in just this way . . . and for a dash of freckles on a cute little nose." He bent suddenly and kissed that dash of freckles. "I bet," he went on, and his voice was a little husky now, "I bet you don't know how cute they are. Or how your eyes are shining—*shining*. And your skin . . ." he touched it, "and your mouth . . ." he paused.

The train lurched drunkenly around a curve, blotting out the last glimpse of Huitzapil, but neither of them noticed. He stared at her, and it was strange and wonderful to see his eyes completely sober now, frowning, in fact, widening with the shock of a perfectly new idea. "Do you know," said James Donovan slowly, unsteadily, "at that, they were right . . . I'll be darned if you aren't . . . any way one looks at it, you are—you *are* rather beautiful!"

And in that moment, as his lips found hers, she very nearly was.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Oh, dear, and I thought I'd learned all the insignia!" GARDNER REA

The Flying Hawks

Continued from page 37

race. Hawks himself has driven in dirt-track races. For a time, he had one of the best racing stables in California but gave it up when his favorite horse, General Chandler, went lame and had to be destroyed.

His favorite sports now are hunting and fishing, and at least once a year he forgathers with Gary Cooper and one Ernest Hemingway, writer, at such a place as Sun Valley, Idaho. Their meetings always result in fearful assaults on elk, ducks, deer, pheasants, rabbits, field mice and pigeons. Hemingway, away from his typewriter, is apparently a character whose idea of play is to wrestle Cooper and Hawks, separately or together, in a room full of china. They are prepared for a series of lacerations and contusions, and this year Hawks came away with a busted hand. Cooper was slightly mangled.

"The arnica flowed like water," reports Hawks.

However, nothing counts now but Air Force, the biggest picture Hawks ever made and the most difficult. The Army fliers who helped on the epic were unanimous in declaring that although the chance of getting killed was much better on Hickam Field, the punishment they took at Tampa was more trying. One major who led the dive-bombing attacks for the film in a P-43 got to within twenty feet of the ground and was rudely bumped up against by the gigantic explosions of dynamite set off to simulate bomb explosions. The major landed and came over to Hawks indignantly.

"One more like that," he cried, "and you'll be driving that thing yourself."

Jimmy Howe, the Chinese cameraman, handled the Chinese actors who played the role of Japs in the Coral Sea sequences. He used head-on lighting without any softening spotlights whatever, giving the subjects a harsh, straight black-and-white contrast. Then he gave his fellow Chinese a pep talk.

"You're actors, huh? Well, don't look so soft and nice. Who do you want everybody to think you are—Chinese?"

One morning, as a gag, Hawks had Howe listed on the bulletin board with the actors: "Jimmy Howe . . . Japanese General."

The crew made sure that Jimmy saw it, but were then worried by the incident because Jimmy turned swiftly and started away.

"Where are you going?" they cried.

The short, stocky Howe, whose temper is famous in Hollywood, turned and bellowed his anger: "I'm packing up and going home!"

An idea of the particular care taken in making the picture can be had from the fact that the bomber used for indoor shots in the studio cost $40,000 to build. It was absolutely correct to the last bolt.

"Put another side on that thing," said the awe-struck Army men, "and it'd be a swell glider."

Accuracy for Realism

The temperature at Tampa was over a hundred, and the humidity seemed to be in the thousands. The crew used nine hundred gallons of drinking water a day, plus two hundred and fifty pounds of ice, plus 1,750 paper cups. Hawks insisted on absolute accuracy and was particularly anxious that nothing should be done that could be criticized by the most captious flier. He resolutely kept the planes from acting, in the usual Hollywood style, "with the gyrations of a punch-drunk humming bird."

"There is nothing more dramatic a plane can do than the simple acts of landing or taking off," he said.

The camera crews took long chances, shooting from the wings of plunging planes and from the cockpits of fighters. Even more trying were the shots taken while dive bombers plunged almost on the camera before zooming aloft again.

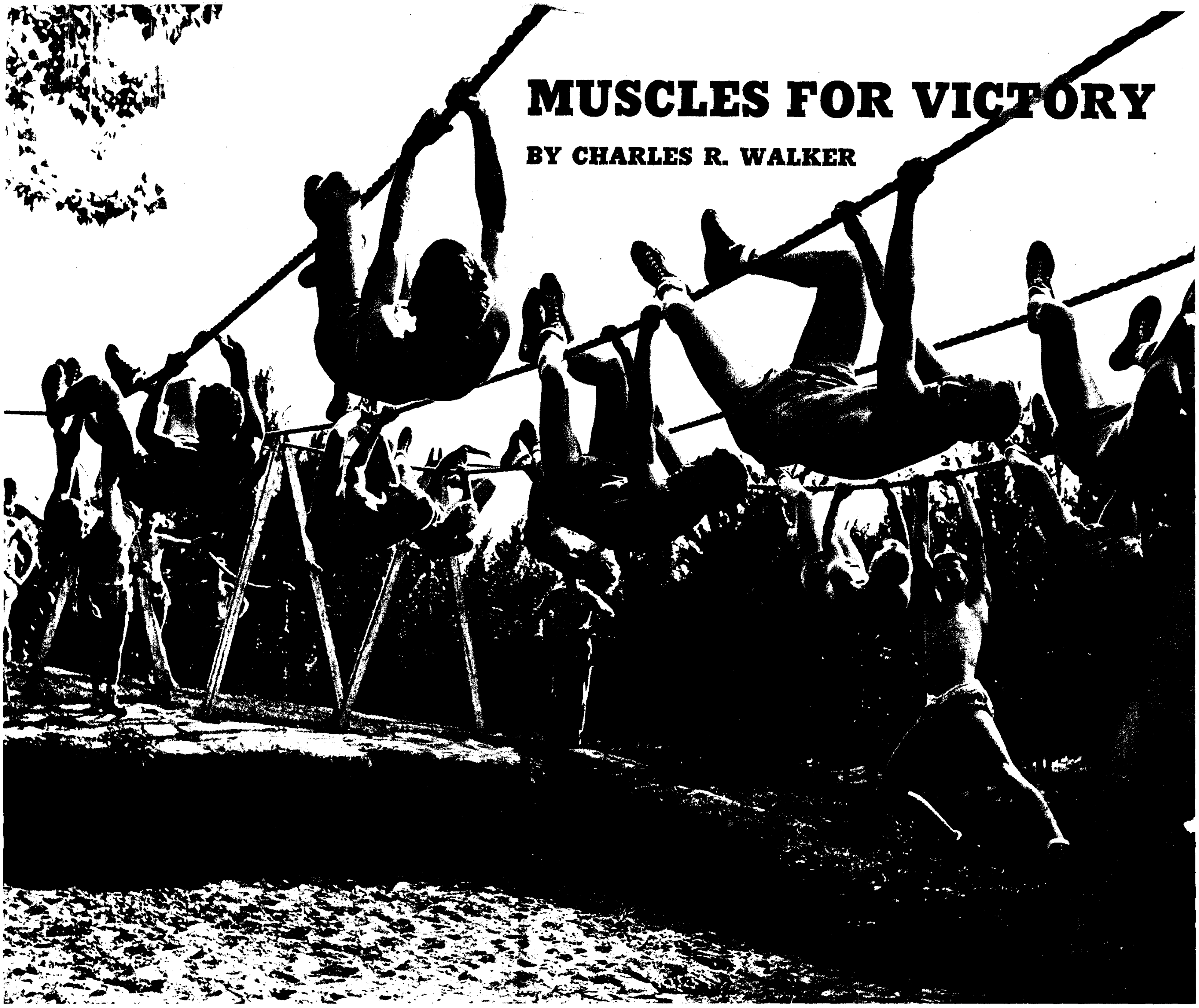
Next to Harry Carey, Jimmy Howe was the worrier of the troupe about flying. Before every trip he scrupulously examined his parachute. One morning when he felt he was ready, an Army major ordered him to check the parachute again. Jimmy opened it—to find it stuffed with newspaper comic strips. The gang roared at his indignation.

"Just wanted you to have something to read on your way down," explained Hawks, who is quite a jokester in his quiet way.

By this time, Hollywood is convinced that Air Force is going to be America's first great war film. Its sentiment is not manufactured; its emotions are real and deadly serious; it has the uplifting qualities that come from bravery and great daring.

When William Faulkner, the novelist, saw the first rushes he said, "This isn't a motion picture; this is nine guys on a round trip."

THE END



MUSCLES FOR VICTORY

BY CHARLES R. WALKER

Rope crawling, monkey-fashion, is an effective means of accumulating the grind necessary to achieve stamina. It plays an important part in air-cadet training

Are you going into the Army? Then maybe you'd like to start toughening up now and save yourself a lot of grief when you take the "basic." A famous swimming coach tells how you can do it

THIS is a motorized and mechanized war, and too many people think that if we turn out enough machines and technicians, victory is in the bag. They can't see the man for the machines; they forget that it is also, in the final analysis, more than ever before, a war of individuals.

Since the Germans swarmed into Poland three years ago, more men have fought hand-to-hand, more men have marched more miles carrying their equipment, and the coefficient of punishment has been greater than in any war in history.

To withstand the rigors of this kind of warfare, a soldier must be tough. As Bob Kiphuth, famous Olympic and Yale University swimming coach, puts it, he must have "plenty of mileage"—the accumulated grind which a man must submit to if he is to achieve victory stamina. He needs a "whale of a good motor"—which means the muscles of the pelvis, the abdomen and the trunk. Also, operation of tanks and planes, armored divisions and armored ships demands specialized muscles. The parachutist is dependent upon rugged stamina plus delicate muscular co-ordination. The soldier in the pilot tower of a tank should be strong in the deltoids, biceps and latissimus; they absorb the pounding he receives as the tank careens over rough ground. All the crew need strong abdominal muscles. On shipboard, well-developed upper body muscles are necessary for self-hoisting in and also out of hatches and for maneuvering in close quarters.

"The Army's thirteen weeks' basic training," says Kiphuth, "is too short a time to toughen up a man if he is soft. But it's long enough to make him miserable, because it's pretty strenuous. My advice is: Don't wait until you enter the Armed Forces. Begin now to accumulate mileage and to tune up your motor. Everybody must be fit if we are to win. In this war, quartermasters and telephone operators are often called upon to fight with knives and bayonets, not to mention fists and teeth. The tougher you are, the better will be your chances of survival.

Getting a Head Start

"Start with a few simple tests which will give you your own score. Chin yourself ten times. Do push-ups off the floor twenty times. Broad-jump, standing, seven feet. Climb a rope fifteen feet, using your feet if you wish. Vault a fence four and one-half feet high, using both hands. Raise your trunk from a lying position till you're sitting up. Repeat this fifty times.

"That's not easy for everyone, but it will indicate your abdominal strength. Do a vertical jump of a foot and one-half, to measure your "explosive energy" and to see how far you can lift your total body weight straight up in the air. To do this, first make a mark eighteen inches above the highest reach of your right hand. Then jump up and touch the mark or better it.

"Then you can find out about your all-round fitness and endurance by taking, if possible, the Brouha 'step-up test,' which is used for Commandos in England and for some of our own troops. Any competent physical instructor can help you with this. A stool or box, two feet square and eighteen inches high, is placed in front of you. You step up on the box, then step down, and continue in a rhythm of thirty steps to the minute, up and down, every two seconds. At the end of four minutes the instructor takes your pulse at one- two- and three-minute intervals. The speed with which your pulse falls off toward the normal is an almost perfect gauge of your body's over-all endurance.

"If you don't do too badly in the step-up test and can perform the others easily, your body has few motor or muscular defects. You needn't worry much about the thirteen weeks' basic you'll get in the Army. If you fail, get busy."

To help you get in shape for the hard work that is to come, here is a simple toughening-up program designed by

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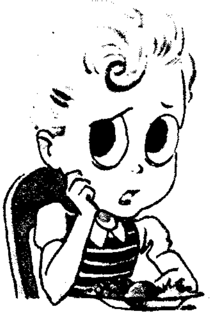

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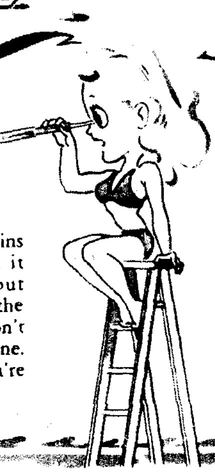

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Government authorities say today that 3 out of 4 people are under par—"sub-marginal"—nervous, underweight, easily fatigued—even "well-fed" people—because they don't get enough vitamins and minerals! Result, millions of people taking pills!

But if you are a regular Ovaltine user—and are eating three average-good meals a day—you don't need to worry! Other people who are not using Ovaltine may need vitamin pills or capsules, but as an Ovaltine user, you're already getting all the *extra* vitamins and minerals *your system can profitably use*, according to experts!

Long before vitamin and mineral deficiencies became a serious national problem, we added to Ovaltine *extra amounts* of those vitamins and minerals most likely to be deficient in the average diet—*enough to be sure*—in scientific proportion—all except Vitamin C which is plentiful in fruit juice.

This is ONE of the reasons why thousands of tired, nervous people and thin, underweight children have shown remarkable improvement in health when Ovaltine is added to their regular meals.

So don't worry about vitamins and minerals! Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the extra ones you can use—in addition to its other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health—

3 MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

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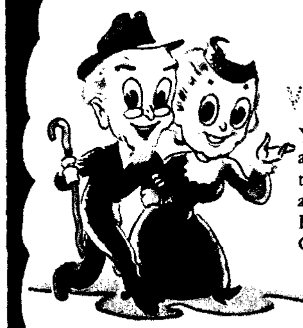

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VITAMINS G, P-P

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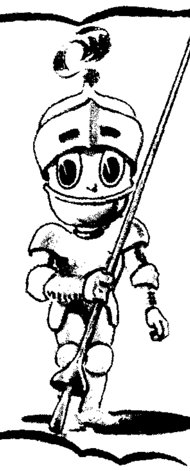

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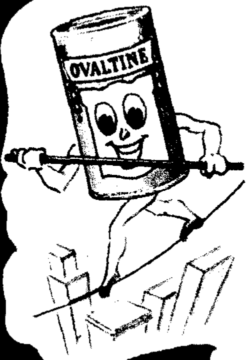
Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the way you can use it!



But No.

Don't think vitamins and minerals are *all* Ovaltine gives you. It's a well-balanced dietary food supplement prescribed by doctors the world over. Famous also as a bedtime drink to foster sound sleep and morning freshness.

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They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

MEN WORKING

WARNING!

Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food.

So rely on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need!

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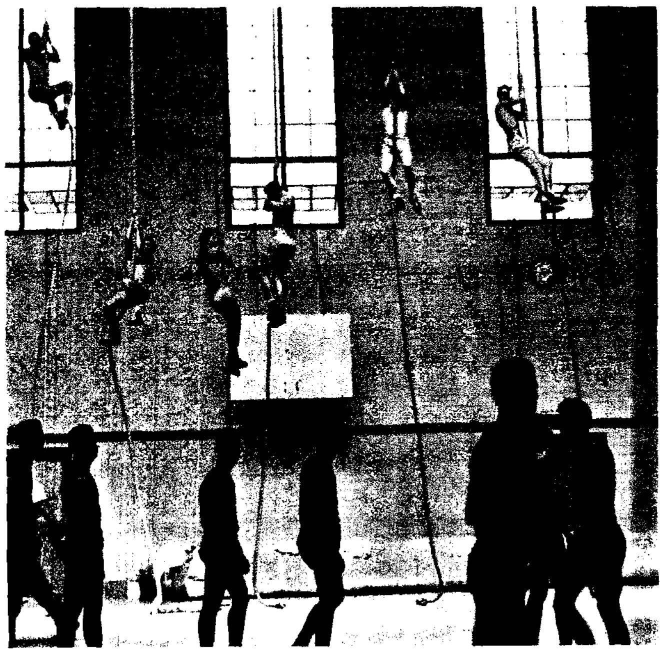
OVALTINE

THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

These Yale students are not scaling the nine-foot wall around the Bowl to beat the ticket taker. Members of Yale combat teams, they are going through the paces

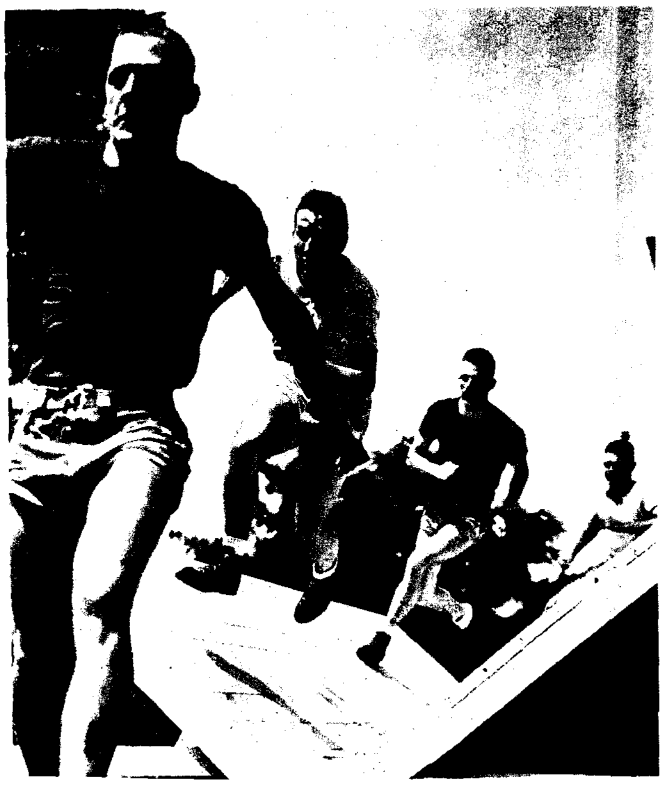
Hand-to-hand fighting combines the most destructive features of boxing, wrestling and jujitsu. Here pre-flight cadets try bone-crushing holds on each other



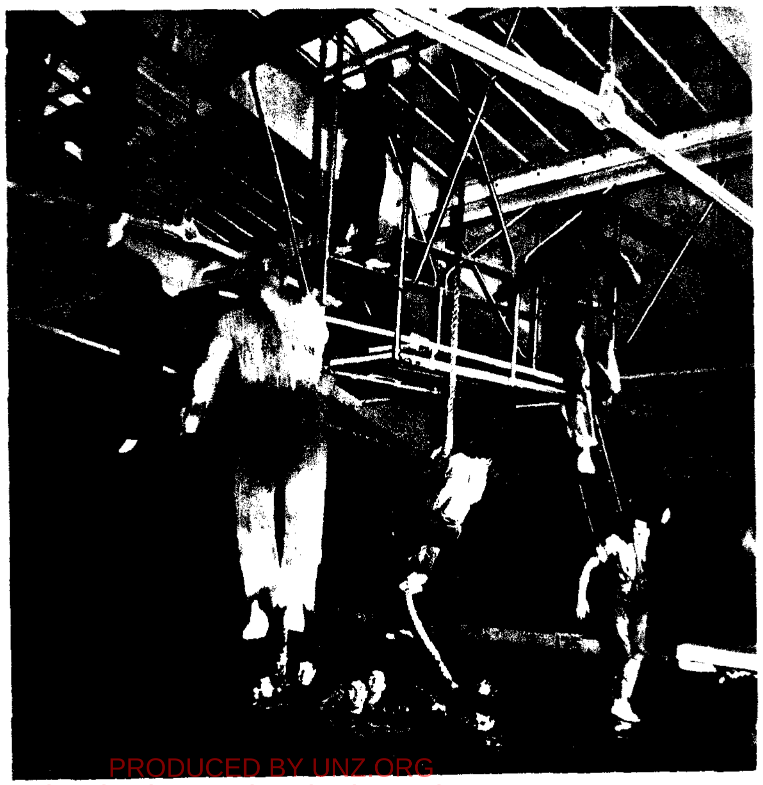
Rope climbing is a great "builder-upper" for those muscles that will be subject to the pounding that only a careening tank and a dancing destroyer can deal out

Rugged stamina alone is not sufficient for the highly trained soldier. He must also possess muscular control, displayed by these future avaitors walking a narrow plank

The idea is to avoid the mail-order muscles. Body building means what it says, with emphasis on the whole body, and jogging and walking can be very effective aids



Aquatic ability is definitely essential. These air cadets dropping into the pool learn to swim under water, remain afloat motionless and zigzag to avoid strafing



Kiphuth for the average American from 15 to 20 years old. It is good conditioning work for other ages also, but Kiphuth particularly had in mind the thousands of 18-, 19- and 20-year-olds now eligible for the draft, most of whom are " 'way short on their muscle mileage."

1. Jog-walk a mile daily.
2. *Go after your favorite sport.*
3. Do some regular body-building at least five times a week. This means emphasis on the *whole* body. The average boy neglects his body for his muscles; he overemphasizes his sprinting, tennis or baseball muscles, overdeveloping some part of his body machine at the expense of his motor.

Get from your physical instructor in school or at the Y a plan for free-movement body exercises. Follow it rigorously fifteen minutes a day. If you're already an athlete, you'll experience a surprising increase in your specialized skills. If you're in poor shape generally, the results will astonish you. This is not muscular strong-man stuff; the exercises are designed to step up the potential of your motor.

Pile up under your belt, so to speak, some exercise mileage. One of the best ways to make a deposit in your body bank of physical stamina is to take—daily or every other day—a jog-walk *hike. Do a mile or a mile and a half* every day, alternating a jog with a brisk walk every quarter of a mile. Three times a week is better than every day this week and none the next. Figure out what's practicable and stick to your schedule like glue.

Go after your favorite sport, not as a spectator, but as a player. Every hour you spend on a civilian athletic field will pay dividends when you're drafted.

Combat Training for Victory

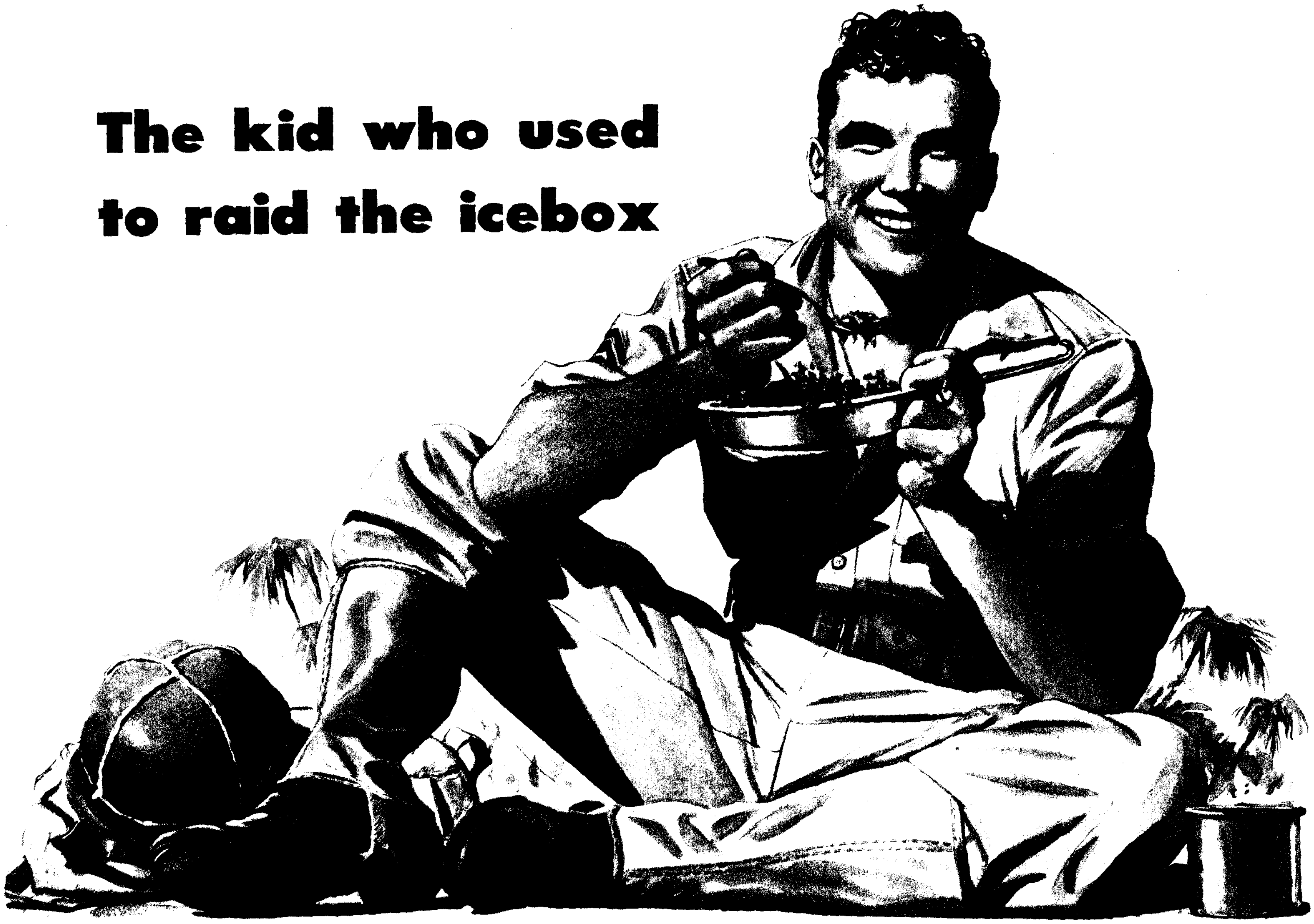
"This," says Kiphuth, "should be the minimum program for all American youngsters. But there is a maximum, also. If the nation is really serious about toughening up, I propose that every school and college in America set up competitive combat teams for physically ambitious and qualified young men. This team should be modeled on the Olympic Pentathlon, but adapted to training for war victories, not athletic ones."

He lists these five events and tests for a war pentathlon:

1. Body motor tests and contests, such as chinning, rope climbing and fence vaulting. The standard in these should be high.
2. Wartime swimming. Every member of a combat team should be able to jump from a height of twenty feet fully clothed and swim under water for twenty-five yards; to swim quietly on the surface with war kit; to remain afloat twenty minutes, motionless; to rescue a comrade and swim fifty yards with him; to straight-arm an enemy in the water or seize him from behind; and to zigzag in the water and submerge quietly to avoid gunfire.
3. Field conditioning. A forced march of fifteen to twenty miles with full pack.
4. Perform a manual-labor problem in record time.
5. Tests for personal-combat efficiency, including boxing, wrestling and jujitsu in combination, and a knowledge of the principles of hand-to-hand fighting.

"If you'll practice even the minimum program faithfully for a few months," Kiphuth concludes, "you'll get a big kick and satisfaction when you take your basic. Above all, it will enable you to lead when your turn comes. Military leadership is built on team play and physical fitness." ★★★

The kid who used to raid the icebox



Next time you shop for food, keep this boy in mind . . .

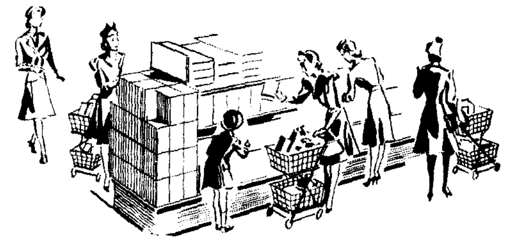
He is the kid who used to come in late at night and "polish off" mother's meal planned for the next day. Folks used to say he'd eat his parents out of house and home . . .

He's in the armed services now . . . along with millions of other boys. And, of course, he and all his buddies have taken their appetites with them.

Uncle Sam knows that these fighters need the finest food . . . and plenty of it. And so the men of our Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard are the best fed in all the world.

We "stay-at-homes" must make sacrifices in support of our fighting forces. So consider this . . .

When you visit your A&P Super Market and learn that some favorite item is repeatedly unavailable, know that it has probably "joined up for the duration." And should you be asked by an A&P manager or clerk to buy only one of an item you usually purchase in larger quantity, know that it, too, is scarce because it is "seeing service." But remember this . . .



Your A&P Super Market has hundreds upon hundreds of good things to eat. Any average homemaker can shop from the shelves and bins of an A&P Super Market and assure her family of downright good meals . . . of tasty goodness and needed nourishment. And, of course, A&P's famous policy of selling foods at the lowest possible prices is in effect today . . . as always.

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"Let patriotism dictate your shopping list. When you market, follow these important rules: (1) *Buy what is plentiful.* (2) *Buy what is fresh.* (3) *Buy what is produced locally.* (4) *Buy what your Government asks you to buy in its Victory Food Features.* (5) *Do not hoard."* . . . *from a statement of Claude R. Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture, in The American Magazine.*

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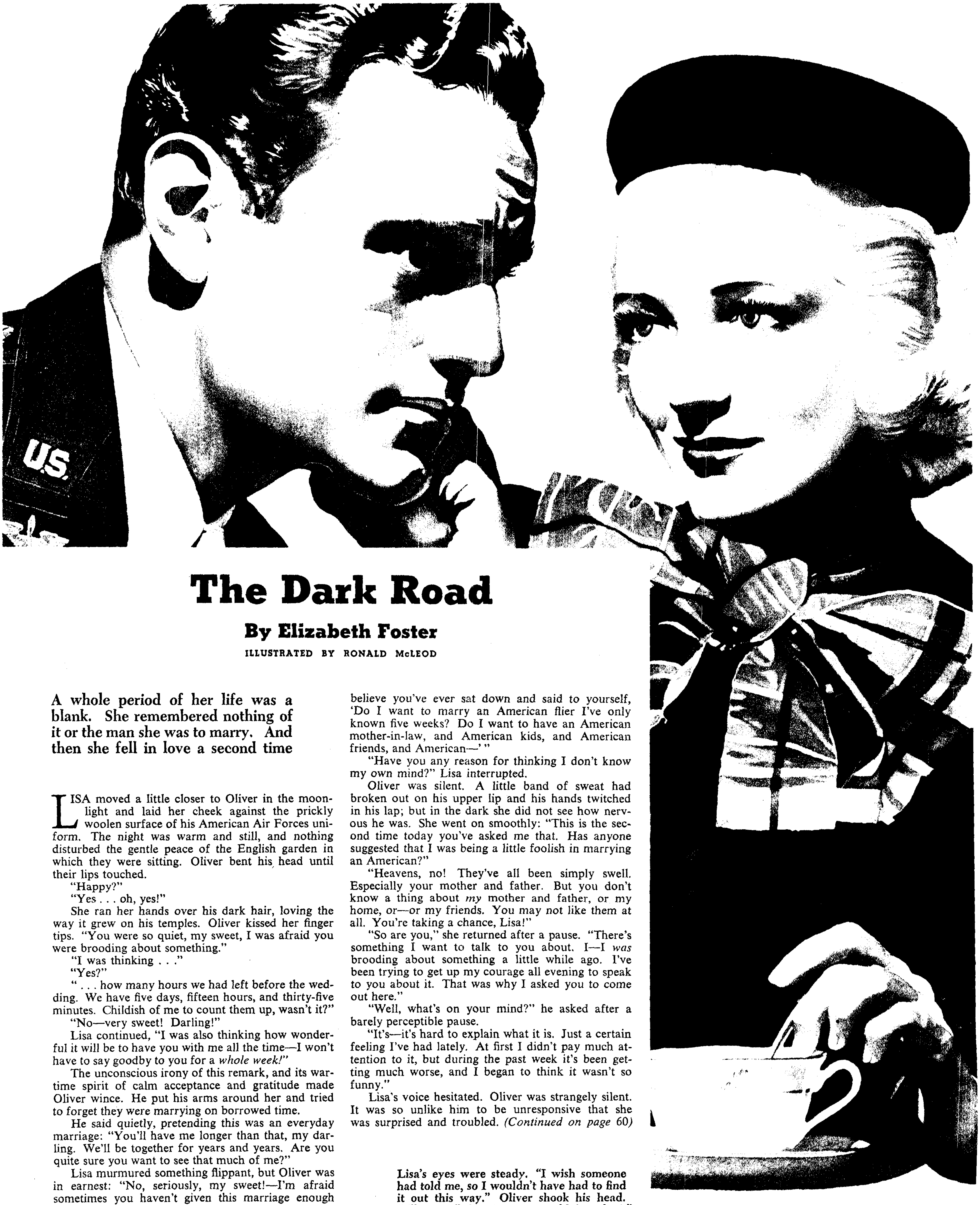
and many other fine foods



The Dark Road

By Elizabeth Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

A whole period of her life was a blank. She remembered nothing of it or the man she was to marry. And then she fell in love a second time

LISA moved a little closer to Oliver in the moonlight and laid her cheek against the prickly woolen surface of his American Air Forces uniform. The night was warm and still, and nothing disturbed the gentle peace of the English garden in which they were sitting. Oliver bent his head until their lips touched.

"Happy?"

"Yes . . . oh, yes!"

She ran her hands over his dark hair, loving the way it grew on his temples. Oliver kissed her finger tips. "You were so quiet, my sweet, I was afraid you were brooding about something."

"I was thinking . . ."

"Yes?"

" . . . how many hours we had left before the wedding. We have five days, fifteen hours, and thirty-five minutes. Childish of me to count them up, wasn't it?"

"No—very sweet! Darling!"

Lisa continued, "I was also thinking how wonderful it will be to have you with me all the time—I won't have to say goodby to you for a *whole week!*"

The unconscious irony of this remark, and its wartime spirit of calm acceptance and gratitude made Oliver wince. He put his arms around her and tried to forget they were marrying on borrowed time.

He said quietly, pretending this was an everyday marriage: "You'll have me longer than that, my darling. We'll be together for years and years. Are you quite sure you want to see that much of me?"

Lisa murmured something flippant, but Oliver was in earnest: "No, seriously, my sweet!—I'm afraid sometimes you haven't given this marriage enough thought. I mean, it's all been so quick, and I don't believe you've ever sat down and said to yourself, 'Do I want to marry an American flier I've only known five weeks? Do I want to have an American mother-in-law, and American kids, and American friends, and American—' "

"Have you any reason for thinking I don't know my own mind?" Lisa interrupted.

Oliver was silent. A little band of sweat had broken out on his upper lip and his hands twitched in his lap; but in the dark she did not see how nervous he was. She went on smoothly: "This is the second time today you've asked me that. Has anyone suggested that I was being a little foolish in marrying an American?"

"Heavens, no! They've all been simply swell. Especially your mother and father. But you don't know a thing about *my* mother and father, or my home, or—or my friends. You may not like them at all. You're taking a chance, Lisa!"

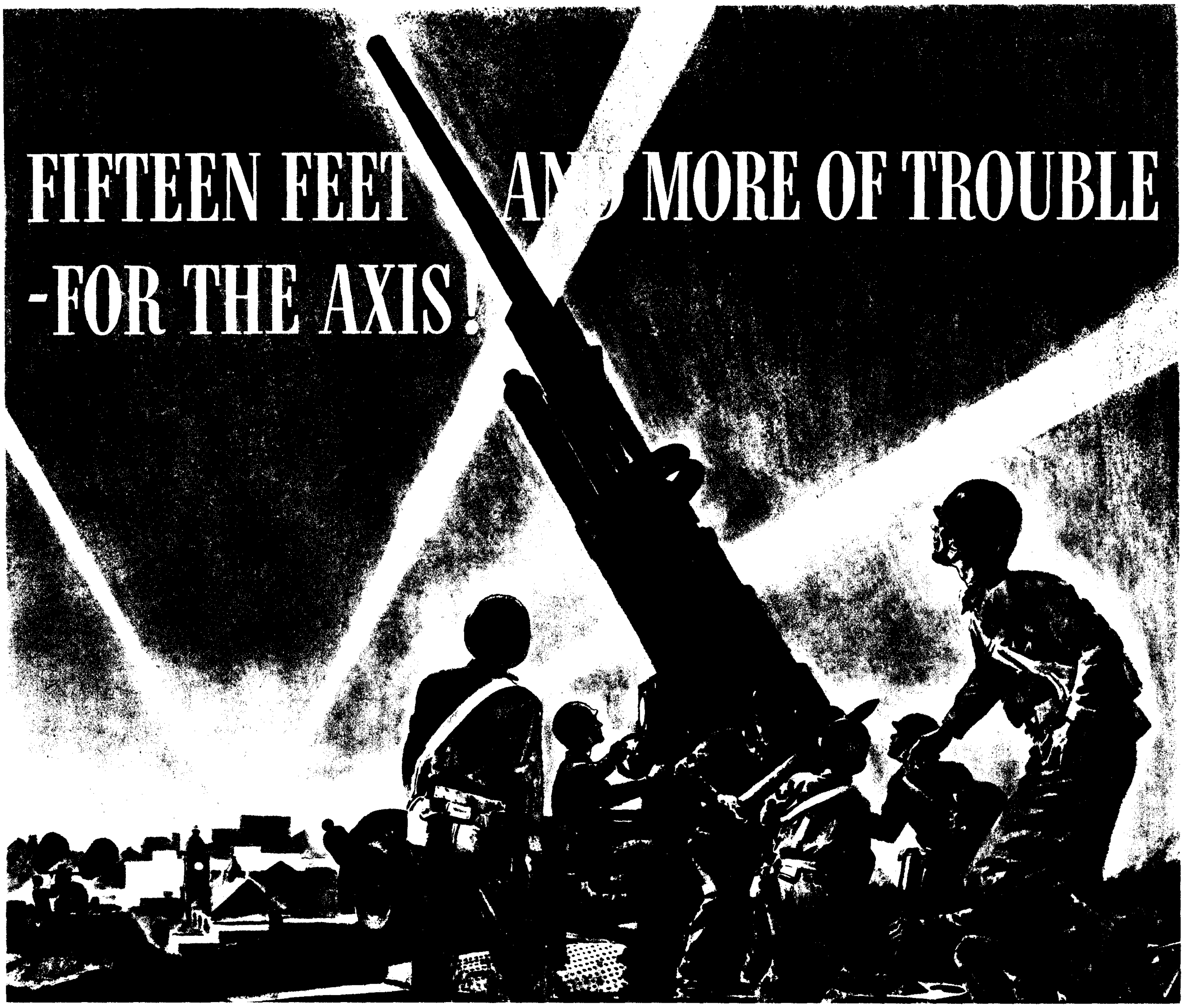
"So are you," she returned after a pause. "There's something I want to talk to you about. I—I *was* brooding about something a little while ago. I've been trying to get up my courage all evening to speak to you about it. That was why I asked you to come out here."

"Well, what's on your mind?" he asked after a barely perceptible pause.

"It's—it's hard to explain what it is. Just a certain feeling I've had lately. At first I didn't pay much attention to it, but during the past week it's been getting much worse, and I began to think it wasn't so funny."

Lisa's voice hesitated. Oliver was strangely silent. It was so unlike him to be unresponsive that she was surprised and troubled. *(Continued on page 60)*

Lisa's eyes were steady. "I wish someone had told me, so I wouldn't have had to find it out this way." Oliver shook his head. "I'll just tell the vicar you couldn't make it"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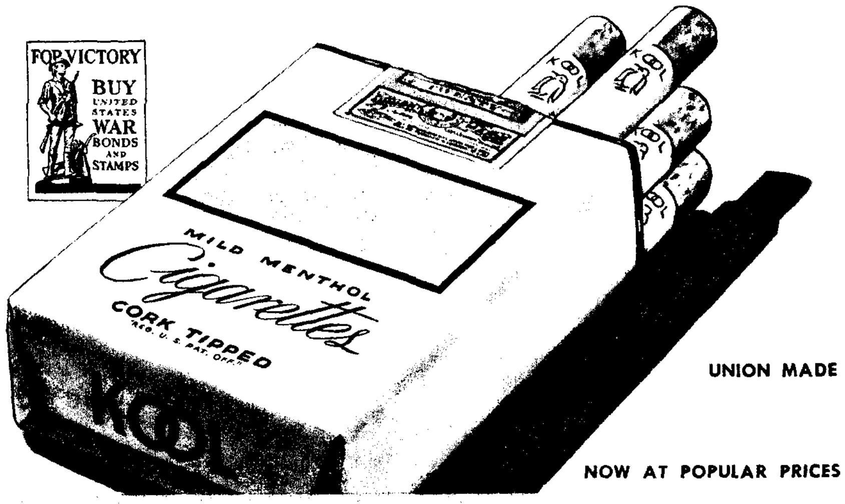

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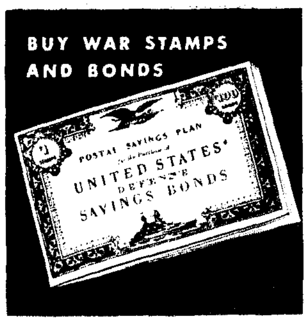

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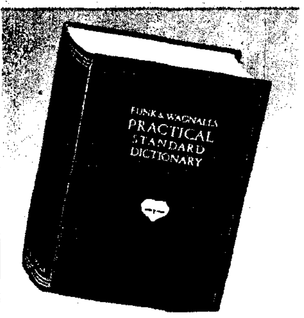

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"Oh, well," she faltered, "it wasn't really important."

It must have been important or you wouldn't have brought it up," he said quietly. "Go on, Lisa!"

"Well, for instance, tonight—you remember when Mummy and Daddy were talking about Uncle Hilary's journey up from Devon—I had it then, quite badly. Everything was all right one minute, and the next I knew exactly what they were going to say. They were going to argue whether he would have to change at Reading or whether the train came straight through. And then Mummy was going to tell Annie to be sure to have plenty of kippers in the house for Mr. Hilary's breakfast, and then she was going to tell Annie that Mr. Hilary was coming up from Devon to marry us, and Annie was going to look weepy and say, 'Oh, Ma'am, isn't it lovely!' "

Oliver said nothing.

"—and then they *did,"* continued Lisa, "and everything went black for a moment and I thought I was going to be ill. Because *at that moment* I was sure I'd heard them say those very words before—I was sure this had all happened to me in a sense—and I tried to remember how and when—but the next instant the feeling was gone and I knew I was wrong because I've never been married before—never even been in love!"

Oliver counted ten before he spoke so his voice would not betray him: "Why, that's a perfectly normal feeling! I have it myself sometimes. You think you know exactly what everybody's going to do and say for the next two minutes, and it's quite amusing to watch it happen the way you knew it was going to, and—"

"Yes," she interrupted, "but I'm sure while *you* have it, one part of your mind knows it's wacky—you never have the ghastly feeling it's *true—"*

Oliver realized to his dismay that she was crying, but he could not trust himself to speak.

"I know you think I'm being very silly about all this, because you're not saying anything," she went on. "I suppose it looks childish and emotional to you—But don't you see why I had to tell you, Oliver? Don't you understand?—Oh, please say it so I won't have to."

"Lisa, I can't imagine what you are driving at," he replied, and this time he was telling the truth.

"Then I'll tell you, if you don't know! I had concussion once. I was out of my mind for days. I've always been afraid that my mind was affected by my accident. How do I know this isn't the beginning of something dreadful?— I had to tell you, Oliver! It wasn't fair not to. And—"

Oliver took her in his arms and kissed her. She resisted him for a moment because she wanted to say something more, but as his lips closed over hers all the dark shadows and fears which had been haunting her the past week faded away into nothingness. Nothing else seemed to matter, nothing in the world.

AFTER Lisa had gone to bed, Oliver sat alone in the dark garden regaining his composure. Then he got up and went slowly into the house. His future father-in-law was waiting for him patiently beside a tray of whisky and soda. Arthur Bellamy was a slender, gray-haired man in his late forties. He had been severely wounded in the last war, and as a result they would not give him back his old commission. He was a member of the Home Guard, which he called the Bath Chair Brigade. He was going on duty after midnight, and his arm band and his tin helmet were lying on the floor beside him. Oliver apologized for staying in the garden so long.

"There was a moon out," replied Arthur with a twinkle. "I expected you would."

Oliver sat down with an absent smile and let the older man mix the drinks. Although he had regained most of his normal composure, he was still pale under the summer tan. Arthur looked at him searchingly and then measured out two stiff drinks. He handed him his glass and then sat down in a battered wing chair on the other side of the hearth. One of the dogs woke up with a yawn and came and laid her head on his knee. It was Lisa's spaniel, Tessie.

"Lisa gone to bed?" said Arthur.

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver briefly.

Arthur waited a moment for him to reopen the conversation and then decided to speak.

"What's the matter, Oliver? Did something happen out there tonight?"

"Yes, it did."

"Something you'd rather not talk about?"

"No, I was going to tell you. I think you ought to know."

"Well, what was it?"

"She almost remembered."

THERE was a pause. Arthur Bellamy cleared his throat and shifted his long frame in the wing chair. "That's interesting," he said, finally. "What occasioned it? Was it anything that was said at dinner?"

"Yes, it was."

"I don't seem to remember saying anything that might make her remember the past, but I may have, unconsciously. What was it?"

"Very peculiar, how it happened—she says you were talking about her Uncle Hilary's trip, and a frightful feeling went over her that she'd heard you say the same thing before, under the same circumstances."

"But that's impossible! We never got as far as making arrangements for the wedding. No, wait a minute! I believe there was something said about Hilary marrying her, the first time. It's hard to remember what we did talk about then. After all, it was only one night, you know, and it's all so terribly hazy in my mind."

"Well, something clicked," said Oliver, "and she remembered the scene perfectly for about two seconds and then she says the whole thing vanished. Some day soon she's going to be able to hang onto one of those flashes of memory. It may happen any time now—on our honeymoon—maybe on our wedding day!"

Arthur Bellamy said nothing. Oliver sprang to his feet and wandered restlessly around the room. Finally he turned to his future father-in-law.

"You're not going to let me tell her, sir?"

Arthur shook his head. "No, my boy, it simply wouldn't do."

"But I *must,* Mr. Bellamy! It's not fair to her to keep her in the dark any longer. She ought to be allowed to choose whether she wants to be faithful to that other fellow's memory. We're putting something over on her and that isn't quite honorable. I want to go upstairs now and tell her."

"Wait a minute, Oliver!" said Arthur quietly. "Sit down, and don't do anything until you hear what I have to say."

Oliver sat down reluctantly.

"You must realize," continued Arthur, "that the past, as far as Lisa is concerned, is dead. Even if she remembered that her first love was killed in action, she'd have to marry some day. She's only twenty-two, Oliver! Her mother and I don't want her to be single for the

(Continued on page 67)

Pal of the Puppets

Continued from page 15

work. It has been so ever since he was a youngster.

George Pal is, in a way, a part of Adolf Hitler's contribution to democracy. Hollywood regards him as a flesh-and-blood will-o'-the-wisp. Which he is, too, having been here and there and anywhere in recent years. Born in Celgled, Hungary, thirty-four years ago, to a pair of traveling entertainers, George was supposed to learn architecture, then settle down and amount to something. Fortunately, when he enrolled at the Budapest Academy, the registrar absent-mindedly put him down for an art major. Later, when it was discovered that the new student knew nothing at all of the human figure, he was detoured into a three months' intensive course in anatomy. The mistake was discovered when George Pal returned to the academy. "Too bad! You didn't need to study anatomy at all," exclaimed his professor.

When young Mr. Pal emerged from the school a full-fledged architect, his indignation over the error turned to rejoicing. Hungary didn't need architects, but he readily landed a berth in Hunnia Films in Budapest as an animator. Overwhelmed at this good fortune, George rushed to the home of his boyhood sweetheart, Szoka Grandjean, and persuaded her that two could live as cheaply as one. The exuberant couple considered this idea so sound that they eloped, only to find on their return from the honeymoon that the young husband's job was merely an apprenticeship with no pay whatsoever until he became a full-fledged animator. Even after his apprenticeship, the young artist's salary was so microscopic that he migrated to Berlin to seek work at the huge UFA studio, leading animated cartoon producer of Europe. Within sixty days, he was in charge of UFA's cartoon production.

Living thriftily, the young Pals managed to salt away half his salary, accumulating a nest egg that came in handy in 1933, when during an early Nazi reign of terror, the dread Gestapo came snooping around his home, merely because he was a foreigner. Pal abandoned his lucrative job, headed for Prague, at that time one of Europe's few havens of liberty, set himself up as a one-man animated cartoon business. Unable to afford even a secondhand cartoon camera, he decided to draw the pictures in his studio, then take them out to be photographed by a commercial film company. Unfortunately, in all of Czechoslovakia, there was not a single cartoon camera.

Then Came the Big Idea

Then came the day when, standing before an exhibit of motion-picture equipment in a musty museum, he shattered the stillness with a resounding "Hurrah!" Alarmed attendants rushed up, only to find an excited young fellow who tried to explain how, by abandoning drawings and using three-dimensional models, he could use any old camera to shoot his pictures. In those days, European animated cartoons were sponsored by advertisers. Pal hit on the idea of using hundreds of cigarettes as puppet actors, marching and wheeling with military precision through the miniature sets. He offered his idea to all the cigarette manufacturers in Prague. They weren't interested, nor were any other Czech businessmen.

The following spring found the Pals in Paris, where there were many more cigarette companies. The very first French tobacco concern to which George showed his work readily agreed to underwrite a puppetoon short, photographed in Gasparcolor, a then popular French color process. The picture proved a sensation and George Pal found himself famous.

At a Paris theater, one of Pal's films caught the eye of a dynamic Dutch advertising man who had lived in the United States. This Sies Numann lost no time in hunting up Pal to see how he breathed life and music into his little wooden figures. Like everyone else, Numann was overwhelmed at the idea of manufacturing so many thousands of figures.

"Can you turn out these pictures for a reasonable sum, say seven or eight thousand dollars?" he demanded.

George Pal's eyes danced. He had actually produced his first shorts for a thousand dollars apiece. Backed by Numann, he filmed scores of fantastically beautiful puppetoon films and became to European movie-goers the merchant of fantasy that Walt Disney is to America.

In 1939, filled with foreboding about the impending war and disregarding the pleas of his Dutch backer, Pal, with his wife and young son, slipped out of Holland for the United States in a matter of hours before the Nazi machine rolled into action.

George Pal stayed in New York for a while but, like a moth lured by a flame, he soon headed for Hollywood. Shortly after he left New York, Barney Balaban, who is the B in Balaban & Katz, theater magnates, president of Paramount Pictures, and a hard-headed showman, was dragged grumblingly one evening by his wife to a private movie party in Gotham. Prepared to be bored, Mr. Balaban sat up and blinked when a Pal puppetoon was flashed upon the screen.

"Who is this fellow, George Pal?" demanded Mr. Balaban.

"Oh, he's a young Hungarian who was here last week," someone recalled.

"Where is he now?"

Nobody knew. Next day, Mr. Balaban had Paramount operatives scouring the country for George Pal. It took them three weeks to find him in a cottage almost in the shadow of the Paramount studio in Hollywood. Somewhat flabbergasted at the astonishing American manner of doing things, Pal found himself hustled to New York to sign a contract with Mr. Balaban. The deal authorized Pal to produce a series of puppetoons to be released by Paramount.

Satire—the Deadly Weapon

Having found his niche in American movies, George Pal is not content to entertain only. He still has nightmares of those dread Gestapo agents and he is going after the Nazis with a weapon that hurts—ridicule. In his newest puppetoon, the Screwball Army lays waste to Mr. Pal's beloved Vienna. They devastate their way to the park where stands the statue of Johann Strauss, a favorite Pal character. Mr. Strauss gets out his fiddle and leads the Screwball soldiers, like a Pied Piper, with the stirring strains of The Blue Danube, into the muddy river itself. When they're drowned, Johann Strauss hurries back to resurrect Vienna.

Where there's a Pal puppetoon, there's always hope. As Mr. Pal says, "With puppets, anything can happen."

THE END

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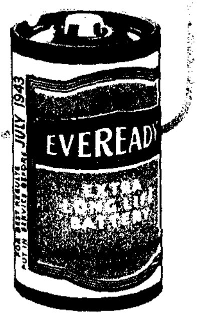

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The Roughest Thing Afloat

Continued from page 29

about the bum chow he was dishing out. We harped on it all that Sunday morning in a good-natured way until the cook finally gave in. 'All right, all right' he told us, 'I will fill all three freezers with ice cream this afternoon and I hope you fill your bellies until you bust at the supper table.'

"True to his word the cook labored hard all afternoon. He had taken the apple pies out of the oven and had just packed the last freezer with salt at about five o'clock when, without warning, a torpedo crashed through our bow. All hands—and the cook—took to the lifeboat.

"A German sub surfaced, and its commander told our crew to row to one side as he wanted to 'put some more holes in her' by shellfire, to make sure she was going to sink. Since it was four hundred miles to the nearest land we decided to stay close to the burning ship as we would have a better chance of a passing plane or vagrant patrol boat sighting us. In spite of eleven shells the submarine put into our ship after the torpedo, she was still afloat in the morning, though burning fiercely. It was a torrid noonday sun which must have prompted one of the boys to think of that ice cream. He looked over at the blazing inferno and asked us if we thought it was still aboard.

"'There's only one way to find out,' I told him. So we rowed alongside the blazing freighter and three of us hands climbed up the Jacob's-ladder, walked through fire and smoke and over twisted, cracked and bent deck plates into the galley. There were the three big freezers of ice cream, oddly enough still packed hard."

And there in the shadows of rising columns of smoke sat thirty-three men in a lifeboat on the open sea, gorging their parched throats with apple pie and ice cream, which they scooped out of the freezer with boat oars.

Then there was that time we dropped five charges and got six explosions. We are still trying to figure that one out, since depth charges explode only once, and since the most tremendous concussion came with that sixth explosion. But Skipper Adair did not claim a sub. He wants more tangible evidence than that. I hope he gets it some time.

Davy Jones' Apples

But not the kind of "tangible evidence" that bobbed up out of the deep blue on another occasion. This was down off the Florida Keys. We got an exceptionally jerky, metallic "pip" on our sound gear.

"This is going to be the real McCoy," one of the boys from the sound hut told me on the way to my battle station.

Seconds later we were blazing away with our depth charges. We dropped a smoke bomb to mark the spot and made one of those famous corvette U-turns at full speed, heading back with all eyes rooted on a patch of ocean 200 feet in circumference, where little flaky, cream-yellow particles were bobbing to the surface by the thousand. With much restraint we repelled our rooting pipes from letting out a loud whoop, for it looked for all the world this time as if we had struck pay dirt.

Directly over the spot again the water was now littered with, well, there could be no mistake about it—dried apples!

Skipper Adair reasoned there must have been a sunken cargo ship under us. Her masts were what had given us that sharp contact signal. The dried apples were not waterlogged. Neither were the floating fragments of boxes they came in. The explosion of our depth charges had ripped open the seams of the old freighter below us and out popped the apples.

A corvette man won't complain about being hauled out of his bunk at all hours of the night to man his battle station, but one thing he does hate to have the war interfere with is play-by-play broadcast of his favorite football team or World Series game, when these are available.

I edit the daily press newssheet aboard our corvette and the morning the Cards and Yanks popped the cork on their 1942 World Series I duly warned all hands:

"We will broadcast a play-by-play of the World Series today but reserve the right to shut off the loud-speaker from our patrons in the event a sub is sighted. After sinking sub, play-by-play will be promptly resumed."

Ball Game in Spanish

Nothing like that happened, but something menacingly worse did. We were again sailing in Caribbean waters. The heat was intense. The static was worse. Not a United States radio station could be heard.

Frantically your chief radioman worked with the dials in the hope of tuning in something by game time. With only moments to spare I located Havana. The announcer was drooling out Spanish by the yard. My Spanish vocabulary consists of eight words, five of which are unprintable. But I recognized one—"pelota"—meaning ball. And another, "segundo." Somebody must have just hit a two-bagger.

I dashed down to the crew's quarters and awakened a boy named Perez. I asked him if he understood Spanish. It was just a shot at the moon.

"Fluently," he replied.

I was skeptical but brought him up to the radio shack, clamped the earphones on his head.

"Is this fellow talking baseball?" I asked.

Perez listened intently for a long moment as, eagerly, I tried to read the expression on his face to see if it portrayed any promise. Finally he shook his head.

"I don't think this is anything you want," Perez said. "This donkey is trying to peddle razor blades over the radio."

"Sit right down here and tell me everything that fellow says," I urged.

Perez obliged and translated one of the weirdest World Series games from Spanish to English, in whispered tidbits to Ensign Darby, who in turn rebroadcast it over the loud-speaker. Some funny things happened in that game. In some innings there were only two outs, but then for all we knew they were rationing putouts in the U. S. by now. One fly ball has not come down to earth yet—months later. But we finally got the right score and the gist of the game.

Perhaps the best description of life aboard a corvette was given the first time I ever boarded one. It was by a veteran British corvette man who, apparently reveling in some newly acquired American slang, told me:

"When you're aboard one of these things at sea, life is just a perpetual hangunder."

THE END

Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 34

bed," Jason answered dryly, "and then tell me what you think."

Emil Roth looked at the used bed, then at Jason. His eyes had a glitter of fright, but his face was wooden. "Is anything," he said anxiously, "the matter with it, Mr. Amboy?"

"All I want to know," Jason answered, "is, what's become of the man who was in it?"

The steward shook his head with an air of bewilderment. "I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Amboy My chart shows that you took single occupancy of this room."

"And you hadn't the faintest idea," Jason said quietly, "that another man was sharing it with me."

Emil Roth blinked his eyes. "Why, no, sir. It would have been on my chart if—"

"Roth," Jason stopped him, "we are both on something of a spot, and the less time we spend pretending we aren't, the quicker we'll get somewhere."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Amboy, I don't—"

"Look," Jason stopped him.

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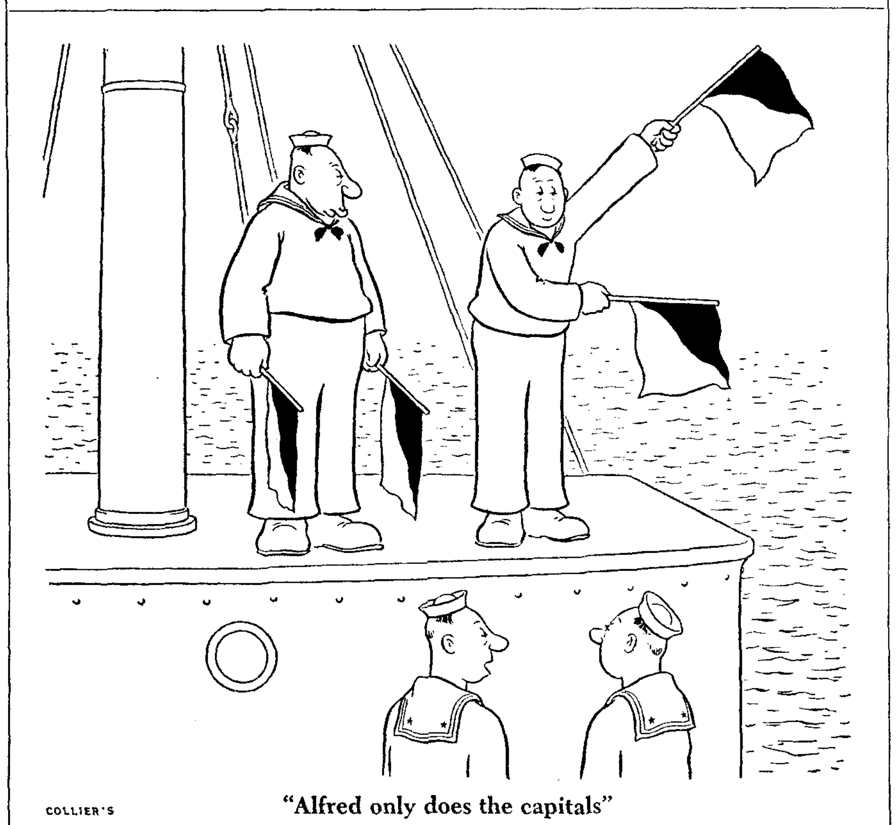


"Alfred only does the capitals"

HE SHOWED the steward the three drops of blood, now rapidly turning black, and the smear of blackening blood on the porthole rim.

"It's blood," Jason said. "It isn't red ink. Well, Roth, what do you make of it?"

The steward was so white that Jason was afraid he would collapse. He was wetting his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"Sit down," Jason said gently, "and try to pull yourself together. Whatever happened to this man, I don't believe you had anything to do with it. And it certainly looks like murder. Anyway, it doesn't seem likely that he walked out of here and is now hiding somewhere else on the ship. You'll notice that all his clothes are gone, including the pajamas you lent him. He was half undressed the last time I saw him. Everything is gone but the toilet articles you bought for him. The bed is still warm. So what do you think? Is he hiding somewhere on this ship or did he go out that porthole?"

The steward sat down weakly in a chair and put his hands to the sides of his face and stared at Jason's shoes.

"It means my job."

"It may mean worse than that," Jason said, "if we don't do some fast thinking. What did that fellow tell you?"

Emil Roth looked up at him with sick eyes. He said feebly, "Please let me have just a moment to think, sir."

"He told me," Jason said, "that he was Arthur N. Garson, the recent assistant district attorney of Los Angeles, and that two men had followed him aboard and would kill him if they found him. I agreed to let him stay here if he could fix it with you. Is that what he told you?"

The room steward made a faint nodding motion. "That was what he told me. He threw himself on my mercy."

"Yes," Jason said, "he used that line on me, too. But I happen to know Garson."

Emil Roth's mouth was hanging open. "He was lying!" he blurted.

"Of course he was lying," Jason said quietly, "and that doesn't get us anywhere."

The steward's mouth twisted into a snarl. "He was a bad egg! I've been a ship's steward on and off for thirty years and I know one when I see one. I knew he was one! He got what was coming to him!"

Roth's eyes sharpened. "Have you reported this?"

"Not yet, but we'll have to."

"Do you realize what will happen to us if we do? We'll both be held on a murder charge."

"Yes, I know that."

"The least that would happen to us, Mr. Amboy, even if we could talk our way out of this, would be six months for giving aid to a stowaway. And it would be worse in wartime."

"But this has got to be reported," Jason said.

"No, it does not," the steward waspishly disagreed. "Don't you see what would happen to us in military court? You and I know that somebody got in here and killed this fellow and shoved him out that porthole. Who was he—a Nazi spy?" Roth stopped. He stared at Jason. "And how do I know that you didn't do it?"

"You've made a good point," Jason admitted. "And how do I know that you didn't do it?"

Emil Roth was nodding. "Yes, Mr. Amboy. It works both ways. What kind of witnesses would we make for each other? What military court would believe our stories?"

"Whoever this man was," Jason answered, "his story may have been true in spirit. At least, we can assume he had enemies aboard. One of them got in here and did away with him."

"Yes, Mr. Amboy," Roth agreed, "but you can't prove that. And anything like this on the high seas in wartime is entirely different from the same thing on land in peacetime. Even if we were cleared in the end, we'd be held for months of investigation. The Navy, the Army, and the F.B.I. would all have us on the fire. I know what these things are like, Mr. Amboy."

"SO YOU'VE been through things like this before," Jason said.

"I've been through several things like this before, yes—but never anything as bad as this. And if you report it, what can the captain do? With passengers and crew, there are more than five thousand people on this ship. Can he find the guilty party, Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes, I see your point."

"You haven't spoken to anybody," Roth went on eagerly, "and I haven't, either. By keeping our mouths shut, we're safe. It's the only way to do it, Mr. Amboy. I know. We won't be held or tried or embarrassed in any way. And I won't lose my job. And I need it, Mr. Amboy. The only reason I let him bribe me into staying here—"

"How much did he give you?"

"He offered two-fifty and I held out for a thousand and we settled for five hundred. I took it only because I've been sick, and so has my wife. We're just beginning to get our heads above water again. It's the only reason I've stuck to this job at all—the war bonus."

There were two sharp raps on the door. It opened. Emil Roth whirled about with a hissing sound.

Flack stood in the doorway. His gentle brown eyes were sharp with wariness. His life preserver was strapped snugly about him. He touched his gray mustache.

"You said a half-hour, sir. The time is just up."

Roth was glaring at him. "Who is this?"

"Take it easy," Jason said. "He's an old and trusted friend. Come in and shut the door, Flack. This is my room steward. Flack—Roth."

Emil Roth said nothing. He was half-crouching and still glaring.

"How do you do?" Flack said coldly. He closed the door. He looked inquiringly about the room.

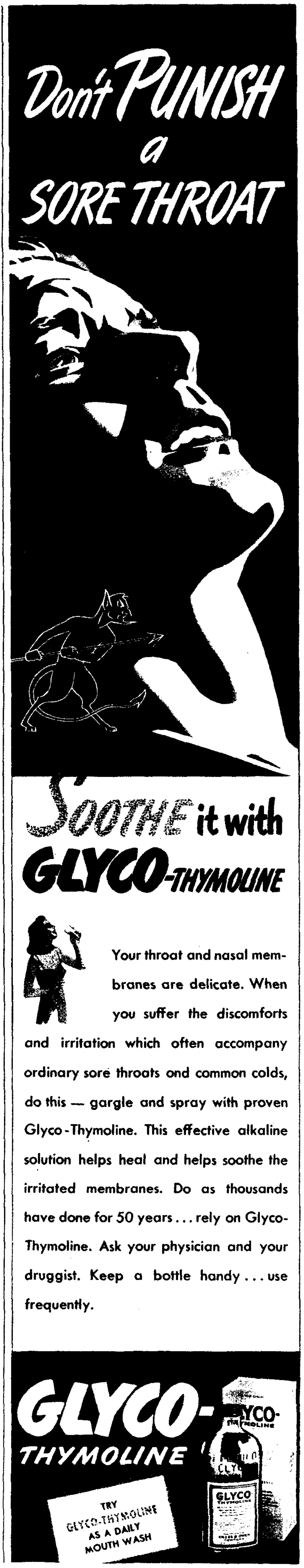
"Our bird," Jason said, "has flown."

"I thought," the steward said in a thin, angry voice, "you hadn't spoken to anybody."

"This man," Jason answered, "is completely trustworthy."

"Completely," Flack calmly affirmed.

"He was evidently murdered and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pushed out that porthole," Jason continued. "Roth has been trying to convince me it would be folly to report it to the captain."

His valet glanced doubtfully at the steward. "Just what is the evidence, Mr. Amboy?"

Jason showed him the drops of blood on the carpet and the smear of blood on the porthole rim.

"Roth is right," Flack said. "It would be folly to report it to the captain. You'd both be charged with murder. What has Roth to say for himself, sir?"

"The stowaway," Jason said, "told him the same things he told me."

Flack took out a cigar, bit off the end of it and lighted it. He considered Emil Roth judicially. "I think we can dispense with you now, Roth. Mr. Amboy and I have several things to discuss privately."

"So you think you can dispense with me now," said the steward in a shrill snarl. "Well, to hell with you! I'm staying right here until I know what's what."

"Very well," Jason said. "We'll agree for the time being, not to report it. If I should change my mind, I'll let you know before I go to the captain. Is that satisfactory?"

Emil Roth sent another distasteful glance at Flack and said, "Yes, Mr. Amboy. I'm willing to leave it just like that." He went to the door and opened it. He gazed at Flack coldly, then, with an audible sniff, went out and closed the door.

Flack puffed at his cigar and looked thoughtfully at the door. "I haven't any faith in that fellow's integrity," he said. "If it weren't for the opinion I already have, I'd say he might very well be the murderer."

FLACK walked to the porthole and back again. He was puffing absently at the cigar and his hands were clasped behind him.

"This is a very interesting case," he said.

"It occurs to me," said Jason, "that it bears a certain resemblance to my brother's. The same clue was left on each scene—in my brother's case, a little smear of blood on a wrist watch; in this case, a little smear of blood on a porthole rim. And both men vanished."

His valet was nodding approval. "Yes, Mr. Amboy. It is obvious that the same person who killed your brother killed this man. I am very glad that you did not report the stowaway. It is obvious that his remaining here saved your life. I mean, it's very obvious that you might have been killed."

"Is that obvious?" Jason asked.

"Why isn't it?" his valet said tartly.

Jason's eyebrows went up with surprise. The change in Flack was a little hard to assimilate. "You found a snapshot of the stowaway in Channing Mace's suitcase," Jason said. "All we can safely say is that they know who he was and that he may have had some tie-up with them. Anything beyond that is sheer guesswork."

"But we can as safely assume," Flack said with his new obstinacy, "that one of the Grazzard party murdered him and pushed him out that porthole?"

"There seem to be reasonable grounds for that," Jason answered, "but there are no grounds for assuming that they mistook him for me."

"Perhaps you're right, Mr. Amboy," Flack said, and his air was one of indulgence. "Let's proceed on the assumption that we are both partly right and partly wrong."

His animated brown eyes roved about the room. "I am beginning to see a clear design," he said. "A new one. The stowaway," the valet continued, "was sent here by the Grazzards to spy on you. When he had found out what he could, he was to kill you and throw your body out of that porthole. That was their plan, but their timing was wrong. By the way, sir, I suspect Mr. Mace of being the murderer. Do you?"

"No, Flack; I have no suspicions. But go on."

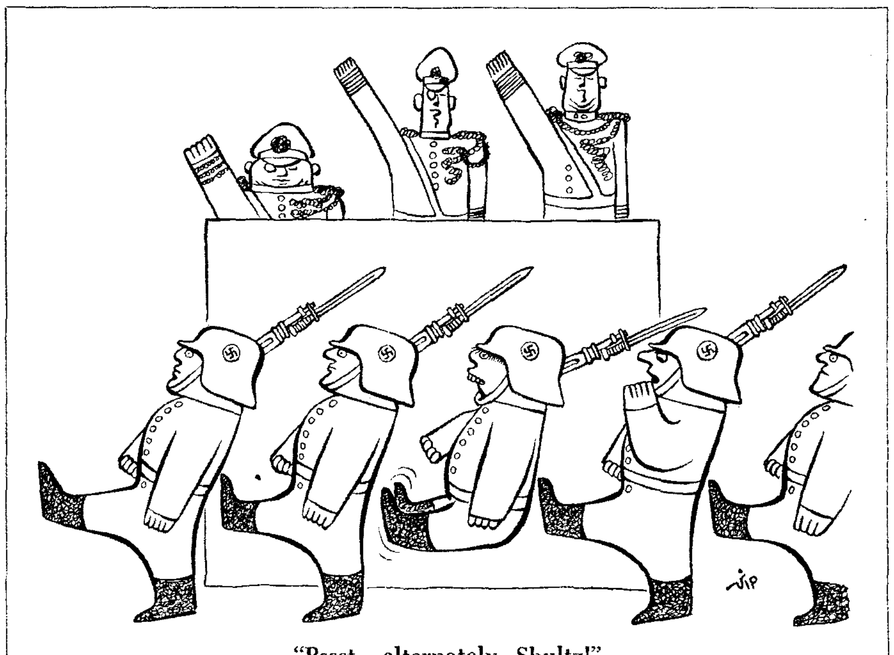
"Yes, sir—and I see this design very clearly. The stowaway was supposed to kill you. But Mr. Mace didn't trust him."

"Why not?"

"Because of the obvious consequences. Having killed you, what would have happened to the stowaway? Exactly what would happen to you if you reported his disappearance to the captain of this ship! Do you see what that implies, Mr. Amboy?"

"It's a little vague," Jason admitted, "but go on. You said Mr. Mace's timing was wrong."

"Yes, sir. When he came here, he assumed that the stowaway had already done away with you, so he killed him and put him out that porthole. Why? Because dead men tell no tales, sir."



COLLIER'S "Pssst—alternately, Shultz!" VIRGIL PARTCH

Jason shook his head. "It's a very interesting design, Flack, but you're assuming too much with not enough proof."

His valet considered him judicially. "I see we are back again to our divergent viewpoints, Mr. Amboy," he said blandly. "But I still insist that Mr. Mace killed the stowaway on the assumption that the stowaway had finished with his job of killing you. All the evidence points unerringly to that and to nothing else."

"Yet there is a possibility," Jason said firmly, "that the stowaway was telling me the truth in spirit. We can even assume that he knew that if the Grazzards found him aboard they would kill him."

FLACK surprised him by nodding vigorously. "For the sake of the argument, Mr. Amboy, I'll agree with you." There was elation in his soft brown eyes. "And how did they discover he was aboard, sir?"

Jason shrugged. "They may have known it all along."

Flack was smiling slyly. "Or—might it have been Mrs. Mace?"

"I hate to think it might have been," Jason answered.

"And I," Flack said firmly, "think it was a grave mistake to give that woman your confidence. She is a treacherous woman. She is nothing but the Grazzards' stool pigeon."

"Flack," Jason said gently, "I'm afraid the sight of that blood has affected you. We are both guessing. We are both excited. We had better both go to bed."

"Very well, sir," Flack said.

He went to the stowaway's bed, picked up the mattress and carried it to the door. He dropped it, with the bedding intact, on the floor so that it lay close to the door.

"I'm going to sleep here, Mr. Amboy," he said. "If they kill you tonight, it will be literally over my dead body."

Flack met Jason's eyes steadily and there was something a little ominous in his smile. "I trust you have no objections, Mr. Amboy," he said, and his voice held more than a trace of a jeer.

"No, Flack," Jason said thoughtfully. "And I appreciate your solicitude." He wondered how much further this once meek and humble little man would expand. He was still delighted with the blossoming of Flack, but he was beginning to see the glimmering of trouble ahead.

When Jason awoke, Flack was gone. The mattress was back on the bed. It was eight-thirty o'clock.

The Grazzards were just seating themselves when he entered the dining room. Miss Cudlip had already eaten and gone. The silver at Mrs. Mace's place was untouched.

As he sat down in the place beside Mrs. Grazzard, he looked across the table at Luana, and he waited a few seconds for her to raise her eyes. But she didn't raise her eyes. The others were looking at him, and both Mrs. Grazzard and Channing Mace said good morning to him, but Luana Topping preferred to pretend that she was unaware of him.

He was conscious of the strain about the table as he took his place. Lorrin was gazing at him with heavy-lidded eyes, steadily and with neither humor nor liking.

Jason said amiably, "Good morning, everybody. Mrs. Grazzard, I hope you slept well."

She was calmly appraising him, with neither approval nor disapproval. Her amber eyes were opaque and dull. Her strong, yellowish face, with its liver spots, looked, it seemed to Jason, more formidable than ever. And he sensed immeasurable depths of mystery and power in this awesome woman.

Mrs. Hiram Grazzard smiled. "You may call me Aunt Bertha, Jason."

"Thank you, Aunt Bertha," he said, and almost laughed.

She gazed at him unsmilingly a moment longer, then gave her order to the steward.

Lorrin was still staring at him heavily, and Luana had not yet raised her eyes. She was studying the menu as if it fascinated her. She was pale and there was a dark look about her eyes as if she had slept poorly.

He glanced at Channing Mace, and he tried, as he picked up the menu, to keep his hands steady and to appear calm and unconcerned. If one of these four people had gone into his stateroom last night and killed the stowaway, he was inclined offhand to agree with Flack that it had been Channing Mace. The man's gray eyes, as cold as jewels, the cruel, thin mouth, his past record of violence, which had included one known homicide, favored that view.

Yet he found it easy to visualize Lorrin, with his passionate nature, doing such a thing. As for Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, a murder of that sort seemed beneath her dignity, yet she was a powerful woman and perfectly capable, at least physically, of lifting a man's body and pushing it out a porthole.

He looked up from the menu and found Luana's dark green eyes looking at him. It was a direct, brooding stare, without recognition, as if she were seeing, not him, but the things he stood for. And she did not return his tentative smile.

When they had all given their orders, there was a moment of silence about the large round table, then Mrs. Grazzard said, "You look a little peaked this morning, Jason. Are you still worrying about your engine?"

"Mother," Lorrin said heavily, "he doesn't like to have anyone ask questions about his engine. It's a very sensitive topic with him."

"You see, Aunt Bertha," Jason said, "your son is what we liquid-cooling men call an air-cooled man, and we find that we always throw the air-cooled men upon the defensive."

SHE chuckled. "I see. But I'm not interested in this childish argument you two are carrying on over the virtues of this type of engine and that. You said your plant was closed down. Why?"

"I thought I mentioned last night that I'd had to shut down to raise more capital."

"How much capital," she asked, "are you trying to raise?"

"A hundred and ten thousand dollars." He was aware that Channing Mace was bending forward, as if he did not want to miss a word of this, and that Luana was staring at him and that she was paler.

"That shouldn't be hard to raise," Mrs. Grazzard said, and it seemed to Jason that there was something slightly mysterious, or significant, about this whole conversation.

"No," he said indifferently, "I don't think it will be."

"But if the engine is so nearly perfect," she asked, "why do you need so much?"

"I'm planning to put it into production," Jason answered.

"That won't be enough to put a new engine into production," Channing Mace said.

Jason glanced at him. And it seemed to him there was something menacing in the cold gray eyes.

"No, Mr. Mace. But that will start it on its way."

Jason had no interest in the general conversation that followed. And he had little appetite for the orange juice, the bacon and eggs and the coffee and toast he had ordered. He was trying to fit Luana into this grotesque pattern. He was certain that one of these three—

Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, her son, or her plantation manager—had slipped into his stateroom last night and murdered the stowaway. He watched their faces as they talked—and the only conclusion he drew was that he was dealing with a formidable triumvirate.

IT WAS a clear morning with a fresh blue sky and a gently undulating sea on which sun sprites danced with flickering fire, and the breeze was already warm with the promise of tropical islands. The convoy was making long zigzags.

Jason found Natalie Mace sitting on the deck, well forward on the port side. She was knitting a sweater. She was pale and the fine wrinkles about her eyes were pronounced. Her mouth, in repose, looked cynical. But when she saw him and smiled, the illusion that she was much older than she had seemed last night vanished, and she magically became young and, in her bright blond way, extremely pretty.

A trace of the smile dimpled at the corners of her mouth and her blue eyes glowed.

"You're late," she said. "I've been expecting you for an hour." Looking up at him, she did not interrupt her knitting.

Her dimpling smile was disarming, but Jason was once again doubtful of her. He decided to let his suspicions coast along and to encourage her to do the talking.

"I've been having breakfast with the royal family," he said.

She laughed. "Was it fun?"

"Something was going on," Jason answered thoughtfully. "They asked me lots of questions about my engine. They seem to resent it."

"They're just curious," the blond girl said. "It's their way. Something is always going on. They're horribly upset about you and they want to know all about you."

"Why weren't you there?"

"No appetite. Too nervous. My brain ran wild all night. I didn't get to sleep till dawn. I found out some very important things and there are a dozen questions I want to ask you. Sit down, Jason."

Jason sat down on the deck on her left.

"I've found out who your stowaway is—in case he hasn't already told you. Has he?"

"No."

"And I've found the way we're going to destroy the Grazzards. It's going to be difficult and tricky, but it will work. Your stowaway is Hiram Grazzard's second cousin—Winfield Grazzard. And I think they know he's aboard this ship."

Natalie Mace was knitting rapidly. He realized that she was trying to conceal an almost unmanageable nervousness and excitement.

"And," she went on, "I'm sure I know why Winfield Grazzard is hiding in your stateroom. All these pieces have finally come together like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, and they make a very surprising picture. What I want to do is to give you the whole picture, because I want everything clear in your mind."

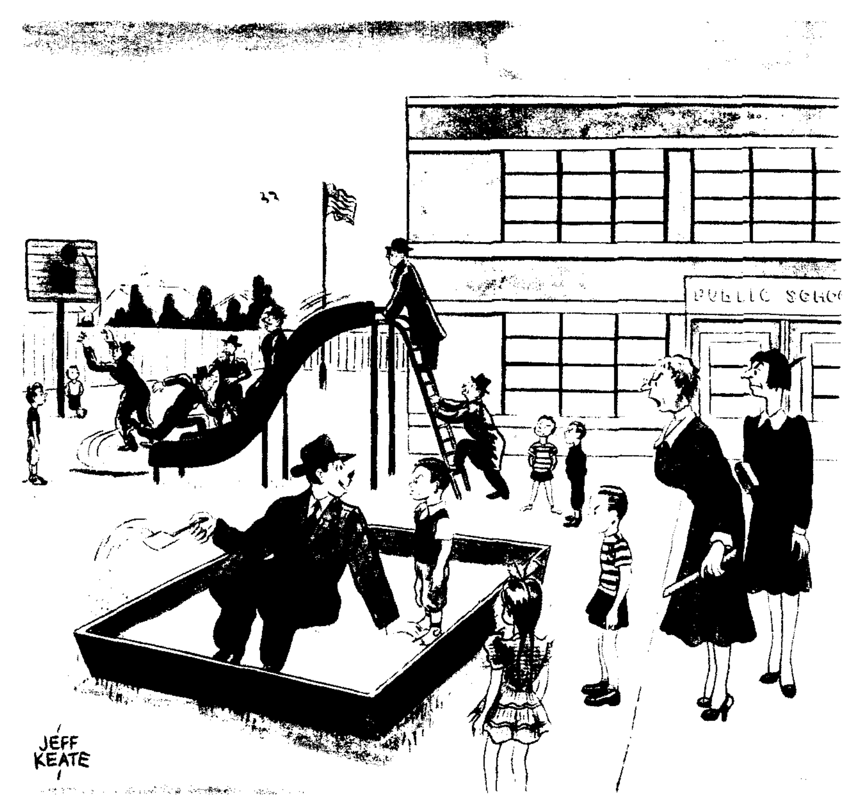
"This whole family background is hazy," Jason said. "Luana told me last night that Queen Bertha was a Grazzard before she married Hiram. What happened to him?"

Natalie laughed. "What happens to the husband of a queen bee or a black widow spider when he's outlived his usefulness? He died of a heart attack after a terrific quarrel they had. There are all sorts of theories about it, but the two most popular are that either he finally turned on her, or she turned on him—and they had it out. It must have been a terrific row. I understand the servants ran out of the house. Uncle Hiram was no sissy. He was a quiet sort of man. He was firm, quite opinionated, but very just. My private opinion is that she kept goading him until he finally blew up."

"Did anyone overhear the quarrel?"

"Yes. Luana's father and mother were living in the house at that time—it was before a separate house was built for the plantation manager—the one Channing and I now live in. But they evidently didn't talk about it. The third was Uncle Colton—Queen Bertha's brother—who is the crux of this whole thing. And, of course, he has never talked."

"You mean, Colton Grazzard is just someone else she dominates?"



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"Oh, yes—but more."

"I want very much to find out who's running this show."

"Well, I can't answer you simply. There's a tradition in the islands that the Grazzard men have always been dominated by the Grazzard women. It's supposed to have gone on since Faith Grazzard and Captain Ebenezer Grazzard, of the brig Sweet Hope, landed on Kahuna Island a hundred and twenty years ago. But I sometimes suspect there's been a shifting in the balance of power."

"In what direction?"

"Well, Lorrin is surly and horribly self-indulgent, but he has strength. Sometimes I think he's stronger than the queen, and is running her. He has the same consuming love for the land—especially good fertile sugar land—that she has. And my husband has been rising in power ever since he took the management of the Kokala plantation. I know that she's afraid of Channing. He's a relentless and domineering person, you know."

"So you can't say definitely who the boss is."

"No. Everyone in the islands assumes that she is, because the Grazzard women always have been. I've had loads of time to look into the family history. The Grazzards have always been a greedy, grasping lot. They're land grabbers, and they're the sort of people who gave the missionaries their bad name, but the missionaries were not land grabbers, in spite of the tales you hear. The early missionaries were Calvinists, who believed in torturing the spirit and denying the flesh. And some of the other early settlers were quite honest in their dealings with the natives in land matters."

"But not the Grazzards?"

"No, Jason. Captain Francis Sinclair, who bought Niihau, now owned by his descendants, the Robinsons, paid ten thousand dollars for it—in 1860—a very fair price. But Faith Grazzard paid nothing for Kahuna Island forty years earlier. She somehow wangled it from King Kamehameha the Second. She got land any way she could—as cheap as she could and by all the tricks she knew. And she set the pace. Every Grazzard since has used the same methods."

JASON was squinting at the sun glints on the convoy leader, a large destroyer. He found now, as he had last night, that most of his instincts were pulling in Natalie Mace's favor. He still felt that this pretty blond girl with her excited blue eyes might become dangerous, but only if her husband became seriously involved, and he was sure that she was not being devious.

He heard her needles click. "Jason, did your brother spend much time in Burma?"

He glanced at her. "Yes. He loved India and Burma. He was always going back there."

"And you gathered, of course, from the snapshot, that your stowaway has been in Burma?"

"Yes, I noticed the stamp on the back."

"Jason, how well do you remember Kahuna Island?"

"Not very well, Mrs. Mace. It's a tiny island north and west of Kauai. Kahuna is Hawaiian for 'bewitched,' isn't it?"

"Yes. And Uncle Colton has become, since your time, a bright tradition as the prisoner of Kahuna. Kahuna is *kapu*—forbidden to outsiders. No one has been permitted to land there in years. If you try, you're shooed away by grim natives. Uncle Colton lives on Kahuna in magnificent exile, atoning for his sins. Queen Bertha goes over once a month in her big sampan with food and supplies. In the most palatial way, and on the grandest possible scale, Uncle Colton is in the family doghouse."

Jason was puffing thoughtfully at a cigarette. "I seem to recall some of this," he murmured.

"It isn't likely," the blond girl said. "You're probably thinking of the other island—Niihau—the one that's owned by the Robinsons. They're powers on Kauai, and their island is *kapu* too. When you were a little boy you may have seen Niihau feather leis which are treasured, or Niihau *pupus*—they're tiny, very rare seashells that are strung into necklaces and highly prized. Kahuna is north of Niihau."

NATALIE MACE, with her elbow on the arm of her steamer chair, bent closer to him.

"When Channing and I first went to Kauai, I was terribly interested in Uncle Colton, because I'd heard these stories about him. But I never saw him. No one but his sister ever saw him. In twenty years, he hasn't once been off that island. He was called the hermit of Kahuna. Everyone agreed that he was an escapist—that he'd gone to Kahuna to get away from it all. He'd had a nervous breakdown. He was always very neurotic, and he'd been completely dominated by Queen Bertha since they were children."

"Is he older or younger?" Jason interrupted.

"Five years older—about sixty. His one passion, so they told me, was rare old books—first editions. It was only lately that the real truth came out. He wasn't a hermit by choice. He was virtually a prisoner. He had been, in his youth, a very black sheep. His sister, years ago, had yanked him back from the ends of the earth and finally immured him on Kahuna."

Natalie Mace bent closer to Jason. "It must have been something that happened in Burma. He spent a lot of time there. It may have been a murder. But it was something dreadfully scandalous. Everybody has been guessing—but no one knows."

The blond girl paused. She was pale and her eyes were flashing with excitement.

"Jason, here it is—and I'm afraid it's the truth. I think they killed your brother because he knew what it was and was trying to blackmail them, and I think, if your stowaway isn't very careful, they're going to kill him for the same reason. I've had to guess at some of this, but I'm quite sure that that's it." She hesitated.

"Go on," Jason said quietly.

"I was awakened this morning," the blond girl continued, "by Channing fairly tearing his suitcases apart. He was looking for that snapshot. He asked me if I'd seen it and I said no and I asked him what it was, and he said, 'Oh, just another blackmailer who has the goods on Uncle Colton.' I asked him who it was and he said it was Winfield Grazzard. And he said if I mentioned it to a soul he'd murder me."

"Was that all?" Jason asked.

"Wasn't that enough? He was in a filthy temper. And that explains everything."

Jason had never seen her so excited. It seemed to him that she was on the verge of hysterics.

"What," he said gently, "does it explain?"

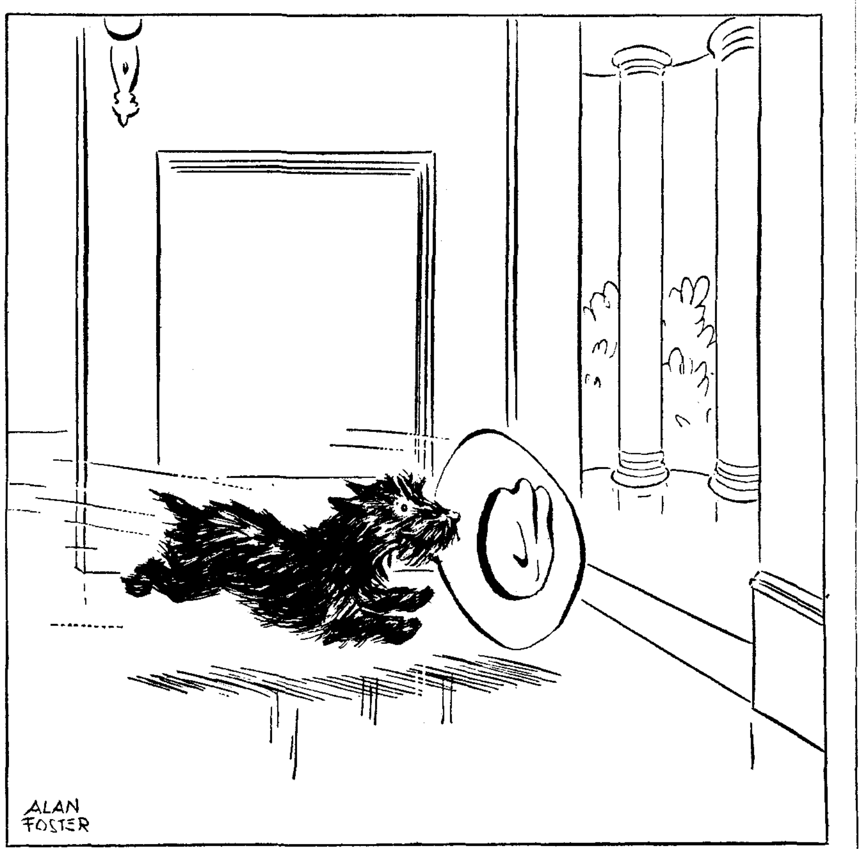
"But everything!" Natalie Mace cried. "It accounts for all the time your brother and your stowaway spent in Burma! Don't you see, Jason? They were digging up Uncle Colton's past to sell at a fancy price to Queen Bertha! That's why your brother was killed, and it's why Winfield Grazzard is hiding on this ship! He and your brother were working together on this blackmail scheme! He's hiding because he knows they'll kill him if they find him!"

JASON glanced quickly around. Natalie's voice was almost out of control.

"Don't you see?" she repeated. "And if you're tactful and persuasive, Winfield will talk. He's at your mercy. He *has* to talk! And once he tells you what it was that Uncle Colton did in Burma, we'll have the weapon we need for destroying these arrogant, horrible people."

(To be continued next week)

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "Oftentimes a senator will mislay his hat"

The Dark Road

Continued from page 60

rest of her life, and we're very happy that she wants to marry *you.*"

"All right, sir, but give her the chance to make up her own mind about me."

"If you tell her the truth tonight, she may feel that in common decency she has to be loyal to that other boy, at least for a while," Arthur said. And by that time it may be too late, he added to himself.

"Why wasn't she told in the beginning, when it wouldn't have mattered?" exclaimed Oliver with feeling.

"I told you. She was in a coma for five days after the accident," replied Arthur. "When she regained consciousness she had blessedly forgotten everything about her ill-starred love affair. As she nearly died it seemed wiser to keep her in ignorance. After all, my boy," he added, "she'd only known him three weeks."

"She's only known me five weeks," Oliver reminded him, dryly.

"Yes, but in spite of the lightning quality of this courtship, Mrs. Bellamy and I feel that it is going to last. Lisa has been a changed person lately. She's alive, she's happy, she has everything to live for now. Why do you want her to remember anything about that other affair? Telling her won't bring Roger Kinnard back to life."

After a pause Oliver said, "What was he like, that other fellow? Naturally I'm curious."

"I saw him only once, you know, the night she brought him here to tell us they were engaged. The whole thing was such a shock for me at the time that it was hard for me to make up my mind how I felt about him. He was a flier, like you. He came from Yorkshire."

"Good-looking?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Bellamy prefers your looks to his. She also says she thinks you have more charm."

Oliver smiled feebly. "Well, go on—tell me some more. Was he very much in love with her?"

"With Lisa? Yes. He was desperately in love."

"I don't have to ask if she was in love with him!"

ARTHUR made no reply. He rose and hunted around the room a moment for his pipe and filled it. There was nothing to say.

"Where was the accident?" Oliver went on. "You never told me."

"On a back road between here and Oxford. It's a short cut and saves about four miles. The tree is still there at the crossroads. They've patched it up with cement now and put a warning beacon on it so no one else will crash into it. If you go to Oxford on your honeymoon," added Arthur, "as you said you might, I advise you to take the longer route by Chipping Norton."

"She's bound to remember some day, no matter what I do. Please, Mr. Bellamy, let me tell her tonight! It's only fair to her. This is my last chance before the wedding!"

"I know, Oliver, but I can't let you do it. I suppose I should have told you this before, but knowing your feelings in the matter, I went up to town on Saturday and talked to the specialist who took care of her at the time of the accident. I told him she was engaged to be married, and that her fiancé was very anxious to have her know the truth."

"Yes, and what did he say?"

"Exactly what I thought he would. He says that if we tell her now, just as she's about to be married, he won't answer for the consequence. You see, Oliver," he continued as the boy gave a murmur of protest, "we never have known the whole story of that accident. It's quite possible she was trying to kill herself when she crashed into that tree. If she remembered that she was desperate enough to want to do away with herself, it might affect her permanently. If you love her, keep quiet."

Oliver buried his head in his hands.

"I hope," said Arthur gently, "that after you're married, it won't make much difference. Perhaps that sounds rather callous toward poor Roger Kinnard, but, as I say, life goes on."

Oliver's reply was inaudible, but Arthur seemed satisfied, for the strained look vanished from his face.

LISA was looking at the wedding presents. They were quite impressive for a wartime wedding. She was admiring the Waterford vase from her Aunt Matilda when she heard the faint tinkle of the telephone. She thrust the vase back on the table, and flew downstairs.

"Yes, Miss, it's him!" said Annie, the maid, inelegant with excitement. "He's calling long distance."

The connection was very bad, and Lisa could barely hear him. His voice sounded faraway and urgent: "Can you hear me, darling?"

"Not very well."

"Is that better?"

"Yes, a little. What's the matter, Oliver?"

"I can't tell you over the phone. All I can say is, prepare for a shock."

Oh, God! thought Lisa, *he's going to tell me the wedding's off. Oh, God! I can't stand it.*

"Are you there?" he shouted in a tiny voice.

"Yes, I'm here, darling. What is it? What's happened?"

"I'm afraid we can't get married on Saturday."

The hall grew black and she had to steady herself against the wall. She thought of Cook, already mixing batter for the cake, and Simmons filling the garden with flowers, and Annie rushing around with the vacuum to get the house ready by Saturday; and she had an insane desire to break into hysterical laughter.

"Lisa! Are you there? Can you hear me?"

"Yes, darling, I hear you," she said, trying to sound normal. "That's all right, we'll just have to put the wedding off."

"The hell we will!" was the reply. "I want you to come down here and marry me right away, this afternoon! There's a train at one-thirty—I looked it up. Can you make it?"

Three years of war had taught Lisa not to ask questions over the telephone, especially if you were talking to the Air Force, so she stifled her curiosity with magnificent self-control and managed to sound calm when she answered him.

"Yes, darling, I think I can make it. What'll I say to the family? They're not here."

"They'll understand," replied Oliver. "Just leave your father a note."

"Shall I bring the car?"

"Yes. No! Take the train."

"All right."

"Goodby, darling! I've got to hang up now."

Lisa leaned against the wall for a moment. Then, pulling herself together, she ran upstairs and began to fling various parts of her trousseau into a suitcase. While she was packing, Tessie appeared from belowstairs.

"We're going—to be married—this afternoon!" exclaimed Lisa breathlessly. "Tessie, did you hear that? We're going to be married in less than five hours! I'm so happy I could die!"

Yes, she was happy about this unexpectedly hasty wedding — deliriously happy. But in the back of her mind was a dark and as yet unnamed fear, which she wasn't going to think about until she knew *why* she had to be married in such a hurry.

It was twenty-eight minutes past one when she dashed up to the station in the family car. The only person visible was the stationmaster who was loading bags of meal on a truck.

"What's the matter?" asked Lisa with a faltering heart. "Where's the one-thirty to Oxford and Reading?"

"Didn't you know, Miss?" was the reply. "Owing to the bombing two nights ago, it's been temporarily suspended."

"What'll I do?" she gasped. "I simply have to get there—!"

"Where?"

"You know—*there!*" answered Lisa crazily. "You never mention the exact location of an airdrome."

"I see, Miss—I heard you was getting married on Saturday. Congratulations, Miss!"

"I'm getting married this afternoon," replied Lisa wildly. "That's why I have to get a train, somehow, to— What'll I do?"

"Oh, I am sorry, Miss! There's a train to Reading from Oxford at two thirty-five. You can just make it if you drive fast."

"Drive—! Yes, of course! Why didn't I think of that before? There's enough petrol in the car."

As she turned on the ignition and started to back the car away, the stationmaster called after her, his voice full of sympathy and good will, "Take the short cut, Miss, near Wootton—it saves about four miles!"

SHE had ample petrol—the only really scarce commodity was time. She put her foot down on the accelerator and kept it there. Trees and houses flashed by as the world narrowed down to a strip of gray road leading to Oxford, and the clock on the dashboard moved inexorably toward the hour. Tredington, Shipston-on-Stour, Long Compton—recognizable although all the signposts were gone from the roads. And then a little dirt road branching off to the right—the short cut. She remembered it vaguely—or rather she had one of her flashes—but there was no time to think of anything as silly and unimportant as *flashes.* She must catch the two thirty-five to an unnamed airdrome south of Reading.

The little road was straight and lonely. She clung to the wheel as the speedometer climbed to seventy. The branches overhead made a green tunnel of the road—"green as a dream and deep as death." She was thinking what a pretty road it was when suddenly, without warning, she came to a tree at the crossroads.

The huge oak with its gaping side filled with cement loomed out of the mist, and with it came Roger's face—gay, brilliant, and adoring.

The car gave a sickening lurch as she avoided the tree and crashed into a soft bank of willow herb and hawthorn. And during that moment, when life hovered

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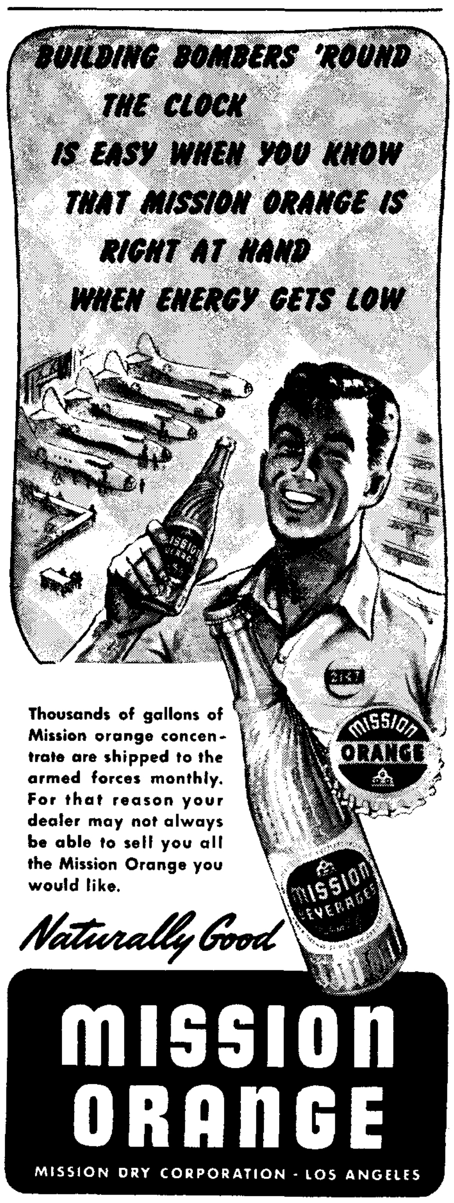
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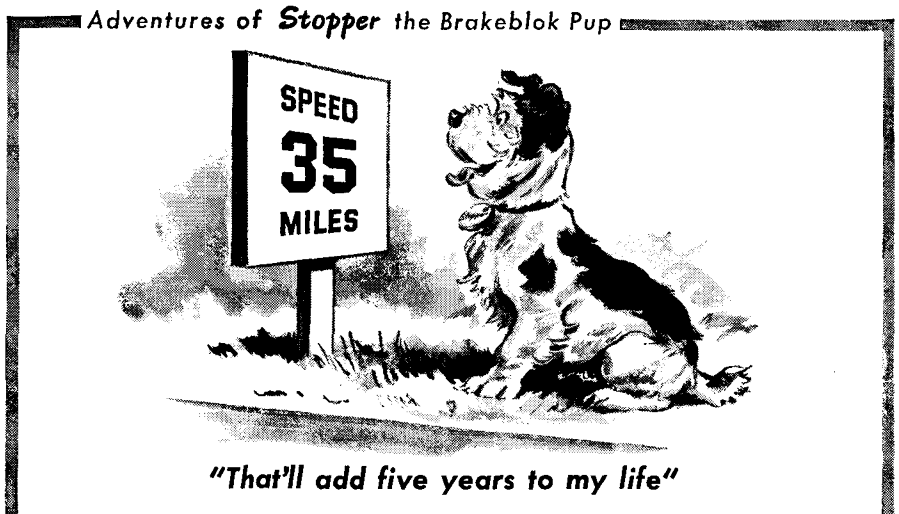

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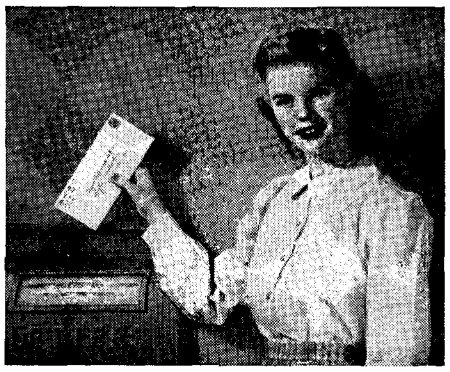

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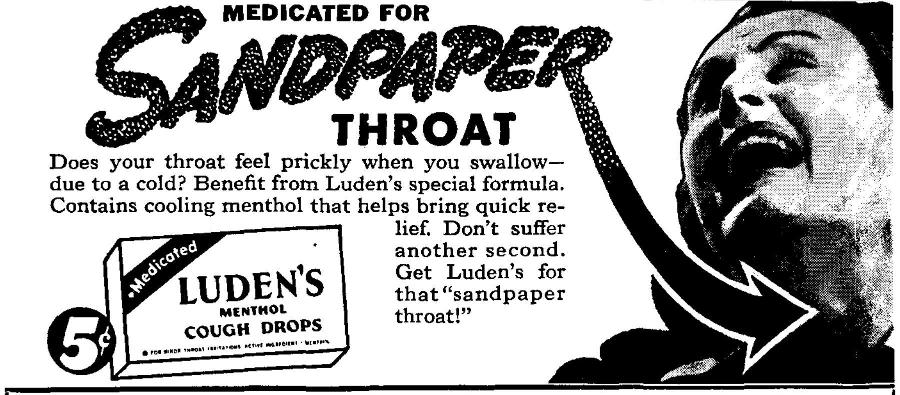

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in the balance a second time, she remembered all there was to remember.

—All those shy, secret meetings—that wild, unreal feeling, like wings! Those short, stammered sentences that held so much of wonder and of love! The little dark pub where he had asked her to marry him, and the bitter taste of the ale, which was sweeter than nectar! And then the handful of days when they had tried to hide it from the world because it had all been so quick. No one knew at first but Winkie Ellis, his best friend. The three of them had had dinner one night at the Savoy, and a fellow officer had seen them, and Winkie had laughed and said, "Now you'll have to tell everybody."

But it seemed hard to believe that anyone would understand how wonderful and how *right* it was, because she had met him on a Tuesday and had promised to marry him by Saturday. They made their plans for the wedding in that same pub. She was to be married in white satin and lace, because Roger wanted a dignified, formal wedding, and Uncle Hilary was to come up from his church in Devon to marry them. They had drafted a letter to Uncle Hilary, which was never sent . . .

A LONG shudder went over her, and all the color drained slowly out of her face. Although two years had passed, she could still hear Winkie's voice over the telephone saying, "Lisa, I've got some bad news for you!" Her stomach curled now, the way it curled that terrible afternoon.

—You had known, even before Winkie told you, that Roger was dead. Winkie wanted to help you, but he had to stay on duty, and the family was in London. There was no one to turn to in the first wild agony of loss, no one to comfort you. So you took the car out of the garage and drove recklessly around the countryside. You were grim and desperate—you felt that life was over. Life, which had been so sweet, and so full of laughter. There was nothing to live for now.

The car whirling through the summer afternoon, a tree looming ahead, and then darkness . . .

Lisa bowed her head over the wheel. "Oh, Roger, Roger, forgive me! Such a stupid childish thing to do! Not worthy of you, Roger! Are you there? Can you hear me? Oh, my heart's darling, how could I have done that when our love was so fine and so beautiful? I was cheap, when I should have been strong and brave! . . . Roger, darling, can you hear me?"

Another tide of memory flowed into her mind. A slender young man in an American Air Forces uniform looking at her from the other side of a crowded dance floor, his eyes full of lively interest. The sudden throb her heart gave as she saw him coming toward her. Then he was standing beside her saying, "Didn't I meet you at the Montagues'?" She was afraid when she said "no" he would make some polite excuse and go away again, but he stood there looking down at her with an engaging smile. "Does it matter very much—because if it does, I'll go and find someone to introduce us. My name is Hamilton."

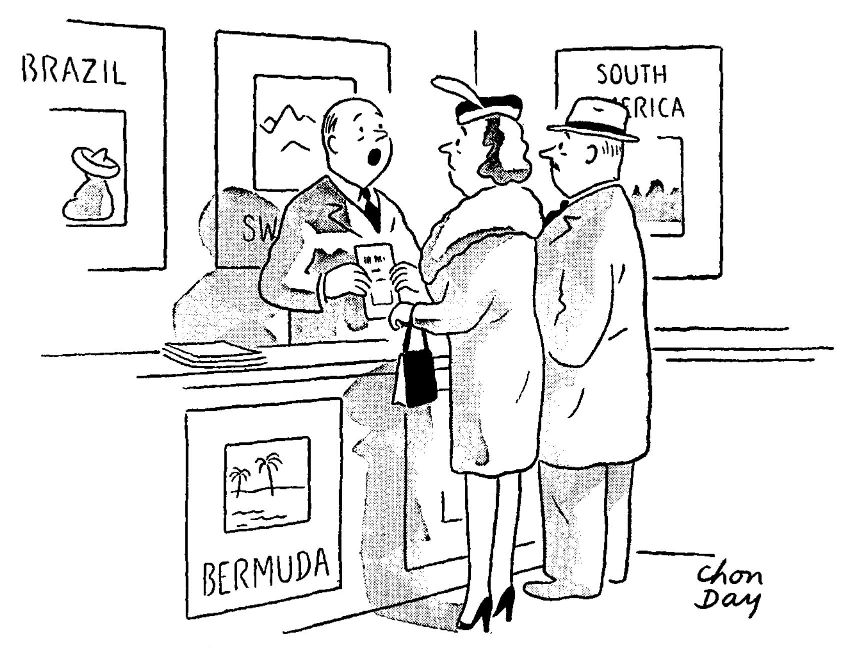
"And mine," she said with an answering smile, "is Lisa Bellamy."

He sat down beside her, and after a while, although they had not been properly introduced, he asked her to have supper with him. When he said goodnight, he asked her for a date the next afternoon. She thought it was just because he was on leave and was lonely. It never occurred to her that it might be anything else. She was genuinely surprised and not a little shaken when, at the end of a week, he told her he was in love with her. He said that, of course, it was too soon to do anything definite about it, but in time it might lead to something really serious. And she wondered if he meant marriage, for by then she knew she was in love with him, too.

And now he was going off to war. The thought which you had pushed to the back of your mind all afternoon was too big to dismiss any longer. In a few hours, perhaps tonight when darkness fell, he was going to climb into a plane with his parachute strapped to his back and take off for an unknown destination, like Roger—and like Roger, he might never come back!

You remember all the things he had said to you, the dear words of love, the little kindnesses, and the way he smiled at you when he was happy. . . . You remembered a certain picnic at Godstow, the sunlight pouring down upon the lazy river and the cool shade under the willows and the water lisping against the sides of the punt. . . . Things shared, never to be forgotten as long as you lived. . . . And, above all, you remembered his unfailing tenderness.

As she sat there, bowed over the wheel of the car, she wondered if he knew the truth about her, if the family had told



"We're arranging a little junket down the Mississippi—with travel movies every night"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

him. She was almost certain they had, for Oliver had behaved very strangely the other night; she had caught a look of fear in his eyes as though he dreaded something. It couldn't be death, because she was sure he wasn't afraid of that.

"Oliver!" she said brokenly. "Oh, Oliver!"

The minutes slipped away. She had lost the train to Reading. She leaned forward and switched on the ignition. Then she maneuvered the car out of the ditch, and turned it toward Oxford. She must hurry! Hurry!

"Oliver, Oliver! I'm coming—wait for me! I have something I want to say to you! . . ."

DUSK was falling when she saw the airdrome ahead, lying like a sleeping Mammoth in a curve of the Downs. There were guards around it: she wouldn't be allowed to go in, but Oliver would be waiting for her outside the gate.

A moment later she saw him, looking dejectedly in the direction of the railroad station. She blew the horn and he came sprinting toward her with a cry of relief: "Lisa, darling—! What happened to you?"

"Nothing," she faltered.

"Did you miss the train?"

Lisa opened the door of the car without replying and asked him to get in. There was a little pub farther down the road and she motioned toward it. "Let's go there, Oliver. I want to talk to you."

"But, Lisa!" he protested, "the vicar is waiting at the church to marry us—we're hours late as it is!"

"I know—but I want to talk to you first."

Only then did he realize what she was saying—the full import of her quiet statement. All the light in his face died suddenly as though someone had blown out a lamp. He stared silently ahead of him at the dusty road while Lisa switched on the ignition again and drove the car into the courtyard of the pub. Lisa walked ahead of him into the crowded bar and asked if there was a private room. Oliver ordered beer for himself and tea for Lisa. Then they were ushered into a small room with a large poster of Clovelly on the wall and the door closed behind them.

"I couldn't talk to you out there," she said. "I had to be alone with you. What I want to say won't take very long."

Oliver sat down heavily in an overstuffed chair and looked at the fire where clean new flames were playing among the coals. Lisa sat down opposite him on the sofa and pulled off her gloves. There was an uncomfortable pause while their order was brought in.

"You know everything, don't you, Oliver?" she said at last.

"Know what?" he parried.

"Don't try to pretend you have no idea what I'm talking about. I took the short cut by Wootton, Oliver!" she said meaningly.

She forced him to look at her until their eyes met. "Well," he said huskily, "I suppose it all came back."

"When I saw the tree, it brought it all back."

"Well," he repeated, keeping his eyes on the dusty carpet under his feet, "it was a good thing."

"I remembered everything about Roger and me. There isn't a thing I've forgotten about him, not a day, not an hour."

"Fine!—that means you're completely over your amnesia," he said, and his voice was matter-of-fact and calm, although his face was as gray as the ashes in the grate.

Their eyes met again, and he knew that she remembered she had tried to commit suicide. But her expression was unchanged, and her eyes were steady. "I wish someone had told me, so I wouldn't have had to find it out this way, but it doesn't matter. . . . What *does* matter is you."

Oliver shook his head. "That's all right. I'll just tell the vicar you couldn't make it."

Lisa went on as though she had not heard him. "And I remembered a lot of other things—things I can't forget."

"Such as?"

"The Sunday we went to Godstow—how happy we both were. It was so perfect and so sweet that nothing can spoil it. Roger and I never went to Godstow, Oliver . . ."

He did not say anything. She leaned forward until she could have touched him, but she kept her hands in her lap.

"Oliver, listen to me!"

"Yes, Lisa?" he said, turning from the fire.

"I have all those memories of Roger now—the fun we had together and—and everything. But I can't forget Godstow!"

"Don't you think you'd better wait for a while? You don't know what you want this afternoon. You think it over for a while, and when I come back—"

"No," she said. "I sat under the tree for a long time, Oliver—I've done all the thinking I'll ever have to do. Roger's gone. He's part of the sky and the sea, or wherever it is we go when we're through. He can't come back, Oliver—but you can. You will."

"—And so," she said, taking a deep breath, "I'm thinking of the future, I'm not remembering the past."

"But you can't forget him as easily as that!" protested Oliver. "You were in love with the fellow, and he was in love with you. You haven't had a chance to make up your mind whether you want to be faithful to him or not. That's why I wanted to tell you the other night."

OLIVER rose to his feet, and his eyes were dark with pain. She touched him gently on the arm and he reached for her hand and held it.

"Oliver!"

"Yes, darling?"

"Do you want to marry me this afternoon, or not? I mean, what are your own feelings in the matter?"

"Of *course* I want to marry you, but—"

"—But you're afraid I'm still in love with Roger. How can I ever make you see that I can remember him, but at the same time I can't forget Godstow, or the things you said that afternoon, or the way you kissed me? I can't forget how we've loved each other!"

He pressed her hand and looked at the dying coals. "I love you terribly, Lisa," he said, "and it would make it a thousand times easier for me tonight when I take off, if we were married. But I don't want you to do this on the spur of the moment and then regret it."

"How can I have any regrets, when I love you the way I do? And anyway," she added, "everything we do nowadays is on the spur of the moment. You've got to learn to think fast."

Oliver paused and she could hear the flames fluttering in the grate and the soldiers laughing in the next room. A plane took off from the airdrome and she heard it whine away across the Downs.

"And if I don't come back—what then?" he said. "Perhaps I might die, like Roger."

"Yes, Oliver," she said quietly, looking up at him, "but this time I'll know how to live."

THE END

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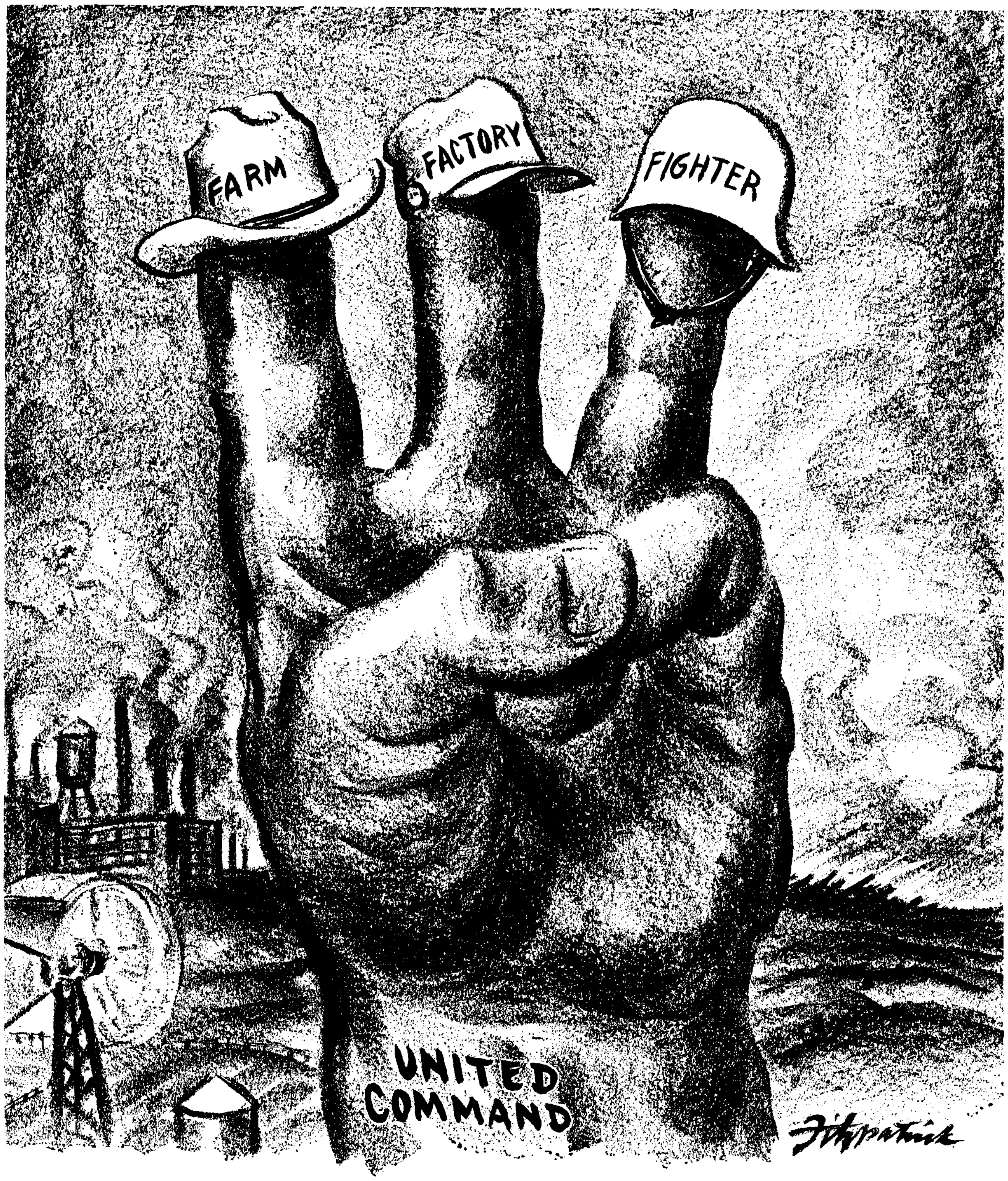


A Letter from a Sailor

Dear Sir: I am a sailor at home on furlough and at the present time I am very *peeved* about the rationing setup.

In the first place, when a man on furlough goes home, he is creating a hardship for his entire family, due to the fact that his immediate family has to furnish the coffee, sugar and gasoline that he uses.

I don't think just because I have on a uniform, that I am a privileged character, but I do believe there should be some method established whereby my family would not have to do without essentials because of me.

It is beside the point that they (my family) are very willing to sacrifice anything in order that I may enjoy a brief visit with them.

It seems as if everything will be rationed in the future. So why doesn't someone take the initiative to see that the families of men in the service are treated better.

WE CALL the above a heart-warming and heart-tugging document. It goes to show what manner of men a lot of our fighters are—hard as Fortress armor outwardly, and inwardly as generous and as concerned for the rights and comforts of other people as the old-time knights were supposed to be.

This sailor's letter reminds us of the yarn some columnist told a while ago, about a soldier who was having breakfast in a dining car and heard a lady at the next table berating the waiter because he could not serve her a second cup of coffee. The soldier listened to the tirade for ten miles or so, then got up, took his own cup of coffee to the lady's table, presented it to her with a bow, and said, "Madam, here is one thing more that I can do for my country." The pay-off was that the lady took the soldier's coffee and drank it.

We hope the hardship which the sailor describes in the above letter can be remedied somehow. It must occur innumerable times now, and will be multiplied all over the country as rationing extends to more and more commodities.

Whether this hitch can be unhitched or not, the letter serves to illustrate what sort of period this country is entering.

We are in an era when we can't eat exactly what we want, burn the kind of fuel we like best, go as far as we'd like to go in the car of a Saturday or Sunday, take a trip to some place we've long wanted to visit.

The war has done it to us, as wars always have done to even the wealthiest and most fortunate of nations.

There is only one thing for us to do about it, and that is to keep the old chins up and co-operate in any and every form of rationing or other restriction that our common sense tells us must be endured as a civilian contribution to the winning of the war.

Some pretty able, trustworthy men, by and large, have been handed various rationing and conservation boss assignments.

William M. Jeffers, rubber conservator, is a rugged railroad executive who has been around, knows that there are exceptions to all rules, and is determined to keep this country on rubber-tired wheels somehow. Paul V. McNutt, manpower boss, is an experienced politician—meaning he must know that you can order Americans into this job or out of that one with safety to yourself, only if they are convinced that your orders make sense.

Claude R. Wickard, now National Food Administrator, with full responsibility for and control over the nation's food program, has already had solid experience as Secretary of Agriculture and is an advocate of people eating more rather than less if it can possibly be arranged.

All three of these men have the positive "nothing is impossible" outlook, rather than the old familiar "can't be done" attitude that possesses the typical bureaucrat, with his small mind and his passion for inflexible rules and regulations whose enforcement makes more jobs for others of his kind.

Harold L. Ickes as Petroleum Co-ordinator has been doing well by general report. Ickes has courage, and nowadays seems to have found a new capacity to co-operate with men skilled in the oil industry.

If the President can keep on making appointments as good as these to key jobs, whose holders will have to muscle in on our private lives as one essential to the winning of the war, we ought to get through the era of rationing and privation as well as could be hoped. It will not be fun, and we cannot string along with those bright, cheery souls who keep yapping at us that all this is going to do us a world of good.

We don't look for it to do any of us any good. But that isn't the point. The point is that we have got to win this war or we shall all be taking orders from Berlin and Tokyo for the benefit of the Axis peoples, not of ourselves. To fend off that calamity, we've got to deprive ourselves now, no matter how disagreeable it may be.

After the war is won, many a bureaucrat will want to keep right on ruling, restricting and regimenting his fellow Americans. It can't be done and it won't be done.

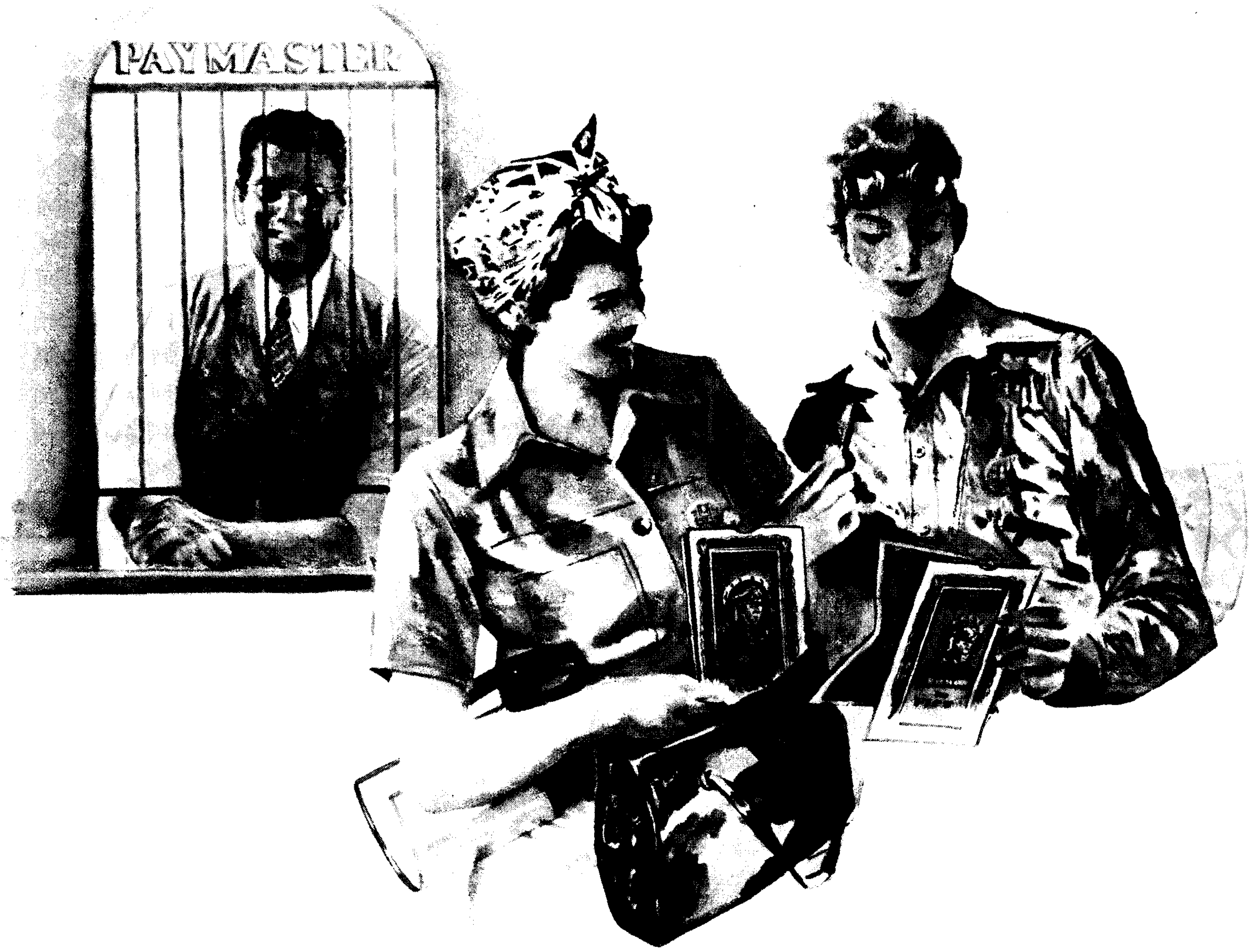
That is not what we are fighting this war for, thank you very much.

We are fighting this war to keep our democratic system; and one essential feature of that system is individual freedom from all but the most elementary interference by public officials with the lives of private citizens. We mean interference by the courts and the police to keep one person from treading too heavily on other persons' toes, and so on.

As soon as the guns fall silent, we shall rear up unanimously and begin to howl for the restoration of our liberties—all our liberties—and we will get them all back.

We have to sacrifice now in order to be free during the long years to come.

How American it is... to want something better!



SURE this war-plant worker looks forward to "something better"—resuming study for her chosen career, that long-planned trip or to marriage.

That's why she's putting a healthy part of her earnings into war bonds and stamps—to speed the return of peace and all the other things which help make this "the land of something better."

Some of us can help most in the front lines, others on production lines—*all* of us can buy war bonds and stamps!

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